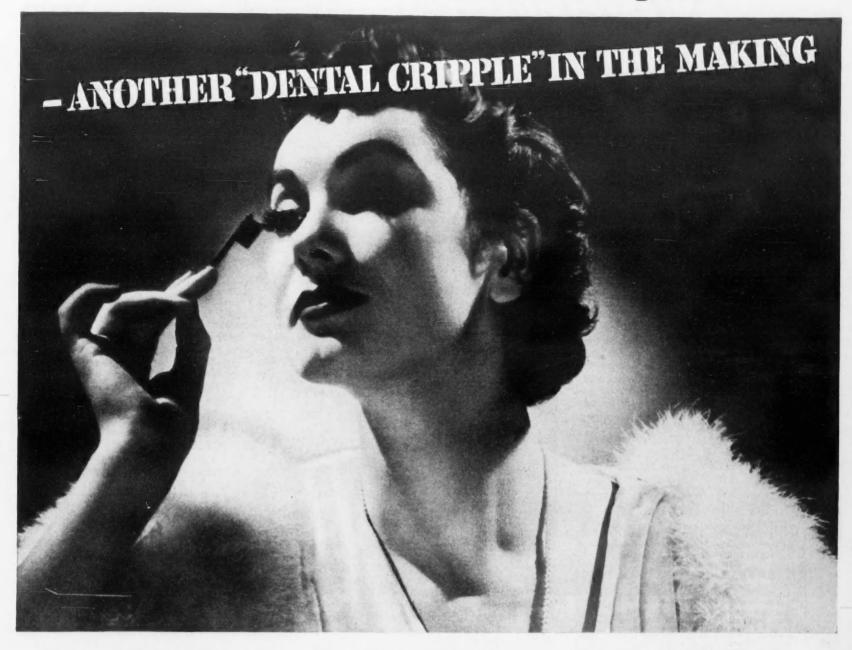
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Her Majesty The Quen

Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage

LET HER labor over her lashes until she is late for the show... let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her dull, dingy smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Like thousands of other lovely ladies, her teeth and gums are victims of neglect. Yet she could have—can have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...and a smile both good-

looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that "tinge of pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and does something about it!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play safe—see your dentist. Usually however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more exercise, more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that will respond to the stimulating

help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush, schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—and safer!

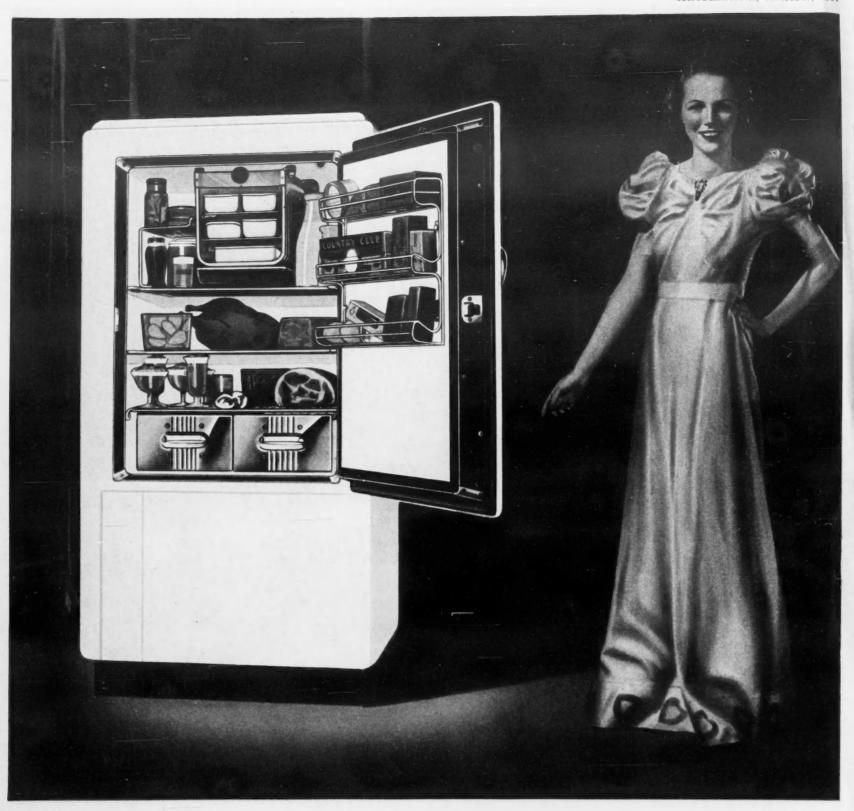
Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste





debutantes

HIS month, in hundreds of dealers' showrooms across Canada, the new 1937 Westinghouse Super-Power Refrigerator makes its "debut" to Canadian homemakers. It is the very newest interpretation of that long-established and proven dependability which makes the Westinghouse Refrigerator a tribute not only to good taste but to good judgment . . . not only the symbol of a truly modern home but the evidence of true economy and sound knowledge of values.

Your Westinghouse dealer is waiting to show you the many important advantages of the new 1937 Super-Power models. Also to tell you of a plan by which the purchase can easily be arranged to suit your present household budget.

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HE first party...and the first party dress...provide a thrill which few events in after life can ever hope to eclipse or to rival.

Yet something of that glamour...that sense of being the centre and cynosure of admiring eyes...is recaptured for the owner of a new Westinghouse Refrigerator from the moment it enters her home.

And it is a thrill which succeeding years will only serve to heighten and intensify, as the pleasure, convenience and dependability of Westinghouse ownership become increasingly evident.

the Super Power Westinghouse Dual automatic REFRIGERATOR

FIRST SHOWING NOW AT WESTINGHOUSE DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST

937



You too can have a GENERAL ELECTRIC KITCHEN



It's time to change to a modern General Electric Kitchen . . . trim and compact . . . clean and cool. A kitchen where a

score of tedious tasks are done quickly and economically, merely by turning electric switches! A well planned, time-saving kitchen that will be your constant pride and joy!

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For a few dollars a month, you can own a General Electric kitchen—under the new Home Improvement Plan of the Dominion Government. Interest rates are remarkably low . . . and payments can be spread over as many as 36 months. Ask your bank manager.

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Chatelaine



H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

TWO WOMEN AND A LIFE STORY A couple of Decembers ago, Mrs. George Black asked an annual question

of her three stalwart sons.

'What do you want for Christmas, boys?' For the first time in many years there was a united

"We want you to write the story of your life!"

Mrs. Black said she'd see about it. Being very busy with her election campaign, which took her over two hundred thousand square miles to canvass twelve hundred people, it was difficult to see how it could be fitted in.

She was elected and, as M.P. for the Yukon, became, at seventy, Canada's second woman Member of Parliament. Chatelaine instantly wired Elizabeth Bailey Price, of Vancouver, to get the story for the July issue. This well-known writer, after a little chat with Mrs. Black, was thrilled at the romantic and amazing stories that made up the sum total of her life. "Let's write a book," she urged. "You tell me your story, and I'll write it down."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Black, and mentally ticked three names off her next Christmas list.

Bailey Price went to Ottawa with Mrs. Black when

the House opened, and for six weeks grabbed every spare moment Mrs. Black had. Early in the morning, until the first session, Martha Louise Black, M.P., would talk of the years behind her. Late at night and far into the early hours of the next day she would pick up the threads of her story,



Mrs. George Black

Elizabeth Bailey Price

Bailey making frantic notes and ab-sorbing the vital, crisp way of talking which those who know Mrs. Black will recognize in the finished story. Old files, photographic records. letters diaries — all formed a basis for explora-

tions into past adventures. Gradually the book took form. We begin its publication as a magazine feature this month. We believe it is the most sparkling autobiography of a Canadian woman yet pub-

lished, and promise you a rare thrill in reading it. Elizabeth Bailey Price, who has done "ghostwriting" before, is known throughout Canada. She was one of the founders of the Woman's Institutes, and represented Canada at the last Pan-Pacific Conference in Honolulu and at the Associated Countrywomen of the World in Washington last year.

481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canad JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN Founder and Chairman HORACE T. HUNTER President H. VICTOR TYRRELL Vice-President and General Manager

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Complete List of Contents on the last page

FATHERS . PLEASE NOTE Fathers aren't doing their share in training children. That's one reason why the youth prob-

lem is increasing. Miss Hedwig Holbrecker, National Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., is another student of current conditions who believes that the men should consider whether they are not giving more time to their clubs, their golf, their garden, than to develop-ing friendship with their children. Too often father is a rather vague figure, "off-stage" the vital interests in his children's lives — called upon only for

spankings, for lectures, for money, or for advice.

Hero-worship for father is an instinctive part of a child's make-up — and it's a wise mother who encourages it. The Little Gastongay in "Little Girl Lost" had, as she said, "no mother, and not much of a father." Louis Arthur Cunningham, the noted writer from the Maritimes, builds a haunting little tale around a little French-Canadian and her dad.

ALL WOMEN AND THEIR SONS

Goodness knows, every worries often woman enough about the prob-

lems that confront her, in her job of training young sons. Stepmothers, perhaps, have these worries one degree worse. But think what a difficult young boy would mean to a young stepmother, left in sole

charge since the boy's father had been dead a year. That's what Laura Trevor faced when she heard that her young stepson had been suspended from school "for disorderly conduct." It grew more difficult when she found an affectionate boy changed into a hard-eyed young stranger, unwilling to talk. Thousands of mothers have met and conquered similar problems in their own homes — and so will especially enjoy the queer-titled "Scraps of Bright Wool," by Andrina Iverson. This is Miss Iverson's first story in Chatelaine.

CAN YOU COOK REALLY WELL?

Most men think they can cook. Give them a chance, and you'll be

cleaning pots and pans half the evening - after a late dinner. But ten to one they will have served something with a brand-new, zestful flavor.

The reason that there are no famous women chefs, I understand, is that, while women are excellent routine cooks, they seldom bring the imagination and romantic interest to cooking that is necessary for triumph in any art.

I can hear you hooting — "romantic interest? For three meals a day? Three hundred and sixty-five days a year? Nonsense!"

Nevertheless, most women could have more fun with their cooking if they did a little more experi-menting on their own; if they learned to create

new combinations of flavors and served something a little bit different. I am constantly astonished at the bland satisfaction of supper hostesses who repeatedly present their jellied chicken salad, with the customary hot roll, curl of lettuce and dab of mayonnaise.

Chatelaine believes that plenty of women would find their rôle of chief cook and bottle-washer to a growing family less irksome if they made more fun of creating exciting new flavors for old economic favorites. We believe, too, that women would be better dressed, as a whole, if they learned more about themselves; if they translated the enchanting styles in store windows and pattern books to their own practical silhouettes before they bought. Helen Campbell's article on that familiar cook-book phrase, "season to taste," will help inspire you in your cooking. The feature on page nineteen, "It's New — But Was It Meant for Me?" will help you, we believe, in your style consciousness.

Byrns Hops Sanders.



"Don't talk to a soul," he whispered tensely. Keep it all a secret."

by OLGA A. ROSMANITH

THE FEVER had left Bernard Hubner. He opened his eyes weakly and looked about. He was in a bare wooden room on an iron cot under a drift of mosquito netting. Sunlight sprayed through a curtain of grass matting that hung in the doorway A women is white whether which we have the desired with water than the standard of woman in white stood quietly watching him. Hubner looked up at the most sensationally beautiful face he had ever seen in his life. "Well, I'll be darned," he said, "Hollywood has gone ahead since I lay me down and went to sleep."

The woman smiled. "You're not in Hollywood, Mr. Hubner. You're still in Ubanga. All alone, too. They finished without you. Studio orders. Ten days ago they shot the last shot, packed up their things and went

Hubner watched the woman as she moved about in her immaculate white uniform. Hers was no ordinary youthful slimness, but an absolutely phenomenal grace. She might have been a dancer of international fame. She might have been a dancer of international fame. Instead she was a handmaiden to the ailing negro in the tropical back of beyond. "Say," he whispered, burning with curiosity, "what's the meaning of it? Why's a girl like you wasting your time in this forgotten, sunblistered, jinx-infested spot?"

Faith Dennison laughed. Her voice was deep and lovely. "I'm not wasting my time. You see I'm the missionary's wife."

Bernard Hubner was drowning in weakness, but he fought to keep his eyes open. "Come closer," he begged. "Let's have a look at you." Faith came to the side of the bed and he looked at her through the thin film of the netting. She was heavenly! The way her eyes were set

netting. She was heavenly! The way her eyes were set in her skull wås worth a grand a week of Silverhouse

money. Deep and dreaming and upward tilted.

"Now, Mrs. Missionary, what's that odd accent of yours? You're not American, but certainly not English—"

She turned away without answering, but not before Hubner had seen the color rise hotly into her face. It wore a hurt pathetic lost look. The springlike smile was

The matting was now pushed aside and Dr. Dennison walked in. He had heard what Hubner had just said and he dismissed his wife with a smile and a nod.

Missionary's Wife





Scientists learned one secret of Skin Beauty from the Sun!

. . . and today your skin can be lovelier because Woodbury's famous formula now contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D



THE SUN BATH . . . Nature's aid to health and beauty

WHAT woman does not know and treasure Woodbury's Facial Soap as an aid to skin beauty? You've heard how a prominent skin specialist evolved this famous beauty formula. You remember, too, how Woodbury's took first place in beauty competition with 150 other preparations. Won sensational success in the International Half-face Tests.

This is the soap, the same beloved Woodbury's, that now brings some of the benefits of Sunshine to your wash cloth, in the form your skin can use best... "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D.

For a Fine Complexion and All-over Loveliness

Has your skin become sallow, subject to blackheads, blemishes and open pores? Then it needs, right now, the mild cleansing care of this soap and the toning qualities of its Vitamin D ingredient.

Here's how to make your complexion, all your skin, come alive with smoother texture and clearer tone. Wash and bathe with Woodbury's Facial Soap every day. Its gentle balms and oils rid the skin's surface of dust, clogging wastes and dead, dry cells. And as you use this soap, your skin absorbs from Woodbury's lather its invigorating "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D element.

"Run-down" complexions glow with vital new health. Common skin faults quickly fade and disappear under faithful care with Woodbury's.



MADE IN CANADA

Try this delightful beauty soap tomorrow! Feel its rich, caressing lather against your skin. Enjoy its clean, refreshing fragrance. And when you look for a lovelier complexion in your mirror a few weeks hence...you'll find it!

her

wor

Only 10¢ a cake. (Woodbury's, for years, was 25¢.) And it lasts so long! Get 3 cakes at any drug, department, ten-cent store or from your grocer.

AVOID IMITATIONS. Look for the head and signature, John H Woodbury Its.
on all Woodbury Products.

Woodbury's
FACIAL SOAP

WITH "FILTERED SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D

-



Faith was breathing rapidly, feverishly absorbed in something she had discovered. Hubner saw her terrible excitement.

Illustrated by Nussdorf

movre. A natural story. Didn't you try to find out? With

"That's what I thought. Her photograph was circulated in every newspaper in South Africa, but no one claimed her. We got news that somebody like her had stayed a few days in a small Capetown hotel. We followed it up, but drew a blank. Whoever it was had used a fictitious name. She speaks several European languages very fluently. I sent a set of photographs to police headquarters in America and every country in Europe. None had seen her picture before and no such lady had been reported missing. All said the particulars had been placed on file and if any report came in, I would get news immediately. The various foreign offices reported it would be impracticable to make a search on photos alone. Their files of passport photos run into

A LIGHT, familiar footstep was heard outside on the planks of the verandah and the girl herself appeared, her rich bronze hair clinging in damp curls to her forehead. But as usual she looked as fresh as milk in spite of the over-powering heat. She carried a tray which bore Hubner's frugal supper. The missionary rose, stretched his long limbs and laid a caressing hand on his wife's head. "I've a very sick woman to see, so I must be going. She's in a panic in case she loses her baby

Hubner looked at Faith with even deeper interest when Dr. Dennison had gone. Mystery had been added to enchantment. The sight of her did something to his whole body which felt like a strange internal ache. He liked the missionary—and he was grateful. But no law on earth could stop him feeling this way.—He had never wanted anything in his life so much as he wanted this waymen. He anything in his life so much as he wanted this woman. He had to have her. It would be right and just to rescue her from her unnatural predicament. He saw it all now. She had had no choice. But the time had come for escape. He would take her back with him. He would give her everything—himself—his Hollywood success—and the world at her own feet into the bargain. "What's one black baby more or less?" he enquired, as she fixed the tray on the

"A great deal to the mother," she said smiling.
"To think of you touching the little black brats!" he exploded with genuine anger.

Faith sat on the end of his bed and laughed at him gaily.

"You get used to the blackness, Mr. Hubner. Now I think

white faces look insipid and uninteresting. As for the babies—black, white or yellow—I like them all." She raised slim hands and pushed her hair back from her ivory-clear face. Her eyebrows curved away from her eye sockets like swallows' wings. There was a high-bred arch to her nostrils that gave her an imperious look. Hubner thought of a figurehead with a lovely inscrutable face he had once seen on the prow of a sailing ship. But for all her air of imperious pride, there was a deep sweetness in her that would be all his for the loving.

Hubner felt the sweat start to the palms of his hands

and his heart beat an erratic tattoo in his ribs. He daren't say what he felt, of course. He had to get her away from say what he left, of course. He had to get her away from the place first—out of the range of that clear-seeing gaze of the missionary. "When I think of those niggers you wait on staring goggle-eyed at your beauty! The waste of it! The ridiculous waste of it!"

Faith stood in the draught of the electric fan and held out her hands to it. "It's too hot to make me laugh like this! They worship me like faithful dogs because I ease their pains and heal their babies, but they think I'm hideous. My nose isn't flat, and as for the unappetizing fairness of my skin-"

Bernard Hubner groaned loudly. "Faith," he said, "stop laughing. Don't you realize—don't you know—that without a doubt you're one of the most beautiful living women in the world?"

women in the world?"
She did stop laughing—abruptly, and she stood looking at him from the bottom of the bed. She was not pleased or flattered; she was strangely troubled. "You can't mean it, Mr. Hubner. It's fantastic. It's—it's impossible."

"I do mean it." He thumped his damp hands together. "I'm going to cable the studio to put you under contract. I'll show that face from California right round the world and back to China and Japan." His voice became husky with his torturing desire. "That is if you'll leave this blistering dump and make up your mind to come back blistering dump and make up your mind to come back with me!

Faith's graceful hands locked over her heart and she breathed deeply. "I couldn't," she said, "I couldn't. John would never go to a place like Hollywood. I could never

'Not for a little while? He wants money to establish a medical mission in China. He told me so. In six short months you could earn that money."

months you could earn that money."

Into Faith's shadowed eyes came that ominous hurt lost look which preceded her black fits of depression. "If only I knew," she whispered, "if only I knew—"
"But you do know. I know. And I'm telling you—"
"I mean if I knew who I am—where I came from—"
Her face worked pathetically. Bernard Hubner forgot his promise to avoid the subject. "Not knowing, Faith? Does it worry you very much?"
"Yes. Sometimes it tears me to pieces—it maddens me—it drives me insane. If it had not been for John I might even have killed myself—"

have killed myself-"If you came with me, you'd find out. In six months the world would know your face. People would claim you. Your family—your friends. Think of their feelings. How

ey must be worrying about you—trying to find you—"
"But that's the awful thing, Mr. Hubner. They're not. They could get in touch with me anywhere if they reported my disappearance to the police."

Hubner saw he was on the wrong track and hastened on.

"Well, that's not the big thing [Continued on page 22]

CH

A sensationally beautiful woman . . a visionary who served his God . . a cynic who sought for loveliness; these three meet in a drama in which Hollywood and the jungle struggled against a woman's happiness

"Siesta, my dear. The heat is mounting. Please be sensible and conserve your strength."

When she had obediently gone, he turned to his patient

"That's fine to see you pulling through so nicely, Mr. Hubner. You're safely out of it. But I don't want you to get a relapse through trying to stand on your feet in another couple of days."

"Don't worry, doctor. I'll be good. Guess I would have passed out if it hadn't been for you—and of course, your wife."

The missionary shook his head, smiling his gentle sweet smile. "It was Sister Gilman who achieved the miracle. She's a genius with malaria." Then he added as if reluctantly, "Mrs. Dennison supervises the domestic affairs of the hospital and the convalescent cases. She will be in to see you every day. I would appreciate it if you wouldn't ask her any personal questions about herself, such as who she is or where she came from. I know her appearance rouses considerable curiosity, but a reference to her past or her origin sometimes upsets her serenity for days."

Surprised and deeply intrigued, Bernard Hubner assured the missionary that he would be careful, but with the check upon his curiosity his interest grew. Ace director for Silverhouse Picture Corporation he had been sent to Ubanga to make an African jungle picture up the river. He was a connoisseur of feminine beauty. He saw through women to the sculpture of their bones. He was convinced that in Faith Dennison he had accidentally discovered the most glamorous film beauty he was ever likely to find in his life

And her glamor grew on him. The more he saw of her, the more she bewitched him. She moved like a winged goddess and her face was a miracle. Two emotions burned in him as he slowly gathered strength. One was the determination to claim his discovery and give her to the world; the other was his own darkly smoldering desire. The look John Dennison had in his eyes for her hurt him with a positive physical pain.

BERNARD HUBNER wasn't a bad man. He was considered a fine fellow in Hollywood, and so he was—according to his lights. But Faith's overpowering magnetism was right outside any previous experience, and her happiness with the missionary was something he would not admit because it was something he could not understand. Not that Dennison wasn't attractive. Apart from his disturbing conviction that life should be lived in the light of the spirit, he was as down-to-earth and human as anyone could wish. He was a first-rate physician and surgeon and from this deadly backwater of ignorance and suffering, he kept his finger on the pulse of everything new in his own line that was going on. He explained his attitude as the two men grew friendly. "If I can't take their poor sick two men grew friendly. "If I can't take their poor sick bodies in hand and teach them how to conquer misery and pain, how can I hope to walk into this stronghold of ignorance and superstition and achieve any influence over their souls?"

It was beyond the genial and cynical Hubner why anyone should care about the African negro's soul, but though he usually spoke his mind, there was something in the mission-ary's eyes which forbade him to do it this time. Those eyes burned in a thin beautiful face with the light of an initiate's vision. And curiously enough, though everything material in Hubner rose to defend his ego against the doctor's uncomfortable measure of values, he could not help liking Faith's extraordinary husband. The man carried about with him an invisible aura of love and peace. The more he spent himself in the service of others, the more he burned with some sacred flame.

BERNARD HUBNER fought this intangible influence with every ounce of his slowly returning strength. He assured himself over and over, between dozings in long heavy days of heat and long stifling African nights, that he wouldn't have poached on the man's preserves by so much as a shadow of a thought, if he had been doing the right thing by his incomparable wife. But to keep this pearl beyond any price in a place like Ubanga was a crime against nature. Ubanga! A Congo port dedicated to the export of ivory, cocoanut oil, palm kernels, rubber and timberfew sun-dried Europeans throwing their lives away—the mission settlement healing the sick and giving the negro an education Bernard Hubner thought he would be better without—a little suburb of hell literally seething in heat and there was Ubanga!

By the time Bernard Hubner could sit up in bed and take solid food, Sister Gilman had shaved him and spruced him up. Hubner noted with gratification that the loss of weight had improved the contours of his massive, handsome face. He lived for the moments of Faith Dennison's thrice daily visits. He saw now that though her face was the loveliest he had ever seen, there was something equally exciting about her figure. Under the trim white uniform his professional eye detected a shape for which he had one word only—and that was glorious. His curiosity reached the point where he couldn't endure it any longer. He had

He said to the missionary, "You know, doctor, I know; lot about racial types of beauty, and I can't help asking if Mrs. Dennison is Russian. Maybe her family had a tough time, and that's why any talk of it upsets her.

The two men were now on the intimate terms enforced on the white man by the alien African atmosphere and the consequent loneliness. Dennison looked pleased and interested. "You really think so? I've often thought so myself. There's a look about the cheek bones and the

unusual setting of the eyes."

"Hubner sat up startled. "You mean you don't know?" The missionary smiled ruefully. "There's no real reason why I shouldn't tell you the story. Indeed you might some day hear something that would clear up the mystery when you go back." He sat down beside his patient's bed. "It happened while I was on the staff of a hospital in

Rhodesia, a little more than four years ago. There was a bad railway accident. Faith was brought into the hospital with a slight head and spine injury, but a very severe case of shock. The train was looted and most of it burned, so all of the injured lost their possessions. When my wife recovered she was in a state of amnesia. She had forgotten her past life, where she came from and where she was going. We could find nothing that would give us a clue. She has never even remembered her name!"

'What an extraordinary thing, doctor! So you married

"Not quite as you put it. Faith stayed some months working in the hospital on her recovery. She wanted to be a nurse. But I dissuaded her. She has not the strength for it and the training takes too long. We married when I was arranging to come up her and establish the mission. The rest is before your eyes.



Hubner's lively brain fastened on the dramatic element the missionary's story. "You weren't afraid to take the in the missionary's story. chance that your wife had been married already?"
"No. Mr. Hubner. The question didn't arise. By God's

grace Faith was writing a letter at the very time of the accident. We found the note pad in her coat pocket. It was written in French, bore no date or address save the words, In Africa,' and was to the effect that she had had plenty of time to think, but now that she was alone and at peace she felt less inclined to marry than ever. She begged the man to forget her and marry someone else, as she felt she would never want to marry; it was not in her to bring happiness to a man. The letter began simply 'My dear friend,' and was merely signed 'F.' Naturally it was easy to establish that it was in her writing-

The missionary paused and his eyes were clouded with well-remembered pain. But Hubner was not looking at him, and did not spare him. "I'll be darned, doctor. It's a

and lovely things that never fitted; and once a bracelet, and once a ring, and once a watch. And she had given them all away or swapped them for coveted things making noattempt to bargain.

He wasn't much of a father, that was sure. She had his picture in a gold locket that had been her mother's. He was a soldier and he looked, she had to admit, just like Charlemagne, as she imagined him, or like the great St. Louis. But looks meant nothing, when he couldn't in all these years find time to come and visit her or have her over to visit him. Once she had heard Sister Germaine talking about her with the porteress, little Sister Jeanne d'Arc, who limped and was very stern with everybody who dared ring

"It is a great pity, this," Sister Germaine was saying. They were in Sister Jeanne d'Arc's little room across from the parlor in the front hall. There was a sliding panel that enabled the porteress to see all that passed. It was open now and the Little Gastongay's bright head did not at all come up to it. She heard Sister Jeanne d'Arc say, "How inhuman that father is who leaves this so innocent and lovely Carmel for years without a sign that he cares for her—save for some little gifts, some cadeaux de Noel, and some

—save for some little gifts, some cadeaux de Noel, and some bonbons that cause the indigestion."

"A veritable kind of monster," agreed Sister Germaine.

"True, he is a great man, a famous inventor of airships and a daring flyer. Yet in all his flying over the world he could not once find time to alight at Ste. Ursule and comfort that little hungry heart."

"It is sadness," agreed the porteress. "One says that since his wife died when Carmel was born, he did not care.

fit is sadness," agreed the porteress. "One says that since his wife died when Carmel was born, he did not care for Carmel. He quickly sent her here where once that poor girl went to school. She was Carmel Labrette and was lovely like the Little Gastongay. So says Sister Geneviève who was here a student at that time."

"The little one cannot lave a father who does this to here."

"The little one cannot love a father who does this to her. It is a bad thing. We must make some novenas that his hard heart will soften and he will come to her."

The Little Gastongay, quite forgetting the errand that had brought her to the room of the porteress, slipped quietly away and went out into the garden and down the winding path among the maples to the grotto and knelt on a prie-Dieu much too big for her and found all the prayers she knew inadequate for her need.

SO HE DID not like her, that father! No doubt he blamed her for the loss of the lovely Carmel, her mother. No doubt, he would stay away forever. A monster! A cruel, hard father whom she could never love because he would not let her. Even if he would let her, she told herself, even if he had a great need of her love, she would not give it him. She would punish him for his neglect, for his cruelty all these years

Bien! She was small and very lonely, but a brave, indomitable heart beat under the little blue convent dress, and the wide clear eyes, so amazingly blue, looked unafraid upon the world about her. This night as she sang, not thinking at all about the hymn of welcome, but watching a belated wasp that was looping-the-loop around the bishop's shovel-hat, her eyes and her proud heart-shaped

of shoots shoot-hat, her eyes and her proud heart-shaped face masked thoroughly the anger, the grief, the loneliness all too great to dwell in such a tiny breast.

Visitors were arriving every hour—mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters. Many strangers sat at a special table in the refectory and there was real cream on the blancmanger and the city of the strangers belief the forester. and the sister-prefect, though her eyes belied her forbear-ance, did not tweak the Little Gastongay's ear for whisper-

all about her girls were saying, "There is my Aunt Jeanne, sitting next to Mere Michel;" or, "That is my Cousin 'Toinette, from Rimouski. I drive home with her tomorrow;" or, "My good father and mother arrive tonight and will lodge at the house of Tilmon Grou, the cobbler. And they were all ecstatically gay and excited and forgetful

except at odd moments, that the Little Gastongay was unusually quiet and ate very little.

She had put on the gold locket with his picture in it, put it on defiantly as who should say. "Voyons! Have you a better father than this—better-looking, anyway?" But there were noticed it hanging against the creamy softness. those who noticed it hanging against the creamy softness of her throat attached no significance to it. What good was

a father who had forgotten about you?

And that was what rankled with the Little Gastongay, that made each of these noisy, busy hours harder to bear.



Illustrated by John Clymer

It was a sin to hate anyone or to harbor revenge, but one could not love this man—cel homme, it was exactly the way she thought of him—cel homme. One could not love him, so one must hate him for his cruelty and neglect. One hungered to punish him. She pressed her teeth hard together and let her nails dig into her palms, thinking of how she wanted to hurt him for this terrible thing he did.

But the others must not know how she felt. No one

But the others must not know how she felt. No one must know. She ran gaily out into the garden with the

other children of her group.

But in the midst of a game a big girl came a-running and out of breath. "Go to the porteress at once, Little Gastongay. There is a telegram for you."

gay. There is a telegram for you."

"Eh!" The blue eyes were so wide that one saw only eyes. "For me!" The other geese were quite as dumfounded. Maybe someone was dead. They crowded close to her, loving her. "It is no doubt," said the Little Gastongay, "from monsieur, my father. Excusez!"

She did not run to the porteress. Her heart was churning wildly inside her, but she maintained her calm. Even when

she saw Mère Michel with the little Sister Jeanne d'Arc and realized that they were smiling at her, she preserved

that too old, too sed aplomb that had been her only armor.

"Carmel!" Nêre Michel hugged her close, losing her in
the folds of her great skirts, her big wooden beads pressing
into the Little Gastongay's cheek. "He comes, your father.
Tomorrow. Is not this the greatest day of your life?"

"Ne my mether."

"No, my mother."
"Quoi donc! It is not—! When you have waited all these ears. He is a great man, you must remember, the Captain

Paul Gastongay. A busy man."

"Yes, I know. He—he should not have bothered to—"
The nuns looked at each other, biting their lips. "One must forgive and one must love, my little one," said the Mother Superior. "Allons! There is the bell for Benediction; and two bishops to bless you. Think of it!"

The Little Contraction ideas to the left of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction.

The Little Gastongay did not think of it. The way she felt now, the whole College of Cardinals could bless away at her and do no good. So he was coming at last! He was actually finding a little while to come and look at her and be miserable doubtless, and go away for seven or eight years more. "Tut it does not bother me," she assured herself. "I do not care for him. I shall show him just how little I do care—cct homme!"

The tapers glowed softly, the pungence of myrrh was in

the air, and the scent of blossoms; the voices were sweet and the bells' chime dulcet beyond all earthly sounds, but the Little Gastongay's heart stayed cold and her prayers were only forms of words this night: she had been left too long

IT WAS just ten o'clock when the Little Gastongay slipped out of bed and began to dress. A dim night light burned in the dormitory. The weary little ones slept soundly. She moved quickly, noiselessly. Mademoiselle Gaudet, the senior girl who kept the dormitory, might at any time awaken. She would carry her hat, coat and shoes. She had almost two dollars of pocket money. One could go somewhere on two dollars; somewhere that would show him how little his coming mattered, that would prove to him he was loved as little as he loved, was quite as unim-

portant in her life as she was in his.

"Gastongay!" Roxanne's throaty whisper startled her so that she almost dropped her shoes. She sat on Roxanne's bed. The little one's hand, all sticky from the toffee she had smuggled in with her, nestled in the Little Gastongay's. "What do you do at this time, Carmel?"
"I am going away, Roxanne."

"Going-but where?

"I cannot say. "But how?"

"But how?"
"The baker."
"The baker! But how, the baker?"
"In his little wagon, in back. Just now he calls on his sweetheart, Bionde Leblanc, of whom he is so jealous on account of Arcade Brun. He goes [Continued on page 42]

Her heart was pained, frightened and forlorn. But she would never let anyone know that.

The heart of childhood can hold a deep sorrow as you'll learn afresh in this haunting tale of old Quebec, told by a noted Canadian author,

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

Pittle



"I have no mother," said the Little Gastongay gravely, "and not much of a father."

THE TWO BISHOPS, resplendent both, like the Syrian, in purple and gold, arrived toward seven in the evening, stepped out of the rickety station-hack at the Convent of Sainte Ursule, and were met by the Mother Superior. Mère Michel, and her aides and a throng of little girls, all in snowy white, who, at the good Mother's signal, piped with angelic voices the carefully rehearsed hymn of greeting,

Salve bonus pastor

And the good shepherds beamed beneficently and scattered smiling blessings on the blond curls of little Pauline and the black tresses of tiny Angélique as the seraphic strains drifted off on the warm June air and were drowned in the fragrance of the apple blossoms. It was a great occasion: tomorrow was closing day, tomorrow the big girls would receive their diplomas for shorthand and

typing, for music and art; then all would scatter to their homes and in the convent garden there would be only the drone of the bumblebees, the cooing of the doves, the plash of the fountain and the soft footfall on the flags of some quiet nun telling her rosary.

of the fountain and the soft footfall on the flags of some quiet nun telling her rosary.

And Carmel, too, would remain. Even the littlest one of them all, the tiny Roxanne Delys, knew that Carmel Gastongay, the Little Gastongay, loveliest among the hundreds there, was not going home, and she was not going because she had no home to go to.

They watched her, many of them, as they sang. Slender, graceful the linguight making a bright help above.

They watched her, many of them, as they sang. Slender, graceful, the lingering sunlight making a bright halo about her gold hair, her blue eyes calm, filled with quiet sadness; and they thought of their own comfortable homes, their fond fathers and lovely mothers, their brothers and sisters, and many a small heart ached for her who had neither the one nor yet the others.

And her own heart pained and was frightened and forlorn. But she would never let anyone know that, the Little Gastongay. She walked serenely. Even if she had no mother and not much of a father and no aunts or anything to talk about like her companions, she had, she knew, a glamor about her that impressed them. She had been born in France; these others were merely Acadians or Québeçois. Of course, she did not remember anything about France—anything real. She had an image of a tall man with a very dark, handsome face and black eyes, who had patted her head, but through the years of dreaming she had dressed him in so many wondrous suits of chain mail and set him on so many great white chargers that she wasn't at all sure about his reality.

Yet she had a father. She knew that because it was he who paid for her at the convent, and on great feasts like Christmas there came gifts for her; strange looking bonbons

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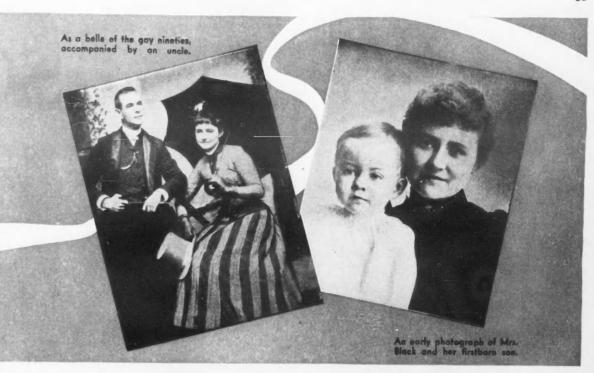
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Like a moving picture, this amazing story of an amazing woman's life will unreel before you telling of .. the gay and frivolous nineties .. the Klondike gold rush and the trail of '98 .. staking claims .. running mills .. government house at Dawson . . overseas service in the great war . . Ottawa..life as the Speaker's wife . . and now at seventy, as member for the Yukon



AM SEVENTY years old. I have lived the allotted span of life-threescore years and ten. The rest of my days, I realize, will be what is frequently called, "borrowed time."

Two weeks before my seventieth birthday, as the "Honorable Member for the Yukon," the second woman to be elected to the Canadian House of Commons, I took my place in the "green chamber" at Ottawa.

Ever since my election I have been inundated with these

questions:
"What did you do to reach this high point in your

"What do you intend to do to further your career?"
My career? I never had one, nor wanted one. Furthering a career at the age of seventy? It is ridiculous. I don't know what to do to further a career!

Then, after I have laughed that off, during the long listening hours, while "the House sits," I think of careers, their making and furthering.

Across from me is the Right Honorable the Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, who is at the very height of a career of careers; for was he not elected to power with a majority heretofore unequalled in the history of our country? I know that he has given a lifetime of service to reach this eminent position. I am an eyewitness to his success; that he is seeing the enactment of legislation and the establishment of principles for which he has worked all his adult years.

To my right, two benches away, is the Right Honorable the Leader of the Opposition, R. B. Bennett. He, too, has worked faithfully and unswervingly toward a fixed ambition to which he has given a sincere and ardent devotion, even to the detriment of his health.

Near me is my colleague, Miss Agnes Macphail, who at the age of thirty-two years was the first woman to be elected to the Canadian House of Commons, and who has been returned term after term. I know that she has de-liberately sacrificed love, marriage and a home that she might give herself entirely to the parliamentary advance-ment of Canadian women, a cause she serves so well.

None of these things have I done. Yet, like every Commoner taking his seat in Parliament for the first time, I confess I am inspired by this high calling. I will devote all my time and energy to it; and no one realizes more than I do the limitations of my "borrowed time."

I made no pre-election promises, nor gave any fiery orations. My campaign was almost entirely personal canvassing. In fact, at one of my few political meetings the most popular part of my speech consisted of only four

"What are you going to promise us when you get to

Ottawa?" someone shouted.
"To do my best!"
"Atta girl! Atta girl!" was the response.

ALL OF WHICH, like a boomerang, brings back the omnipresent question of the multitude: "What did you do to reach this high point in your career?"

After my campaign, when I was resting from the fatigue of it—and at seventy we pay these tolls with interest—when in low moments I looked forward to the next five years. I said to myself: "Why did I do this ridiculous thing: a woman of seventy in the Parliament of Canada?

Why did I want the men of the North-for the Yukon is a man's country—to send me as their member to Ottawa, when I should have been spending this time that the poets call the 'sunset of life,' knitting, resting, reading or pursuing my best-beloved hobby—gathering and studying

wild flowers?"
And then I am confronted with echoes of long-forgotten incidents of my life, in those early, stirring days of the Yukon. "Do you remember when you lived on the flats?" I hear someone saying, "The night I asked if I might live in one of your mill cabins? You said, 'Sure, but that one is so dilapidated, it isn't fit for a dog!" Then I cut my foot. You came over to help me and every day you sent your little boy with food."

"Do you remember the time I was a street worker and came to your house to turn off the water? You said, 'You look half frozen, come in and get warm. I'm just making a

cup of coffee for myself. Come and have one with me."
"You're such a darn good cook. You got my vote because you could bake beans better than any other person

"It's the only blowout I ever get," said my friend from the mines, who comes to Dawson once a year. "Always a bunk and a feed, and 'sit as long as you like."

"I didn't want you a bit, but you're George's wife. No matter what hour of the night I went by your house, I could always open your door and call up:
"'George, are you in?"
"'Hmph?'

'Anyone in the spare bed?'

"Then I'd turn in and come down to those thundering good breakfasts of yours with the family.

"It was those election night parties of yours, to which 'all your friends were invited,' supporters and nonsupporters. Remember the only time George lost, and I went over to commiserate, but came away vowing I would never again vote against 'the Blacks'? . . . Always open house . . . someone to tell your troubles to . . . a meal and a drink, some new stories "

I'M NOT telling you all this to dramatize myself as a good fellow, but it just goes to show how sometimes the very smallest deeds, good or bad, all in a day's work, may have a hundredfold return. They may even get you into the Parliament of Canada! I'm sure that my sourdough pancakes and baked beans played a big part in my hundred

and thirty-five majority.

Yes, that's the only key to this so-called career of mine.

It's the life I've lived—my day-by-day living.

My people have always been what the world calls "comfortably well off." There has been the material backing to follow the pursuits that interested me. These have led to places of hardships and tragedies, to the humblest and to the highest in the land; to sourdough shacks of the Klondike and to Buckingham Palace and the White House. Before I was thirty I was thoroughly disillusioned with youth's ideals of life, and miserably unhappy. I have spent weeks on end in a little northern cabin, where I was lonely, poor, hungry and cold. I've been faced with the hardest trials that any woman could face. I look back now and wonder how I got through the months of mental anguish in 1898, before my baby was born. Night after night I

prayed to die. The greatest tragedy in life is to be so beaten that you long to die; that every day you feel you cannot endure life any longer.

I've been lucky, too, in being endowed with a zest for adventure—a zest so great that I could work night and day when I was on one of my quests. I've cooked for sixteen men, baked bread for a whole camp, run a sawmill with working hours from 7 a.m. until 2 a.m. next morning. I've tramped miles and miles, picking wild flowers, over mountain trails, in the Yukon and British Columbia. On such a mission work was play.

Like thousands of mothers of the Great War, I spent

many, many anxious, watchful, prayerful hours of sus-pense, when even the satisfaction or glory of patriotic serv-ice, of the distinction of the right to wear "one gold and three silver stars" could not alleviate the agony.

I've been privileged to occupy some of the highest places in the country: the chatelaine of Yukon Government House, the wife of the First Commoner—the Speaker of the House of Commons—and now, in my old age, I am the second woman to be elected to the House of Commons—

THESE POSITIONS I owe largely to the fact that I am Mrs. George Black; that my husband has given over forty years of political service to the Yukon and to Canada. At this moment I should be the happiest woman in the world, if my husband, who couldn't accept the nomination because of illness, had my seat in the Parliament of Canada. I was eminently satisfied in being the wife of a parliamentarian. I enjoyed to the utmost such an ideal stage setting, one that brought me in touch with a host of interesting personalities and brilliant minds. It was one of those joys that

I had hoped would go on and on. But, "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends." My husband became ill; too ill to carry on the work to which he had given the best years of his life. He had won so many elections in the Yukon, that our friends said it was logical that the nomination should be given to me. It seemed preposterous that I should begin a public life at seventy but there was the material angle of earning a living. We had served the cause, not wisely but too well. Not only did we give every ounce of energy, but practically all we had of this world's goods.

I accepted the nomination, hurled myself into the cam-

And here I am, asking myself: "What have you done to go down in history as the second woman to be elected to the Canadian House of Commons?" Yes, after long consideration: it's the life I've lived.

Like a moving picture, it unreels before me: the Chicago Like a moving picture, it unreels before me: the Chicago fire of 1871 . . . the prosperous '70's and '80's . . . the gay and frivolous '90's . . . the World's Fair at Chicago . . . the Spanish-American War . . . the Klondike gold rush and the trail of '98 . . . staking claims, panning gold . . running mills . . . years of happiness with George Black . . . government house at Dawson . . . the Great War . . . overseas service . . . back home to the Yukon . . Ottawa . . a back bencher's wife . . . the Speaker's wife . . . and now, at the age of seventy, I take my place in parliament; Member for the Yukon! The Yukon that I love—that vast, rugged country of cruelties and hardships, of lure [Continued on page 48] cruelties and hardships, of lure [Continued on page 48]

A new career at seventy—Mrs George Black today, the second woman to sit in Canada's House of Commons. In the circle: As she looked when she took to the Trail of '98. by MRS. GEORGE BLACK M.P. for the Yukon, as told to

ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

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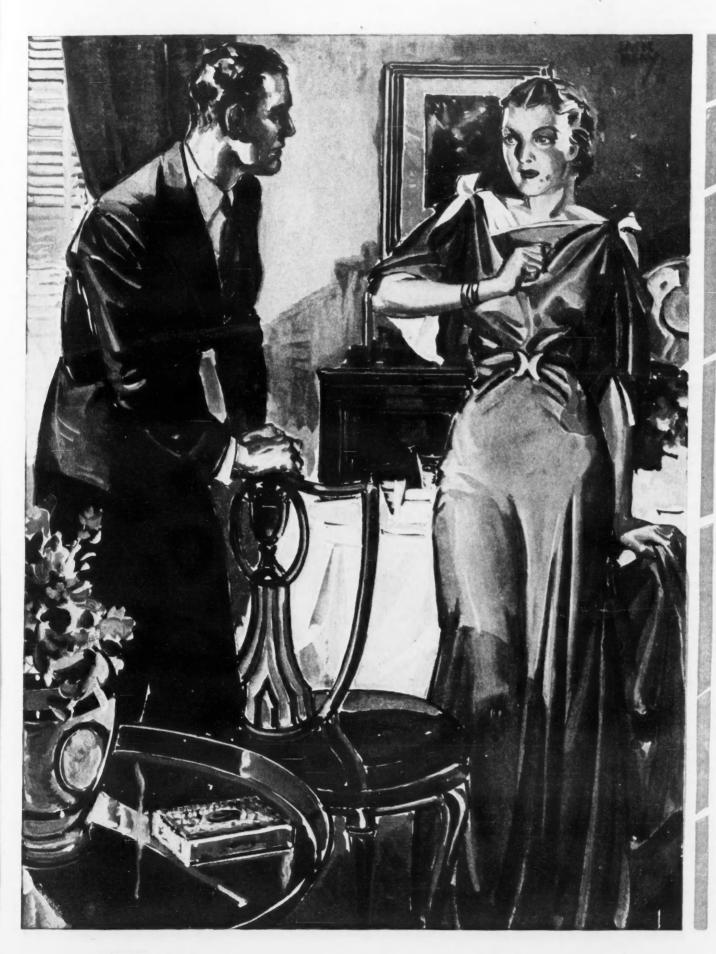
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OF BRIGHT WOOL

By ANDRINA IVERSON



Illustrated by Jack Keay

"Will you stop talking like that?" he shouted. "I'm going away. It's the only thing left for me to do. We're breaking up."



SCRAPS

"I'm gathering scraps of brightcolored wool to make a patch quilt to cover me when I'm old and frightened and alone" ... so Laura Trevor faced the tragic frustration of her life's ambitions

LONG convertible roadster, top down, nosed its way over snowy cinders and stopped beside the train tracks.

"I'm getting old," Laura Trevor thought, rubbing her cold fingers. "Old and jittery." She dropped the keys into her purse and heard them rattle against the dean's telegram. That was what she'd forgotten. She'd meant to burn it before Tom came home. "Suspended for disorderly conduct." What did you—thirty-eight and beginning to grey—say to a twenty-year-old boy about that? Should she have talked it over with Bob Everett? Get a man's angle?

She tilted the mirror and tucked wind-blown strands of brown hair under her hat. Odd that the only man who'd ever made her self-conscious about her appearance was her son, or rather, Hugh's son. And now - She pulled her mink closer.

The station master said the train was late-bad weather down east. She sat in a corner, her small feet stretched toward the glowing stove. Perhaps if she were a big woman, the imposing, dominating type, she'd know how to handle this situation. "Suspended for disorderly—" But she'd brought Tom up since he was ten, and they'd got on beautifully. He'd been her son since the moment they met in the dreary parlor of his school. She and Hugh had stopped to see him on the way back from their wedding trip and Laura had loved him at once. It would have been impossible not to, she thought, he was so exactly what she would have wanted a son to be—and the image of Hugh. She walked nervously to the window and peered down

She walked nervously to the window and peered down the tracks. This interval for stage fright was the last straw. Why had she come so early? But that was silly. She'd been just as nervous at home. "Hello, mamma, guess who got kicked out of college?" Now what made her think of that silly cartoon? Tom wasn't like that. She must get a hold on herself. Think sensibly. But she couldn't; her thoughts were all twisted and snarled with apprehension. What would his own mother do if she were alive? Would she, out of some superior wisdom, have known how to avoid this? But she couldn't love him more than I do, Laura thought helplessly. No one knew Tom quite as she did, all his funny, sweet ways.

"Disorderly conduct." Could that mean a girl? Would she be able to talk to Tom about that? Would he listen—

she be able to talk to Tom about that? Would he listenrespect? Oh, why had he waited with his skyrocketing until after his father died? Of course, she was his legal guardian, but as the town gossips would only too gladly point out, she was only a stepmother and there was all that money.

THE TRAIN whistled around the bend. She jumped up. What could she say to him? The wind took her breath away; her eyes jerked anxiously from car to car. Suppose he didn't come? She had only the dean's telegram. What he didn't come? She had only the dean's telegram. What if Tom just didn't come back, if she never saw him again? But he would come. He had to. And there would be some explanation for all this. Tom was honest. Boys did get into scrapes. He was young. A year at home might be just the right thing to straighten him out. He could go back in the fall then and finish. Ah, there he was. How astonishingly like Hugh! More dashing, of course; handsomer, too, perhaps, but he needed Hugh's gentleness. She took quick steps, her arms outstretched. "Tom—"

He turned. Was that the shadow of a sneer? "Well, old dear." He kissed her, but it was automatic. He's not bearhugging me today, Laura thought; he's remembering that

Hugh isn't here. I was the one who forgot that.

"It's good to see you," she said eagerly. "The car's over here." She watched him pile his bags in the rumble. Some here." She watched him pile his bags in the rumble. Some-thing was wrong. She must make him tell her, let her help. "Take my keys," she offered. He drove like Hugh, too. She thought: if he were happy, I believe I'd be almost glad they'd suspended him. It's so good just having him near. "The man at the station said you'd been having bad storme." storms.

"Pretty bad."

You haven't taken cold? Sometimes the trains-"

"No, I'm all right."

She wanted to say: "We're having steak and mushrooms for dinner. I have tickets for us to see the musical comedy that's here."

But for the first time in her life she was afraid of him. He was fighting her. Had something really the best himself in the life the same than the terrible happened? Had he got himself into a jam that would have more far-reaching consequences than just this year of being suspended? But he had come home, she consoled herself. He had come to her.

He let her out at the verandah and drove the car to the garage. She walked slowly into the hall, pulling off her gloves. It was going to be much worse than even she had supposed. She had to find some way to— The front door slammed and she turned. He was stamping the snow from

'Will you want a shower before dinner? There's time. I laid out your things."

He said, "Thanks," and left her.

The living room was crowded with February shadows,

broken only by the red glow of the fire and the gleaming of the andirons. Laura sank wearily into her chair and closed her eyes. Even this room that she and Hugh had loved so seemed sinister now, the very silence foreboding the inevitable scene. She didn't want to reprimand Tom. It had been so seldom necessary when he was a child that

She rose and put another log on the fire. The portrait that she had persuaded Hugh to sit for looked down at her. Nine years was such a short time to hold all the ecstasy and peace of life. Nine years surrounded in the quiet of Hugh's love that had ended so discordantly with the jangle of the telephone after hours of anxious waiting. A voice, now murmuring, now shouting, said something A voice, now murmuring, now shouting, said something about a child crossing against the light, the density of the fog; told her of 'Hugh's desperate swerving on the icy pavement to avoid the child. A lamp post in the way. Steering wheel through his chest. Only blackness then; afterward Tom's arm around her, his young face, tragic and stunned, trying to smile as he said, "Mother—mother." Tom was upstairs now—suspended for disorderly—
"And he dislikes me." She spoke very softly, to herself. Something dreadful had happened to Tom and he was coming out of it hating her. Perhaps she'd only imagined

that he loved her; perhaps she hadn't been as important as she thought she'd been; perhaps it was just because Hugh had always been there that Tom had seemed to respond to her disciplining. She could bear Hugh's going for herself, she thought, because they had shared their adult life, she had her memories and she had nothing to decide for herself any more. But Tom—it wasn't fair for Tom who needed his father so much now.

SHE REMEMBERED the crisis night of Tom's typhoid delirium. He was only fifteen then. She and Hugh sat on either side of his hospital bed. He shouted: "I won't stay in this school, I tell you. I'm going home. I want my mother.

Laura said, "I'm here, Tommy. Right here."

All his strength was concentrated in the fingers that ipped hers. "Sure, mother, sure. I know. That's what I gripped hers. keep telling them. I'm better when I'm with you because that's where I want to be. A fellow wants his family. I made that touchdown in the third quarter because youbecause I saw you-

"Yes, darling."

That night on the way home, Hugh said, "A man thinks a lot about the things he wants to give his son, but when the boy realizes—recognizes—that's rare fulfillment. Tom knows I gave him the finest thing I could when I gave him

She'd believed that, too, five years ago. They had been right. But now tonight? If there was a girl in this, why should Tom think she wouldn't understand; would offer any objections to his marrying if he loved and was loved? She turned when he entered the room. "Did you find

everything? Yes. Thanks.

Nothing about the fire, nothing about how grand it was being home. But, of course, he wouldn't say that tonight, she remembered. He must be a little embarrassed, though he didn't look it. Laura was silent until she thought she'd scream with not knowing what was going on behind the blue depths of his eyes, beneath the crisp waves of his wet

"It's very, very good to have you here, Tom. I get lonely."

He took a cigarette from the box. "You see a lot of Everett, don't you?'

She was only imagining that he spoke unkindly. "A lot?" The questioning stayed in her eyes. "I don't think you'd call it that. He stops in occasionally. He's been very fine and generous. And he's terribly busy with all this political fanfare. I suppose he feels that as Hugh's best

"And yours?" The voice was not exactly pleasant.

Laura thought: he's still the funny, jealous little boy.

She'd forgotten his childish outburst years ago when Bob

Everett in a flash of silly gallantry had kissed her hand. She sat straighter. Tom's saying that was nothing for her to get angry about. He wasn't himself tonight.

"Bob Everett was your father's trusted friend," she repeated. "Because of that friendship he has managed our financial affairs, yours and mine." [Continued on page 40]



"I tell you she's his wife," the blonde young girl was saying. "Well I hate to disillusion you . . ." he began, when Beverly walked round the table to face them.

Queer how quickly one got to know. A phrase, an altera-tion in tone, even over the telephone.

"I love you," she said, not lightly. "Good girl! I'll be with you soon."

She put down the receiver slowly and looked about the room, wondering what to do next. She did not want to sit alone in that room and think of Tod, or herself, or their life, so, in a little rush of energy, she began undoing the boxes which had come that afternoon from the dressmaker. The clothes were lovely. A new evening dress and a coat, of

gleaming satin. Tod would like her in that. Her body, she thought, was most adaptable. In one week her body had learned to feel at home in beautiful clothes. Her slim, graceful body moved with ease in its new surroundings.

She put on a négligée of satin and lace and climbed on to the big bed. Then she sat there, manicuring her nails. Not that they needed it. But by the time she had done them, Tod would be there. She wanted him rather desperately. It was so much pleasanter to be kissed by him than to think about him. But each pink and white nail was perfect, and

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

still Tod had not arrived. At a quarter to seven she went into the bathroom. She turned on the taps full, so that there was a roaring and a rushing; she cold-creamed her face, pushed the dark mass of her hair beneath a rubber bathing cap, and she did all these things with emphasis, with much more and these things with emphasis, with much more energy than was required. Her jaw was firmly set and her eyes unblinking. Her face felt stiff. He might have come, he might have come, her thoughts were saying. All day—I haven't seen him since this morning. And it is our honeymoon. The one else should matter one time when no one else should matter.

WHEN SHE was bathed and dressed in the new. gleaming gown she was very beautiful. She stood in front of her mirror and regarded her lovely, naked shoulders, twisted to see her back, liked the way her hair rose up from her face, and was most occupied with her appearance. But beneath her surface interest, woe waited croucking to spring on her.

She stared around the silence of her room. The bed was turned down. The light above the bed cast a rosy glow over the satin coverlet. Tod's pyjamas. Her silk nightdress. After a minute's standing looking at the bed she flung herself down on it and began to sob. She was shaken with crying. She woke suddenly, her heart thumping. The room was grey with dawn. For a few moments she lay staring at the single square of intenser light in the windowed wall and drowsily remembered that she had drawn the blinds of that one window, and, raising it, had sat there in the dark, looking down on to the brilliantly lighted Champs Elysées. Why had she done that? What—

Realization flooded in, shocking her to complete wakefulness. She sat up, staring with wide, startled eyes into the dimness.

"Tod!" she called sharply, a high frightened cry, like a child's. She was afraid, in the cold, grey room, watching Tod struggling out of his coat, a dark, silent, shapeless blur near the door. At her

"Are you hurt? What's the matter? Why don't you say something?" She wriggled off the bed. Her limbs were stiff and cramped, her satin dress crushed. One foot was still encased in a small silver. shoe. She was dreadfully prepared for any disaster, but not for what happened, for Tod to sway into

her arms and to laugh, stupidly.

She helped him to the bed and he sat there, his laughter turned off, staring at her vacuously, blinking in the sudden flood of light from the bed-

side lamp. "Tod,"

she said again, in a half-strangled whisper. "I—I thought you must have now an accident." All her night's terrors were expressed in her whisper, but something in her face, in her voice offended her husband's fuddled mind. He turned querulous.

"Oh, accident—accident—you're as bad as mother! Waiting around if a fellow doesn't go to bed at six o'clock!" He began to undress, slowly,

with groping movements, muttering to himself, while, stiff and unbelieving, she stared at him.
"Oh, Tod!" she cried again, more strongly now, breaking through his momentary unawareness of her. His mood had changed again and he grinned

"I've been places. We had a party, darling. Some of the fellows." But the party was too blurred to talk about and his geniality died in the effort to take off his shoe. Suddenly Beverly lost her temper.

"You shouldn't! You're abominable," she said, "You shouldn't! You're abominable," she said, raging. "I've been frightened. I thought—I thought—" But instinctive wisdom stayed her. It was not much use talking. People always said that. Never argue with a man when he's this way. "I thought you'd never come home," she finished flatly, drearily. raging, thought—" P.

"Always come home," Tod said, reaching for his pyjamas. She watched his uncertain movements, and disgust rose in her, and a little horror at this unfamiliar man, shut there with her in an intimacy which had lost all glory.
"Well—" she began. But there [Continued on page 73]

What has gone before-

Daughter of a spectacular swindler who finally blew his brains out, little Beverly Raine lived in a

blew his brains out, little Beverly Raine lived in a small English village, friendless and lonely because of her mother's outraged shame and obstinate grief. Then she met Tod. He had stopped his car beside her as she tramped on one of her solitary walks, and suggested casually, "Wouldn't you rather ride?"

rather ride?"

Swiftly, eagerly, they were in love. Tod's people were wealthy, and he told Beverly that for years they had planned another marriage for him. He begged Beverly to slip away quietly with him and be married, to save the uproar of family objections. Beverly, afraid of disturbing her gloom-ridden mother agreed, and one moonlit night they drove through the countryside to London.

With details for the secret wedding to be arranged, Tod sent Beverly to the abaytment of Dr. Geoffrey

Tod sent Beverly to the apartment of Dr. Geoffrey Matheson, his best friend, to wait for him. Geoffrey, however, urged Beverly not to rush into marriage

with Tod so quickly.
"Don't do it," he begged. "Not today. Give yourself just a little more time." But Beverly laughed at him in a joyous certainty of herself and Tod.

Afterward she did not remember the events of the following hours in any clear sequence. A few things stood out: Tod's graven profile as he repeated the words of the marriage ceremony; the woman in the bright red coat, commandeered as their second witness; clattering down the iron-tipped steps of the bleak offices; the blaze of sunlight in the street, and Matheson saying strangely,
"If you're ever in a very tight corner, will you let

An odd thing to say.

S SHE returned along the avenue to the hotel, Beverly had to restrain herself from hurrying. She was late for her appointment with Tod, deliberately late, and she wished to be even later. "I'll show him, for once," she thought. "I'll tell him Paris was too enchanting." Then her lips quivered in a smile at her own absurdity and her slim body began to move suddenly as if a high wind drove her. After two weeks of marriage, tea with Tod was still more important than all Paris.

But monsieur had not come in, the desk clerk informed her, and Beverly holding her room key for an undecided moment felt her high elation sink. She stood watching the doorway, and each stranger coming through the doors stole some of her delight. Then becoming suddenly a little self-conscious she retreated to the lift.

As she entered the bedroom she heard move ment in the bathroom and she stood still, listening. "Tod?" she called. But it was the chambermaid engaged in her mystic activities. This disappointment had a dramatic effect.

Her spirits dropped to zero and she knew that when the chambermaid left the room, she would She was in Paris, on her honeymoon, in love and loved—of course she was loved. But she was going to cry. For three days, she had been trying

She was a fool, of course. Tod knew so many people, he had so many things to do. Punctuality, keeping appointments, however much you wanted to keep them, was difficult when you were as popular as Tod. It was just that he had no idea of time. And all his life he had been used to giving little bits of himself to numbers of people. He could hardly be expected to realize how it felt to have only one to give to-to give all your thoughts, your whole time, everything.

Tod could not be expected . . .

The telephone beside the bed jangled and she ran to it and grabbed the receiver as if it were a spar in the sea of her distress. The quick, foreign gabble gave way to Tod's voice and she called to him most gratefully,

"Darling!" I'm sorry, sweet. Someone just told me the time."
"Splendid! I thought none of your friends knew about a

thing like that. Tod laughed. He appeared to find that most amusing. He said.



Marriage Made on Earth

VELIA ERCOLE

Problems beset Beverly at the very outset of her honeymoon trip to Paris

"Are you cross? Are you haughty?," in a teasing tone. He was not really concerned. He just did not know the things which hurt people. She helped him to make a joke of it, then she said:

"Are you coming back now?"

'On my way, darling. I'll just pause to say farewell to the troops

"Not a long farewell, darling, you're taking me to the opera. My first opera, Tod—just the two of us—" she paused tentatively. The "troops" had a way of joining

parties. After the first two days in Paris, two heavenly days, there had been the "troops" . . . she waited. "Oh, of course, yes, darling! I'll be there."

"Early dinner."
"Sure. Happy, sweet?"

"I'll be happier when you're with me."

"That's the way to talk. I have an excellent wife. Start putting on your pretties and I'll be there when you're halfway through. Love me?"

She knew then that he had been drinking. Just a little.



You'll say: never before were soups so GOOD as Campbell's makes them now!

THE Campbell's Soups you buy today is deep, deep brown and it ware better eating than ever! Magically aroma that stirs up appetite. improved recipes. Even finer ingredients blended in heaping measure. Best of all, more skillful cooking — the dexterity that comes of long years devoted just to making fine soups finer still.

Quick as you clap eyes on a plate of the new CAMPBELL'S BEEF SOUP you know you're in ,for a hearty eating thrill. Tempting pieces of tender beef and lots of luscious vegetables coax you to take

is deep, deep brown and it wafts a rich

And very soon won't you serve golden glistening platefuls of CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP? Is it better than ever? Chicken soup fans do declare it's better than any since the Old Homestead. It's not just a broth - it's a downright soup. Made not just from the bones alone — but from all the good meat of the whole chicken along with tender, snowy rice. More chicken-taste, more spoon in hand and start in. The broth chicken-meat in Campbell's Chicken

with Rice Soup now than ever you dreamed of.

Try the new, better CAMPBELL'S CREAM of Mushroom soup, too. More mushrooms now, specially cultivated, tender and toothsome. And more luxurious cream - cream so thick that it truly will hardly pour. The soup for a betterthan-ever party!

These are just three of Campbell's new better-than-ever soups. Try them soon. And when you ask for them at your grocer's you will be glad to find that, in spite of improved recipes, more of the fine ingredients and more skillful cooking, the Campbell price stays down! (And by the way, being condensed, Campbell's Soups are most rea-

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbells, Soups

16



Startling revelations from a Saskatchewan schoolteacher

AM A schoolteacher in Saskatchewan, one of the thousands who have been living under the most pitiable conditions for some years past.

So bad has the situation become, so often have we

So bad has the situation become, so often have we tried, without effect, to gain some attention to our plight, that there is very definite talk of a strike in April.

Schoolteachers on strike! Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Yet it may be the tragic culmination of the years of struggle that heroic men and women have endured so that, whatever happened, the school doors of Saskatchewan would be open.

Educational authorities and school boards have expressed public satisfaction at the fact that although Saskatchewan has suffered more than any other province through drought and depression, a negligible number of schools have been closed. But the vast army of teachers in the province smile

bitterly at these satisfied comments.

For it is the seven thousand Saskatchewan teachers who are keeping the schools open. It is the teachers who have been living through incredible conditions. It is the teachers who, in spite of small remuneration have been giving their very best efforts for the sake of educating the youngsters of the province. It is the teachers who are doing work which equals that of any missionary in the home or foreign field—

and for far less compensation.

The average salary for rural schools and junior positions is about \$400 a year. But little enough as this is—and we'll discuss later the possibilities of a girl living on this sum—only a few receive it.

In hundreds of cases this salary is never paid. A vast number of municipalities say that they can pay only the school grant given by the Government, about \$200 a year. The municipalities have no cash. The teacher must somehow contrive to live on the grant. Often she doesn't even get the grant—for this sum has to meet, in addition to the teacher's salary, all running expenses such as

Government. It has been estimated that by the end of 1935 over one million dollars was owed the teachers by school districts of the province. In addition, the Government's action in cancelling large sums of tax arrears owed to the municipalities, has wiped out the assets upon which the payments of arrears of teachers' salaries were made.

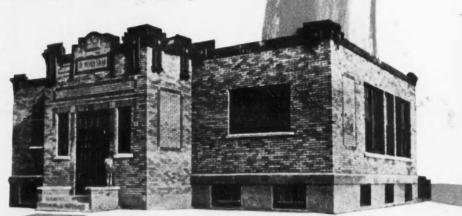
Some of the miscellaneous cases reported are important indications of what is going on. Miss — had a contract salary of \$350. She received \$3 from August to November.

Mr. —, a married man, received \$20 a month. Groceries, rent and milk cost \$19.50, leaving him 50 cents a month to buy fuel, clothing and supplies.

Miss —— received no salary for August, September and

Miss —— received no salary for August, September and October. Yet the secretary in that school district received \$35 and the truant officer \$35.

In a number of school districts the van drivers, who bring



Some municipalities which build model schools like this one, find they can't meet the expenses. One reason for the teachers' plight.

the children to and from school to outlying homes, receive more actual cash than the teachers do.

Figures show that the cost of primary and secondary education in Saskatchewan has been cut in half since 1929. In that year the sum of \$20,602,809 was spent. In 1934 the amount was \$10,392,065.

HOW DOES this work out for the average teacher? Consider the very fortunate girl who receives \$400 a year. Remember that she has spent years on the education that fitted her for the teaching profession. In most cases she incurred debts which must be paid.

Of the \$400 she earns, she must contribute four per cent or \$16 to the superannuation fund. This leaves her \$384. Out of this she must pay, as a general rule, \$20 a month for board. This means \$200 for the ten teaching months. And leaves her \$184 for personal expenses.

She can budget this in two ways. Divided into the ten teaching months it means \$18.40 a month. Or divided into twelve months she will have \$15.33½ for each month of the year. The latter is probably the customary budget, for otherwise she would have to have a generous relative ready to give her a free handout during the holiday months.

Out of the \$184 must come clothes. A teacher must be respectably dressed. The district expects it. If you ever have lived in a rural district where your boarding house is two miles from the school, you will realize the imperative necessity for them.

There are, of course, the personal items too: shoe polish, face cream, handkerchiefs, Considered separately they are of little cost. Their total makes an important item.

They are essential. No teacher can afford to neglect her

They are essential. No teacher can afford to neglect her personal appearance. It is a neglect that is very quickly reflected in the attitude of the community toward her, and in the child's attitude toward his work. A teacher who is nice to look upon usually finds her work a simpler process than the dowdy, down-at-heel girl or man.

Then come books. Now that Saskatchewan has devised a curriculum based on more general knowledge than that required to recite textbook information, a teacher is obliged to acquire a fair-sized library. Of course, every school has its own "library." But since it was acquired before the advent of the new model education, its shelves yield very little satisfactory material. School boards refuse to spend the already inadequate grant on new books.

to spend the already inadequate grant on new books.

A teacher probably might manage to get along on the small store of knowledge that she has amassed in her own mind. But in the meantime she is [Continued on page 45]

supplies, fire insurance, attendance officer's salary and repairs.

Recently the Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation made a

survey of actual conditions. It was a practical and definite report and is an effective answer to the dismissal of complaints as being only "isolated cases."

Taken at random from a list of salaries reported in this

Taken at random from a list of salaries reported in this survey—money paid for an entire year's work—are payments of \$125, \$120, \$90, \$210, \$167, \$50, \$140, \$185, \$155, \$100, \$175.

Many teachers have, of course, heavy salary arrears. Some specific instances show arrears of \$1,800, \$1,055, \$1,175, \$952, \$1,240.

These arrears are sometimes paid in notes, which are no good in any part of the country except that one municipality, and unredeemable through the banks or

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Bolero effects in front only for the not-so-slims. There's an air to a cape but you need well-set shoulders, and good car-riage. Wear it shorter if you are. Plaid jacket, plain skirt gives breadth above; vice you change about.

You can place that brilliant embroidery where it won't add to your size.

Get a gay little jacket—but fit its length to your own. Go short on buttons if you're very tall.

The apron frock
—epitome of soft
femininity—but it
cuts height. Very
New.

But is it meant for Me?

S NEW!

CERTAINLY YOU'RE not a fashion plate . . . lucky you. You've got quirks and lines and a style personality quite, quite different from that of anyone else in the world. It gives you an opportunity to have a distinctive flair of your own—instead of looking like number six in a series of department store dummies.

Therein lies your opportunity—and your snare. The clever woman can mentally whip a costume out of a shop window and fit it on herself while she stands there looking—and deftly figure out whether or not it could be adapted to her own type.

For fashions come and go, but good taste, that yardstick by which every woman ought to measure new styles in rela-tion to herself, is enduring.

So don't carry off the first spring clothes you see that are obviously patterned after the dictates of the Paris designers. Think yourself into them first-remember your good points and your bad ones, check up on color, line, fitness, and general effect

Then you can talk business with the clerk.

Just above you'll see photographs of two very charming girls—both decked out in the *dernier cri* of spring millinery. The upper photograph is a clever example of adaptation. The model has a round face, so in choosing one of the new sailor-beret types of fine milan hats, she doesn't go too pancakey, or too tipsy as to line, or too extreme in any way. And she softens any suggestion of brimlessness with a bewitchmounts are tailored yet effective. The feminine, yet smart lines of her shoulder are perfectly suited to the hat.

But, alas—the girl below has made a mistaken flight into a protty kettle of

mistaken flight into a pretty kettle of feathers. It's a new and smart hat—but meant for the petite, very perky type of jeune fille. And obviously this type of hat

demands a tight-fitting flared shoulderline.

The other sketches demonstrate some rights and wrongs for you to keep in mind when you're doing your spring shopping.



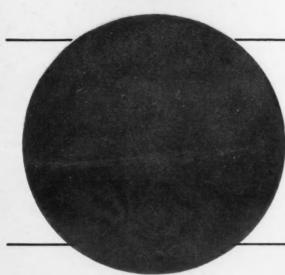
Does Your Nail Polish Peel or Chip?



Ordinary Polish MAGNIFIED

18 TIMES

on the nail because of its rough surface. Representative of competi-tive brands selling at 50¢.



New Cutex Polish MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Make this test yourself—apply any other brand of polish alongside Cutex on a piece of glass—see the



· Manue

Rust

Burgundy

Robin Red

· Old Rose

A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray and with delicate evening pastels.

A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown under-tone—Becoming with green, brown, beige, copper. A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchant-ing with pastels, magnificent with black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

A new, softer red that everyone can wesr. Goes with everything, daytime or evening—very sophisticated with black and white.

A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

MADE IN CANADA

And then we took pictures of 8 other popularselling brands of liquid nail polish, also immediately after application. The photographs showed an amazing difference.

after it had been applied to a smooth surface.

"DOES nail polish have to chip off right away?" women asked us. "Certainly not," we said.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or

We took a picture of our New Cutex Polish right

chip in a week! The reason is simple.

And we proved it.

Look at them above-magnified 18 times.

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! Cutex will stay unmarred on the nail for days. Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of ordinary polish. The lines in the picture show clearly that the polish formula is imperfectly balanced. They show the beginning of cracking and peeling-10 minutes after the polish dries!

Big Saving! It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New

Cutex Polish . . . with its glass-like, wonderfully resistant finish. You can put on the New Cutex and forget about it for a week. And its lustre will be higher, because of its smoother, longer wearing

Remember, too-besides longer wear and higher lustre, the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades that go with many more costume colors. It's usable to the last drop, too-never thickens in the bottle.

Keep away from ordinary polish that develops unsightly cracks and chips after a day or two. Stock up on the new, longer wearing Cutex in all your favorite shades today.

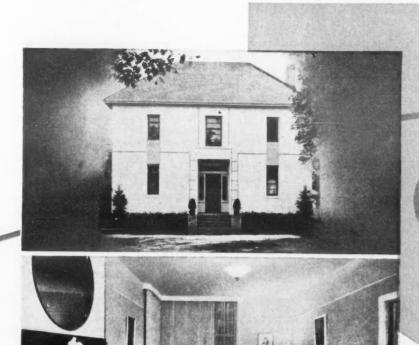
Ten smart shades to choose from! 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear. NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, London, Paris

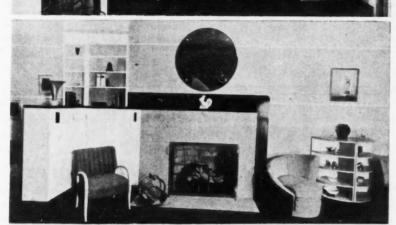
CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16φ .

Northam Warren Limited, Dept. 7 T-3
980 St. Autoine Street, Montreal, Canada

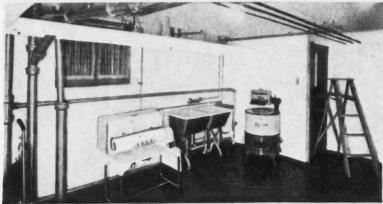
I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Eignid Polish, as checked, Manye | Rust | Burgundy | Robin Red | Old Rose |

H, 1937











Chatelaine's Home Improvement Contest

Every month, beginning March, Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvements submitted each month.

Throughout Canada homeowners are planning renovations assisted by the terms of the Government's Home Improvement Plan.

Month by month, beginning March, Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best before-and-after photographs showing actual renovations undertaken by readers. In addition, interesting photographs that may not win the monthly prize will be bought by Chatelaine at usual space rates.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want — and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and details of the plans involved.

The contest is for readers of Chatelaine anywhere in Canada, except employees of The MacLean Publishing Company and their immediate families.

The first month's contest will close March 30, and the prize-winning photographs will be published in the first possible issue of **Chatelaine**, and month by month afterwards. Each month's contest will close at the end of the month.

Remember that it doesn't matter how small or how large your renovation is — **Chatelaine** wants good pictures of interesting ideas. Snapshots will do, or sketches of the old plans. But they must be clear enough for reproduction. The judges' decisions as to the winners will be final.

Send your entries to

HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

481 University Ave., Toronto.

Before



No. 1.—It's the same house. Removal of old verandah and bay window, respacing of windows, and a new finish of brick venser made is as modern as tomorrow.

No. 2.—Notice how the horizontal wall lines, and the floor-to-ceiling window drapes have increased the apparent size of this living room. It is finished in soft greys and tones of red.

mantel, of warm Italian marble and ebonized wood. One of the absurdly small windows shown in the "before" picture has been removed — the other increased to a useful size.

The pictures tell the story in another of Chatelaine's dramatized presentations of modernized houses. The improvements shown on these pages were made in a Winnipeg house.

by Richard Fisher (B.Arch., M.R.A.I.C.)

OUT OF the West comes this stimulating experiment in modernization. The Hudson's Bay Company of Winnipeg, selected this old house (top, left) situated in a good district, but fallen upon sad days. No need to describe the cluttered exterior of the mauve decade, the drab interiors. The photographs speak for themselves.

Going to work with a will, and under the imaginative direction of Moody and Moore, architects, the company wrought such magic as appears in the companion

pictures on the opposite page.

The almost unbelievable change in the exterior appearance has been effected by the simplest and most inexpensive means. The verandah and bay window have been removed and the entire exterior has been refinished in brick veneer and painted. Other windows have been relocated. Contrary to the impression held by many people, this is neither difficult nor expensive. The roof has been completely reshingled and in the process the ugly oversized dormer done away with. The entire house has been insulated.

The rejuvenated stair hall and trim modern coatroom and toilet are among the first features to catch the eye as one enters. Photographs show how the living room has gone completely modern in a pleasant, comfortable manner. Red broadloom carpet, blonde maple furniture and indirect lighting combine to make this a fit background for twentieth-century living. The new dining room, opening on to terrace and garden, is gay in blue and white. And the kitchen is completely replanned and modernized, with new equipment, steel cabinets and linoleum floor.

and linoleum floor.

Exciting things have happened below stairs, too.
Gone is the dismal old storeroom. In its place, a festive recreation room promises enjoyment for old and young. The fireplace is black glass. And the chromium chairs have gone gaily yellow and blue.

Upstairs, four old bedrooms and an obsolete bath-

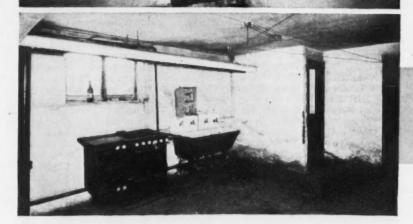
Upstairs, four old bedrooms and an obsolete bathroom have made way for a complete master's suite (large bedroom, sunroom, dressing room and bath), two completely modern bedrooms, a sewing room, and a large additional bathroom finished in red and white.

In this case no attempt was made to limit expenditures to the \$2,000 limit set by the Home Improvement Plan of the Dominion Government. However, most of the striking improvements illustrated could be made for this sum.





No. 4.—The basement recreation room shows the most striking change of all. The dingy storage space (left) has been opened into the room to form the recess.



No. 5.—Monday morning will be welcome in this cheerful laundry! And yet new finish for the walls, modern equipment, and adequate lighting were all that was necessary to make the change.

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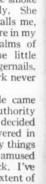
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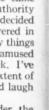
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He needs your help, mother!

So much he has to do, like it or not, when he's a little fellow in the years from 1 to 6! But one job your child has that's more important than all the rest. He has to grow and thrive . . . stay strong and well.

To help him do that requires careful planning, mother. His diet, for instance . . . it is so important now! It must afford an abundance of food

Breakfasts are particularly vital. Your child usually gets up in the morning with his energy at a low point, having been without food for 12 hours or more. Yet, for the tremendously active hours just ahead, he needs more food energy in

proportion to his size than a grown-up does! Cream of Wheat offers one recognized source of the quick food energy that is required. It is a blend of the best hard wheat from Canada's finest growing areas. For 42 years now, it has been a breakfast standby with wise mothers.

Ask your doctor about it. He will tell you how its smooth creaminess is welcomed by delicate young digestive systems! How its energy charge helps bring natural gains in weight - and how readily its nourishment can be drawn upon for

strenuous play! Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer now. It is very economical and comes to you in packages sealed against the taints and contaminations often found in cereals sold loose in bags. Fortify your youngster each morning with a big, hot, delicious bowlful!

Silverware! Wm. A. Rogers A1 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

▼Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.

Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate, inexperienced young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.

Is a good source of the food energy needed by every child.

As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural gains in weight.

Economical! Cooks up to 6 times the original volume. Scores of servings in each large package.



Made in Canada from best Canadian hard wheat. Never sold loose in bags . . . only in this box.



A BILLION BOWLS A YEAR

Placed side by side, the bowls of Cream of Wheat eaten in a single year would reach nearly four times around the earth.



THE BEST HARD WHEAT

Cream of Wheat is a blend of selected hard wheat from Canada's finest growing areas. It is uniform in texture and flavor.



A POWER HOUSE OF ENERGY

Every spoonful of Cream of Wheat carries a rich supply of the readily available food energy growing boys and girls need.

CHATELAINE, MARCH, 1937

Missionary's Wife

(Continued from page 7)

anyhow. It's your billion-dollar personality. Aren't you human? Doesn't it appeal to you—fame—worship—money? I tell you what the public gives the film stars is nothing short of idolatry.

Her eyes were lit with a sudden shining. "If only I could believe you."

Hubner's heart thumped heavily and his head swam. He had excited himself far too much for his fever-weakened condition. He sank down into his bed. But he was winning—he was winning. "It's God's own truth," he whispered, "I promise you. I promise you-

Faith raised the mosquito net and put a v-cool hand on his head. "Don't talk lily-cool hand on his head. "Don't talk any more. Rest. Tonight I will discuss

this with my husband.

SHE KEPT her promise. She talked to John Dennison of what Bernard Hubner had offered her in the stillness of evening in the shadows of their bungalow verandah. The missionary was torn between his conception of the duty he owed Faith as an independent human being, and his hideous premonition that the time had come to lose her. He was glad of the darkness which concealed the fact that he was selfishly, humanly afraid. "The thing is, do you really want to go, Faith?"

Her chair was beside his and she slipped a soft hand into his thin brown one. "Yes, dear. I feel it is my great chance to discover who I am. I don't want to leave you long. Mr. Hubner says in six months I'd have enough money to finance the mission in China. You said yourself that life there will be more civilized for me, and you really want to go. It would mean a lot to be able to do something. I'd feel I meant more than just a little stray animal—"

Her husband winced as if she had struck "You hurt me when you talk like Don't you know I really love you?"

Faith left her chair and sat on his laid her cheek against his cheek. "I "I know. darling-or I couldn't live. But I want to do it for you. I want to go. Only six months, dear, and time passes so quickly—"

The missionary did not speak for a long time. He tried not to let his knowledge of the magnetism she had for men, influence his judgment. She still suffered greatly in spite of his tender care for her, and would continue to do so till something dispelled the cloud over her past. Whatever came of

it, he must be fair to her.
"Perhaps, Faith, I could get somebody

to take charge and come with you—"
"Then I wouldn't go. I wouldn't let
you. You said it would be at least a year before the time was ripe for someone else to take over. A stranger now would alienate the natives—spoil what we have done-waste all our work."

"I know. But I'm afraid for you, Faith. I don't know much about Hollywood, but I've seen the clinical results of fame. A public idol bows to a brutal master. You're not really strong enough to stand

Her arms went round his neck and he could feel the reality, the depth, the absolute honesty of her love for him. But there was some obstinacy, some imperious will this interloper had awakened in her.
"There's something more, John, more than the money, more than knowing who I am. It's calling me. I want to experience life if it's only for a little while. I feel it here that it's calling me." And one of her hands went from his neck and beat at her

Dennison tightened his arms round her. and he felt an abysmal grief as if his heart broke as he sat with her in the incense-laden darkness. He knew he could restrain her if he liked, but the mischief was done.

People lived their lives secretly inside themselves and nothing could now restore their rifled paradise. Their only hope of continued happiness was Faith's contact with the world, this separation, this dangerous challenging experiment. But he did not believe that once she had tried the wings he had healed for her she would ever come back. He said very quietly, "Then of course you must go, Faith. I will draw up a regime for your health that you must promise to follow faithfully. Otherwise I will leave the mission and come away with you."

THE MISSIONARY talked to Bernard Hubner in much the same strain when he dropped in and discussed it with him. The director lay in his bed unable to look his visitor in the eye, but feeling sorry for the man's unworldly innocence. He was, however, wasting his pity. The missionary was a doctor as well as a man of God, and he knew considerably more than Bernard Hubner about the frailty of mankind. He said, "I am not standing in my wife's way, although I am utterly out of sympathy with the Hollywood standards of living. I want her to go. I want her face advertised as you say it will be, and I hope it will lead to her discovering who she is. When shock robs a person of memory, it is often because the mind actually, it cause the mind actually wishes to escape the torment of some grief or tragedy. But no matter why her mind turned from her past experience, it is better for her to know. Until she does know, neither medical science nor human devotion can restore to her her birthright of normal peace of

The missionary caught Hubner's wandering eye and probed him with a searching look that made the director feel desperately uncomfortable. "Now I want you to promise me that you will hold yourself responsible for her happiness as well as her

material welfare. My wife has a tremendous power over men without effort of her She draws them as a magnet draws steel. I want you to protect her from persecution and trouble, and see that no commercial interest in her beauty allowed to become a menace to her health. Do I have your promise?"

Hubner swallowed hard, "These are things I would naturally do, doctor. Of course you have my promise.

Hubner rose and dressed when the missionary had gone. He was getting used to his legs again though they still felt darned shaky. The ship that was to take him on the first lap of the journey home with his sensational discovery would be calling at Ubanga in a week. It was the longest week the apprehensive young man ever lived through.

That night he was moved to the Dennisons' comfortable bungalow, though Hubner would have preferred to remain in the solitude of the hospital. He had been shaken by the missionary's appeal to his better nature, but not shaken enough to relinquish his intention to make love to Faith on the way to California. He could think of nothing-see nothing-but a deck in the black and white of tropical moon-

light, himself somewhere in the shadows with this miraculous woman in his arms. He fought against the feeling of guilt that stirred in him whenever he looked at the missionary's calm ascetic face or caught the gaze of his steady eyes. He was rescuing Faith from a life that was a crime against womanhood. He kept this thought in the front of his mind till he began to

NOW HE BEGAN to see a lot of Faith. She had handed her work over to Sister Gilman. She hardly knew what to do with the hours once filled with hospital routine. She accompanied Hubner on his walk in the pale early mornings, plying him with questions, living for the moment when she would begin her great adventure, burning with young excitement, retreating into moods of silence, her great eyes filled with

sudden passionate despair.

Hubner suffered exquisite torture when they sat in the evenings on the wide verandah, Faith's hands linked with her husband's, her cello voice wondering whether after all she should or should not go. She would walk up and down in the go. She would walk up and down in the dusk, her chiffon frock floating like smoke about her thrillingly graceful body. She would cry out in the night, "It calls me, John. I can't explain it. As if it were in my blood. It calls me—" The palms of Hubner's hands would show the little wounds of the hard-pressing fingernails. But he would sit there in the dark never saving a word.

The day before sailing, a cable came from the studio giving Hubner authority to draw up a contract. Faith was decided that day as if she had never wavered in her decision. "I packed most of my things in the cool before dawn." She was amused and excited. "So few things to pack. I've lived in uniforms. If you saw the extent of my wardrobe I'm afraid you would laugh

They were walking slowly under the cotton trees toward the colony of native huts that sprawled along the outskirts of the rubber groves. A pulse beat in Hubner's throat as he looked at her face shadowed by her sun helmet, and thought of having her beside him always, keeping her, making her his own. "We change at Liverpool for New York, Faith. We could fly to Paris to show you the city and get you some clothes. You ought to arrive looking right-'

"I'm so thrilled-"

"And remember what I told you. Talk to no one. Keep it all a secret. Not a word!"

She was looking at him, laughing. "A deep dark secret," she agreed. "Not a

He felt actually faint with his apprehension and his happiness. He said, "You don't know how thankful I'll be to see this town fade on the horizon and vanish in

"Now, now," she chided, "we looked after you very well. Admit that it wasn't so bad as all that."

"That's true, Faith. Forgive me."

But there was reason for Hubner's fervent desire to see the last of Ubanga. Until Faith was safely on board and a stretch of the dun oily sea separated them from the receding land, he would not feel sure she was going with him. She had refused to sign the contract he had drawn up till evening when the missionary had time to read it. His nerves tormented him so much he did not know how he would endure the day.

On their return from the morning walk, they found that the mail boat on the way south to Capetown was in and one of the house boys had brought a batch of letters from Hollywood, a bundle of newspapers and fan magazines. Hubner took the papers into his room when he retired for his midday siesta, but did not open them. Why bother with news that was already a month old?

He knew he should have left Dennison and Faith alone with the contract after dinner. It was their last night together before she sailed, and if Hubner were successful in his intention to conquer her, they might never see each other again. But he dared not leave them. At the last moment love might prove stronger than ambition, or Faith might take fright and change her mind. Her lost memory was thange her mind. Her lost memory was worrying her a lot tonight. He had seen that strange hurt speculating look take the light from her face as the three had sat at the table eating their dinner. Hubner was cold with his terror. The thing was so near that he could not bear it if he were to lose her now.

lose her now. He cast about in his mind for something [Continued on page 24]



Photo by J. Allan Cash

LITTLE FAT PUP

by MONA GOULD

Oh, a little fat pup is a joy indeed When you're just beginning to write and read. And a chap like that listens so well When you're busy practising how to spell. And it's even better when nights are dark To feel him there; and to hear him bark At the smallest squeak on the lowest stair. It's a downright comfort to have him there. And oh, on waking, how wet and dear, Is his "lickety" kiss on your nearest ear!

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SUPPOSE YOUR CHILD WERE LEFT AN ORPHAN?

Sensible folk should realise that we live in a dangerous age—and make definite plans for their dependents.

by ISABEL DINGMAN

OUT OF a clear sky, my five-year-old daughter suddenly burst into tears. So violently did she sob that it was several minutes before I could find out the cause. Then she choked out: "I was just wondering—who would look after me—if you and daddy both got killed in a motor accident!"

It struck me as funny that a child could be so worried over imaginary woes, but I didn't laugh, and assured her that of course grandma or one of her aunties would be delighted to have her. Then I realized with something of a shock that I didn't know whether they would or not. I had never discussed the matter with them, never even considered the possibility that she might some day be an orphan. Yet other people were being killed in highway crashes every day of the week. I could remember reading about three cases this summer where parents of small children both lost their lives in the same disaster. What right had I to assume that my husband and I would always be lucky? According to the Canada Year Book, about 6,000 people in this country meet violent deaths every year. While there was certainly no need to be morbid about it, apparently sensible folk should face the fact that they live in a dangerous age, and consider what would happen to dependents in case of tragedy.

Like many other modern couples, we do

Like many other modern couples, we do not own any real estate. We have only one child, all our savings are in insurance, so it had never seemed necessary to make a will. But if we were both killed, who would handle the insurance for the youngster? Who would give her a home? How would the relatives on both sides decide this question? How would they obtain legal custody? We felt rather guilty when we found we did not know any of the answers. It was comforting to find that several of

It was comforting to find that several of our acquaintances, some of them much better off than ourselves, had not made wills or arranged guardianships either. But that was no excuse for continuing to be careless. We decided to find out how to safeguard our child's future, and at the same time, find out something of what I would need to know if I were ever left a widow. Statistics show that women live longer than men.

I had the good luck to meet Judge Joseph Wearing, of London, Ontario, who grants probate of about fifty wills every week and is a recognized authority on all matters concerning estates, besides being a keen student of human nature. He was good enough to explain some of the points which had puzzled me. I also asked questions of a banker, an insurance man, and a social service worker. Undoubtedly I was a pest, but I learned things.

When a will is made, besides arranging

When a will is made, besides arranging for administration of the estate, it should name someone to act as guardian of young children in case the need arose. No particular form is necessary for this, so long as intention is clearly expressed When the matter is not mentioned in a will, letters indicating the parents' wishes would be accepted as proof of intention, or even a signed statement left among the deceaseds' papers. (We now have one tucked away with our insurance policies.)

But in itself, neither will nor statement would constitute anyone a guardian. Application for letters of guardianship must be made to the surrogate judge. However, the wishes of the deceased are invariably respected, unless there is proof that the person named could not perform his duties in the proper manner. The only chance of unpleasant muddles is where there is no indication of what the parents desired. Various relatives may fight for the possession of an attractive child or disclaim responsibility for one who is something of a problem. However, if parents have secured the consent of some friend or relative to act as guardian, and put the fact in writing, difficulties are reduced to a minimum.

THE GUARDIAN may be and often is executor of the estate. But in each province there is a government official called the Official Guardian who keeps an eagle eye on the estates of minors. In some provinces he administers these estates himself, when no executor has been named; in others, as in Ontario, this latter work is frequently done by the public trustee. Where minor children are beneficiaries under life insurance, no money will be paid until someone has received letters of guardianship.

If both parents were killed, and neither had made a will, an only child would get everything they had to leave; two or more children would share equally. The person receiving letters of guardianship would also apply for letters of administration, if there was an estate to be settled.

there was an estate to be settled.

However, in many homes these days, there would be nothing to divide among the children if anything happened to the parents. Unemployment or small wages make it impossible to build up any estate or provide adequate insurance protection. Many fathers and mothers have nightmares when they consider the possibilities. But there is some comfort in the knowledge that modern methods of dealing with orphaned children are so intelligent and so concerned with the youngsters' welfare that they can be faced without fear.

Where children are completely orphaned, boarding homes are more and more taking the place of institutions, and youngsters are brought up in supervised private homes at government expense, provided with good clothes, medical and dental care, education until sixteen, and even beyond if they show exceptional promise. They are made wards of the government through the juvenile court, and when the time comes to go to work, jobs are found for them. Even the institutions and shelters which still exist are modernized and well conducted, not at all like the terrifying places depicted in comic strips and old-fashioned novels. Babies and young children left orphans are in demand for adoption into good homes. Altogether it is no exaggeration to say that many children have a better chance in life as wards of the government than they would have had if their parents had lived.

Coming: Supposing you were left a widow?



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRÄY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



The "Prime of Life"

YOU may have read that the average length of life has risen from 49 to more than 60 years since the beginning of the century. You may not know that the greater part of this extension in the length of life is due to gains in mortality at the younger ages. For those who have passed 40, conditions are much the same as they were.

The period from 40 to 60 years should be the "prime of life" when mental powers are high. The majority of the deaths which occur in this period are caused by chronic diseases of the heart and arteries, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer or diabetes. Heart disease is responsible for more deaths than any other cause.

While your doctor will not offer any medicine to soften arteries that are becoming brittle, or to rebuild your heart, he can do a great deal to help you to lengthen your life. He can do what you can't—he can, almost literally, look inside your body.

With the fluoroscope and X-ray, with chemical and other function tests he can observe your vital organs in action and can tell you their strength or weakness.

Unselfish men and women who try to give all they can to their families or their work, and people who are ambitious to reach a certain goal often neglect their health. Chronic invalids are more likely to seek medical advice and to follow it faithfully than are vigorous men and women who scoff at being coddled, and who often race past physical danger signs.

A great scientist said recently, "We know how to lengthen the lives of children. We must learn how to persuade men and women past 40 to get the benefit of what modern science can do for people of their age."

To everyone interested in prolonging life, the Metropolitan will gladly send its booklet, "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Dept. 3-L-37.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE-OTTAWA

FREDERICK H. ECKER Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Missionary's Wife

(Continued from page 22)

that would raise her spirits and restore her vivid excitement of the morning for the Hollywood adventure. The newspapers! He went to his room and brought her the pictorial newspaper supplements and the bundle of glossy fan magazines.

Faith thanked him absentmindedly and began to look at them with slowly reviving interest. When the table boy had removed the coffee things, she spread them out on the table and began to turn the pages over under the hanging lamp. Dennison took up the contract and began to read it carefully. Hubner's hands were shaking when he lit his after-dinner cigar.

his after-dinner cigar.

The room was filled with a tense emotional silence not broken till the missionary said, "That seems all right—very fair in fact. Faith, here's your contract. I'd like you to read it."

Faith did not hear him—did not look up. She was breathing rapidly—feverishly absorbed in something she had discovered. Her husband rose and bent over her to look. Hubner saw her terrible excitement and rose, too, and joined him. There in the centre of a Sunday supplement was a double-page spread of photographs of famous women under the heavy black caption, "DOES GREAT BEAUTY BRING HAPPINESS?" Underneath in smaller type, "Tragedy has shadowed the lives of all these beautiful women."

The centre photograph was a full-length picture of a girl whose glorious body was more revealed than concealed by jewelled ornaments. A black silk mask covered half her face.

The article featured the downfall, the heartbreaks, the suicides, the drug-taking, and even the murder of certain internationally famous beauties. The story of the centre portrait came last.

"And what of Fantasie, the Masked Venus, the most sensationally successful of them all? She became famous overnight. On her first appearance in the Folies Bergere she took Paris by storm. For three years she reigned in glamor and mystery, every performance a blazing triumph for her matchless grace and miraculous beauty. Painters, sculptors and historians were unanimous in describing her body as the nearest to perfection the world had probably

"It was rumored she kept her identity a secret because she was a member of a fallen royal house. Others said the mask concealed a face unworthy of the unique perfection of her body. The truth will probably now never be known.

"In three years she amassed a fortune. But did her phenomenal success bring her happiness? No—not even the youthful joy of love. Men fought over her. At least one frantic suitor committed suicide. Another, mad with jealousy, killed a close friend of hers he imagined to be his rival.

"Yet Fantasie was not to blame. She exerted a strange power over men even from her remote place behind the footlights. Men worshipped her, but she was never known to

have a lover. Strife and scandal eddied ceaselessly round her mysterious glamorous figure.

"Never very strong, her work fallered. One night she collapsed in her dance in a severe nervous breakdown. After many months in hospital she left Paris alone for an unknown destination. Drew a large sum of money from her bank and left no forwarding address. Talked about entering a convent where her beauty would be unseen and she would be left in peace.

would be left in peace.
"That was five years ago. Her money lies unclaimed in her bank. Where is she now? In some numery sheltered from the world? Living somewhere utterly unknown? Or dead by her own hand?

"The few intimates who knew her, and whose loyalty aided her to keep the secret of her identity, refuse to divulge anything which would throw any light on her possible fate. They promised never to try and trace her and they are still loyal to her wish. They claim she was the greatest beauty of them all, and her fame would have been even more spectacular had the public seen her face. The mask was a defense Fantasie's sensitive nature needed in order to show her beauty to the world

"But her great gifts brought tragedy rather than happiness. She has vanished into the void as completely as if her lovely existence had been a dream—"

Faith shouted suddenly and jumped up, eyes widely dilated, hands clasped about her throat. "I remember—I remember everything—the mask—the peering eyes—the cold wind on the stage—the pale blank faces beyond the footlights—"

The missionary caught his wife in his arms and supported her swaying figure. Her face worked as if she were under an unbearable strain. Her hands went up over her eyes. "That orphanage! How I was unhappy—how I was alone—I think of nothing but earning a lot of money—never to be poor again—to adopt lonely children—love them and care for them—heal their little hurt hearts—" Her hands dropped. She looked about the room as a sleep-walker wakes from sleep. Then she pointed at the horrified Hubner as if she accused him of doing her an injury. "Send that man away, John—he is another—don't let him take me—send him away—"

Hubner saw Dennison's arms tighten protectively round his trembling wife. He knew that his presence was superfluous. He nodded to the missionary with a wry smile. "Guess you can handle this. Guess I had better get out."

He heard Faith sobbing as he opened the door in the mosquito screen and went out on the dark verandah. "John—John—you're the only man in the world who ever made me happy. Men persecuted me. Women envied me. I was hounded with trouble—thought I would never know an ordinary woman's happiness. Then I found you and you truly loved me."

found you—and you truly loved me—"
Hubner breathed so deeply that it hurt him. He steadied himself with the wooden verandah rail. He heard the missionary's voice, low and tender as he had never heard it. "Don't worry, little beloved, You're safe now. Your beauty is precious to me, but I love you for what you are—yes, dear, I truly love you—"

Faith was not weeping now. Her voice was ringing with happiness. "And I'll never leave you. You're all I want. I want to be with you wherever you are—wherever it is—now, and forever after."

IN A PRAIRIE GARDEN-by E. C. Brander

These are the trees my father planted. Under them I lie
And see great branches reaching up into a cloudless sky;
Yet I remember when the trees were scarce as tall as I.
My children, now in manhood's morn, have clambered and grown strong
Among these branches. Many springs have heard the perting soon

Among these branches. Many springs have heard the nesting song Of birds in this green garden, though the years have not seemed long. My father's trees are large, my arms can hardly span their girth, Their roots grow deeply, as do mine, into our native earth. What am I leaving for another generation's birth?

A DEPARTMENT FOR STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY

Beatty twee

Brush Up On Your Hair Beauty

absolves them from all daily care of their hair except a run through the waves with a comb several times a day. Maybe they do a little half-hearted brushing—just enough to smooth the coiffure in the morning.

It's because so many woman feel this way that you see so many dried-out listless, uninteresting heads of hair everywhere. Their owners are still misled by the idea that the way their hair looked the day they came from the hair-dresser's is, in all reality, permanent.

The greatest ally to a shining head of lustrous vital hair is brushing.

Yet women are still scared of it. They're afraid that it takes out the waves. That it makes the hair oily.

On the contrary. If your hair is not brushed it becomes

On the contrary. If your hair is not brushed it becomes dry and listless and your waves come out all the sooner. If your hair is oily, you may think that brushing makes it oilier at first. But stick to your brushing and massaging of the scalp, and the renewed vigor and vitality of your hair will show within a week. Brushing is an eventual cure for oily hair. But the brush must be scrupulously clean. Not only should it be washed frequently and stood on end to dry; but after every few strokes through the hair, the brush should be wiped on a clean towel.

Brush the hair properly. It's a stupid waste of time to do anything else. Brush it away from the scalp. Lift the hair in sections and sweep the brush up them, away from the scalp. Brush up the scalp at the back of your head. Brush and brush and brush.

If you have one of the scientifically designed brushes with bristles that are not too hard nor too soft, start brushing with the brush on one side against the scalp. Sweep it around so that the scalp itself gets the full force of the bristles before it starts travelling up the hair.

AFTER THIS exercise with the brush, if your hair is needing special attention, separate it in sections and apply your tonic on little pads of absorbent cotton right to the



How should you take care of a permanent? How often should oily hair be washed? What is the proper way to brush your hair? Annabelle Lee discusses important rules for your crowning glory

roots of the hair. Then brush again as I have outlined. Special pomade for the thin spots should be massaged thoroughly into the head. Many women like to lean their elbows on the dressing table and then work the fingers thoroughly on the scalp. Try it. Don't you find it gives you more strength in your fingeries?

more strength in your fingertips?

Whatever you do, go to a reliable hairdresser and make sure you get an experienced operator when you take your permanent. Careless workmanship can do so much harm that it will take weeks and weeks to remedy it. Don't trust your poor hair to a too-cheap permanent wave bargain. You'll rue the day bitterly.

Get your hairdresser to take a test curl and to analyze the condition of your hair. If it's too fine and soft, if it's bleached, dyed, or if it's sickly and dry, you may have a bit of trouble. You'll find it a far, far better thing to do, if you wait a week or so, while you treat your hair and get it in first class condition for the wave.

Remember that it's a skilled operator's job. A good

permanent wave requires imagination, intelligence and experience. You must pay for these qualities. And believe me, they're worth it.

How long will your permanent last? It depends on the

How long will your permanent last? It depends on the condition of your hair when you get the wave, on the skill of the operator, on the speed with which your hair grows and on the care you give it.

Hair grows in from the scalp straight in most cases—they haven't yet discovered a way of turning it curly at the beginning! That's why permanents grow out of course. As a general rule our hair grows about half an inch a month. You can estimate pretty well just how long it will take for your wave to slide down to your ears. Of course you can have it waved "on top" again. But most women find it as satisfactory and economical to have the whole head done every six months.

It's a pleasurable thing to shampoo your hair at home; and a simple thing to set the waves yourself if you follow the original waves, take a little [Continued on page 32]



Elaborate social rituals-and simple Complexion Care

Her gowns, servants, horses and admirers she numbers well in the hundreds. But you can literally count on your fingers the aids to her perfect complexion. Like her friends, youth and freshness remain her cherished objectives. And so she'd never dream of elaborating upon her one small selective group of beauty aids, marked "YARDLEY OF LONDON."

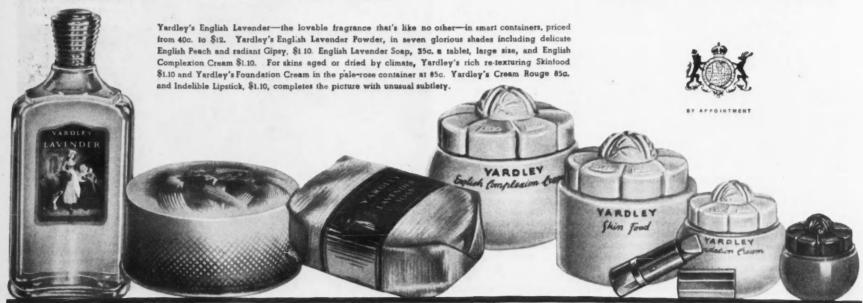
A soap—called YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER, for refreshment, clearness and sparkle. (Don't neglect

the pure secret of youth concealed in this soap and a wash cloth.) A cream known as YARDLEY'S ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM to re-cleanse, banish fatigue lines, and soften. (YARDLEY'S SKINFOOD to re-texture, if your skin is dry from climate or mistreatment, and YARDLEY'S FOUNDATION if you prefer a special powder base).

A powder—YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER POWDER—so soft, fine and livingly vital it clings like the down on a petal.

Why not pilfer the dressing-table of your great English hostess for these exquisite aids to her beauty? They are simple in use, cost and number—but so perfect you'll accuse them of wizardry. At your nearest fine store with Yardley's fine perfumes and bath luxuries also. Send for our new book "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," to Yardley & Co. (Canada) Ltd.—Yardley House—Toronto, Ont.

Yardley & Co. Ltd., 33, Old Bond Street, London; 620, Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; or Paris; Sydney, Australia.



YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER

TUMY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

DAFOE'S CHOICE FOR THE DIONNE QUINS



- A message of utmost importance to EVERY MOTHER

WHO WANTS HER CHILDREN TO HAVE SOUND HEALTHY TEETH

THE Dionne Quintuplets! What babies were ever before raised with such scientific care! Always they have had the best of everything!

So, when the time came to choose a dentifrice for them, Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream ... because Colgate's cleans so thoroughly, yet so gently-without the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums.

And how the Quins love Colgate's delightful peppermint flavour! Like all children, they really enjoy brushing their teeth with Colgate's ... and what an important point this is in teaching correct habits of oral hygiene.

A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER!

As the specialists in charge of the Quins know so well, early dental care is so important! For the second or permanent teeth are formed in the jaw even before infancy. Thus, defects in the first

teeth are communicated to the permanent teeth ... affecting their colour, shape, quality and position in the mouth. Defects in baby teeth may even affect the general health of the child.

So if you want your children to have fine, healthy teeth when they grow up, how wise you will be to follow Dr. Dafoe's example-and guard baby teeth with Colgate's Dental Cream . . . make daily brushing with Colgate's a rigid rule!

IDEAL FOR ADULT TEETH, TOO

You will want to make Colgate's your toothpaste, too! Not only because its soft, safe polishing agent cleans the enamel to shining smoothness but also because Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into all those tiny crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . cleans every surface of every tooth ... keeps your breath beyond reproach!



THE FAVORITE BEAUTY SOAP OF CANADA'S YOUNGER SET



Palmolive's GENTLE BEAUTY CARE KEEPS MY SKIN FRESH AND LOVELY... ALL OVER

Popular Montreal Society Girl



PALMOLIVE is the only soap that really cleanses my skin," continues Miss Oliver. "Its smooth lather seems to go right into the pores, leaving my skin so refreshed."

And this lovely young lady is correct. Costly Olive Oil gives Palmolive its mild penetrating lather. It goes gently, deep into the pores, floats out cosmetic particles and other impurities, lets your skin breathe and function properly. And as Palmolive cleanses, it soothes and refreshes your skin, leaves it soft . . . lovely all over.

Try Palmolive for just a little while. Follow the simple Palmolive Beauty Treatment shown below. Let this gentle soap prove that your skin can be smooth and healthy. Get some Palmolive today, and start your com-



The Cheque Stretcher

This simple, easily-kept budget works magic for the \$15-a-week girl,

by GRACE GRAY

HERE IT IS, Miss Business Girl, that mythical device for which, during those momentous first weeks at the office, you so obediently and so fruitlessly searched—the cheque-stretcher. How often since that early denouement have you longed for the existence of such a gadget that you might expand your meagre pay cheque to cover even the necessities of life! Well, you can invent it yourself—a budget! I have had a business position for nearly ten years at the staggering salary of \$15 per week, and only since I began the budget plan have I been able to meet my major expenses without the worry of scraping together the wherewithal.

In a small notebook which, for the sake of convenience, I keep in my purse, I have assigned for each month a double page ruled into columns as shown in the accompanying diagram. It may seem a bit confusing at first glance, so let us examine each column separately that we may better understand the operation of the whole. In the first column you save \$2 per week, which at the end of a year will amount to over \$100. Rather a gratifying surprise, is But figures don't lie. For the second column, headed Insurance, I find it an advantage to keep a special bank account in which I deposit \$1 per week. Then when my premium notice arrives (\$48.10 to be paid yearly) the money is there ready for me without any frantic searching. In the third and fourth columns systematic provision is made for room and board and church donations.

The next heading is Clothes. Now, girls, you must plan carefully; you cannot afford to buy on impulse, neither can you afford to buy cheap outfits. Wearing apparel of good quality may demand a higher price than the inferior grades, but the durability of style and fabric proves that it is a more of style and fabric proves that it is a more economical investment. Nor will you tire of good styles as quickly. It is even possible to wear a costume for three seasons and still enjoy the consciousness of "that well-dressed look." And don't forget that the regular use of a deodorant will save you a few cleaning bills, as well as endow you with the charm of feminine daintiness.

Keep within a certain range of colors in your choice of dresses so that the same accessories may serve with a variety of outfits. For instance, if your accessories

are brown, you are permitted a selection of brown, yellow, orange, coral, rust, turquoise, green, for dresses. And, by the way, you may indulge in an inexpensive frock once in a while, but never buy cheap accessories. They'll let you down every time. Especially of shoes must you be wary. How often one observes a young girl spoil the effect of a smart costume by a pair of shabby shoes! Buy only the best quality and make of shoes, and take care of them. Keep them well shined; insert shoe trees directly you take them off; and see that the lifts on the heels are frequently renewed. You'll be astounded at their renewed. longevity in steady service. Wash your stockings after each wearing—they'll last three times as long—and keep a tube of something to stop runs in your purse for those nasty little pulls. Be good to your clothes and they'll be good to you. These are a few of the secrets of achieving chic on \$12 per month.

IN THE column headed Beauty Care, I have allotted \$2 per month. Of this sum one dollar is spent for toilet necessities while the other is reserved to provide a fund for a permanent wave which will be needed about every eight months. Every girl can manage to give herself her own weekly shampoo and manicure. As for amusements, you can afford to see the best photoplays, and even to buy a season's ticket to the recitals given by the local music club. Out of the incidentals allot-ment, you may buy such things as gifts, stationery, etc., and if each month you leave a little to accumulate, you'll have sufficient capital when December comes round again to do your Christmas shop-ping with serene enjoyment.

Transportation comes next. Since I live in a small village and do not own a car, I find it necessary to make trips to the city by bus. A twelve-trip ticket costs \$3.15 and lasts about three months. The \$2 per month allotment in this column more than pays for this ticket, but I am storing the balance in preparation for a little holiday tour next summer. If you have the good fortune to be healthy you will spend little or nothing for medical care. Nevertheless it is a wise policy to be forearmed. I had a tonsil operation a few years ago and,

[Continued on page 44]

Save	Insur- ance	Room & Board	Church	Clothes	Beauty Care	Amuse-	Inci- dentals	Trans- por- tation	Medical Care	TOTALS
\$8.00	\$4.00	\$24.00	\$2.00	\$12.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$60.00
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with the trimming than in the crown. For instance, the classic felt Homburg uses an antenna feather in the front, and the staid sailor perches a rose atop the flat crown, right at the front.

Veils are continuing to give us special allure, and with the advent of a Scottish Queen to the Throne we're seeing many kiltie type sports hats that may be worn with casual early spring sports garb...

Mustard, Onion, Toast — sounds like a sandwich — but it's three really important colors in the spring novel-

ties — mustard is a green-yellow tint . . . onion is a more rosy yellow . . . and toast is rather a stronger yellow. These three shades will be prominent in evening fashions for the new season and, strangely, also in the sports field!

And now — remember my old adage: "Plan what you buy" . . . DON'T dash out and buy your spring outfit in relays. Or, if you do, remember to correlate all your spring purchases. Make every PIN you purchase have a definite part in your spring costume scheme . . .

Be suave and tailored ... or giddy and feminine.

Look pale in greys and beiges ... or vivid in Coronation colors.

Wear your hat lower ... put your flowers and feathers higher.

But don't be pretty ... don't be dull ... don't be halfway about anything.

Our Interesting Canadians



A FEW weeks ago she was Minister's Assistant.

Assistant.
Now she is the Assistant Minister.

Behind the interchange of words describing her work, lies the triumphant ordination of Lydia Emelie Gruchy, B.A.—the first woman to be ordained to the United Church of Canada.

Years of quiet, unassuming labor lie behind her ordination. Repeated presentation of her petition for ordination to the General Council met with disappointment. Finally last September the important decision was made. The General Council admitted women to the ministry of the United Church. Lydia Gruchy was accepted as the first woman minister, and ordained a few weeks later in Moose Jaw, where she is serving as Assistant Minister.

Chatelaine found Miss Gruchy at her desk in the attractive church building of St. Andrews. She is a quiet-voiced, soft-colored little woman, not the type one visualizes as blazing the way to a new conquest for women's work. That is, not until she looks at you with her glowing grey eyes, and talks of her ministry with a subdued, intent absorption. Then you glimpse her power.

For years Lydia Gruchy has been doing all the work of a minister among the northern outposts of the West, except administering the sacraments. It was her Presbytery of Prince Albert that began to urge her ordination. They knew of her untiring labors. They knew she had completed the theological course at her college of St. Andrews. They realized that she was a minister in fact, if not in name.

This gentle little woman who has conquered one of the last fields of endeavor that heretofore excluded women, was born

LYDIA E. GRUCHY, B.A. of Moose Jaw

She has led women into a new field of work — as the first ordained woman minister of the United Church.

in France. She lived the comfortable well-cared-for life of a young girl in France and later in an English boarding school. At eighteen she came out to the West with her father and sisters to join her brothers who had left France for the new world. For a couple of years she struggled to master the art of housekeeping for the family on a prairie farm. Then she went to Saskatchewan University. More and more her romantic interest turned to the possibilities for helping the new Canadians. Her brother had been training for the ministry, but he gave his life for Canada during the war. Then Lydia Gruchy, at the suggestion of Dr. Oliver, undertook the theological course in addition to her arts course.

On graduation she went north to the little settlement of Veregin to work among the Doukhobors. She was the only "minister" in the little village. She performed all the difficult work of a minister, except administering sacraments and conducting marriage services. A minister from a near-by settlement drove into the village for these.

While Lydia Gruchy was there a new church was built as part of the missionary endeavor of the province. She did most of her work of reaching the Doukhobors through the children in their schools. Those who were watching her work in this and a number of other settlements, hearing her speak with her passionate intentness, noting her power to command interest began to urge her to request ordination.

Her plea was first presented in 1928, and every two years thereafter, until its triumphant success in 1936.

As Chalelaine talked to her, the postman

As Chalelaine talked to her, the postman brought a stack of letters for the new minister. Hundreds of people from all over the continent have been writing to her—in exultation, or disapprobation. But Lydia Gruchy has a very definite sense of humor. Her eyes are ever ready to smile. That morning one man had written in disapproval, saying that St. Paul had stated in Corinthians, "Let your women keep silence in church."

"What do you say to that?" queried Chatelaine.

Lydia Gruchy smiled. "I quote right back at them," she said. "Galatians 3:28. 'There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.'"





3 DIFFERENT TYPES for Different Women, Different Days...

REGULAR KOTEX—IN THE BLUE BOX. For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

JUNIOR KOTEX—IN THE GREEN BOX. Somewhat narrower. Designed at the request of wemen of slight stature, and younger girls. Also suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

SUPER KOTEX—IN THE BROWN BOX. On some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. Super Kotex gives extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

"They go together"

QUEST and KOTEX. Quest is the new positive deodorant powder for sanitary napkins . . . Buy it with Kotex.

KOTEX BELTS—to make Kotex comfort complete. Narrow, adjustable, pinless.



ar



THAT'S WHY HOSPITALS USE AND DOCTORS RECOMMEND

KLEENEX FOR HANDKERCHIEFS!





FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

The spring style picture is again two-faced! For on one side we have the superb dignity of the tailored fashion, and on the other the feminine, rather giddy charm of the "soft" styles which so many women love to wear...

love to wear...

But take it from me — the "pretty" woman is a thing of the past. Now you have to be smart, poised, tailored, if you really want to be elegant.

Suits are so important that I'll start off about them—here again we have the tailored or classic suit, as well as the feminine sort that runs to stitched taffeta collars and the like —

The man-tailored short jacket suit is a definite leader, with the smartest taking men's lapels, sleeves and front cut from the suit Himself will be sporting for the new season —

The baby box swagger is a very

The baby box swagger is a very effective, graceful style for women who prefer a longer and looser garment — and the three-piece suit, with the practical topcoat which will two-time for a spring coat, is very much in the picture . . .

The caped suit is very well liked, and many tall women will delight in the military swing of this garment . . .

Greys are accepted leaders — and run from pale pearl tints down to dark Oxfords, with "banker's grey" a sedate yet lovely hue . . . Of course, the navy suit will always be with us and this year is no exception. But probably the smartest of all smart suits is the classic black, which many of the better dressed will wear on Easter Sunday . . .

Quite a few of the suits that come in three pieces have the plain colored

jacket suit, topped with a plaid sports coat — very practical, I'd say . . .

Print dresses are all over the place and in so many patterns that it would take a healthy sized volume to describe them. But the spaced floral designs are admittedly the leaders—you know those big bunches of flowers splashed here and there on a plain around

ground . . .

The swing influence continues, with goodly fullness toward the back of the skirt . . .

Shoulders continue high and the elbow-length sleeve is very much to the fore . . .

Of course, we simply cannot get away from the higher neckline and this season is again sponsoring this fashion, although here and there I am seeing gallant little dresses that are noted for their squared collar-lines . . .

The bolero dress is a cunning young affair that is being received with acclaim — and you'll be seeing plenty of redingotes, too . . . Peplums still thrive and do things for the very slim figure . . .

But the tunic is almost out, although here and there one does see such a style, and it looks nice still!

Street and afternoon nets and marquisettes have jumped to a new popularity and are very soft and lovely in black or navy, generally trimmed with white lingerie touches.

Soft, fine woollens, in warm shades such as rose, gold, blue and wine are already being worn and will be lovely for those first warmer days when one may doff one's coat . . .

For the first spring hat, I've noted that they have come down a bit in the crown and achieve height more

Very Fast Way to Ease Sore Throat

Pains due to Colds:



Crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" tablets in ½ glass of water.

GARGLE thoroughly — throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.

Just Gargle This Way with "Aspirin" for Instant Relief



Here is the most to amazing way to dease the pains of prawness of sore is

throat resulting from a cold we know you have ever tried.

Crush and dissolve three "ASPIRIN" tablets in onethird glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases almost instantly; rawness is relieved. Countless thousands now use this way to ease sore throat. Your doctor, we are sure, will approve it. And you will say it is marvelous.

"Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet. 3.

Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

Demand and Get —
ASPIRIN





This quick Beauty Bath peps you up_leaves you dainty...

FOR the girl who wants to win out with men, daintiness is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet

Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odour it gives your skin. And here's another important thing: The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE.

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Teilet Scap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a both scap, too, to keep neck and back and shoulders levely. It cleans the pores deeply, removing stale perspiration, dust and dirt. It leaves skin really fresh, delicately perfumed. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're sure of yourself—ready for conquests!





Look to the stars for coiffure guidance . . . Virginia Field arranges the softest, most natural looking wave possible to form a charming complement to her face. Charming and highly flattering.

Brush Up on Hair Beauty

(Continued from page 27)

time to arrange them and use a good setting lotion. Make sure you get a good shampoo. Poor ones will only cause you added trouble. Use one of the many attractive rinses on the market—each one with a specific purpose. A little scouting around will find the one to do the job you want.

IT IS generally agreed that oily hair should be washed once a week; dry hair once a fortnight and normal hair every ten days. Remember that a shampoo alone won't correct your troubles. The most you can expect from it is a thorough cleansing. Study the shampoos on the market. Try a number of them. Select the one you feel gives you best results, then follow the directions implicitly.

The woman with oily hair must have a shampoo once a week. In very bad cases she must wash it every four or five days. Eut she should be working to improve its oily condition, and as soon as it is nearly normal again, keep to the once-a-week shampoo. Twice a week I'd advise a tonic designed for oily heads. Massage well. Brush well.

The dry-haired woman should wash her hair once every two weeks, with a special shampoo designed for her condition. Home shampoos are especially beneficial for this type of hair, as it can dry naturally without the artificial heat of the beauty parlors. After the shampoo, apply a tonic and if necessary a little special pomade.

A hot oil shampoo works wonders for dry hair. Heat the oil and apply with a piece of antiseptic cotton to every part of the hair. Give this treatment the night before you take the shampoo. Or if you cannot possibly do that, apply it an hour or so before the shampoo. Hot oil shampoos are recommended before taking a permanent as they give added vitality to the hair.

When you shampoo, wet the hair thoroughly, either with a spray or in the basin. Then apply your jellied or liquid soap, or prepared shampoo, and rub firmly into the scalp. Rinse in warm water, and then with fresh, clean water shampoo once again. Your hair requires at least two shampoos and as many rinses as will

ensure freedom from the slightest trace of soap. Never have the water too hot. Dry the hair whenever possible in the

Dry the hair whenever possible in the fresh air and sunlight, with soft thick towels. Do it by hand whenever possible, for artificial heat tends to rob the hair of its brightness.

Different types of hair react differently to the best methods of setting the wave. So experiment to discover your own most effective way. Some hair sets best when it is damp. Other types take a steaming to dampen them satisfactorily before setting. Still others are better when dried thoroughly and then dampened with a setting lotion.

Coax your waves into position. You may use combs, or one of the new waving devices—or just a comb and your fingers. It all depends upon the type of hair you have.

Many women are using brilliantine, especially in these days of chic glossy hair designs. If you use a brush, put a little brilliantine on your hand, pass the brush over it and apply first to the ends of your hair, and then brush the upper hair lightly but firmly. Liquid brilliantines are easily applied with the new atomizers and are a great boon.

If, with all your care, your hair is still unsatisfactory, remember that nervous disorders, acid conditions, bad circulation or wrong diet have a bad effect on the hair. With these basic conditions righted, any woman may have a beautiful head of hair if she wants it badly enough.

ONE FINAL word. Don't stick to the same "hair-do" day in and day out. You'll be surprised at the new interest you take in life—let alone the interest you'll arouse—when you change your meekly parted hair for one of the skittish new whirled effects. What if it does mean more trouble? That will mean that you'll take more care of your hair—with only one result—a better-looking coiffure. Be brave enough to step out of your conventional role. If you've a nice straight nose and an oval face, part your hair in the middle. If you can wear it in a gleaming cap that fits your head smoothly—try the idea of polishing it every night with a piece of velvet. That's how the Japanese women get that beautiful gloss.

You'll find you can't wear the same old face under the exhilaration of a new coiffure. You'll have to take more trouble with that, too. And before you know it, friends will be saying with that delightfully envious note in their voices, "Why, Martha Jane, how well you look!"

Sweet words, aren't they? You can hear them often, if you'll take the proper care of your complexion and your hair. Jus

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LADY INTO FROCK

A beautiful gown is useless to the woman who doesn't know how to wear it, say two famous mannequins. Here are some valuable suggestions by

Gwen Morton Spencer

WHEN A woman buys a lovely dress she has just taken the first step toward looking beautiful. If it's worth paying a sizable sum for lovely fabric, clever design, finished craftsmanship, then it's doubly worth the effort of learning to wear the frock and showing it to its (and the wearer's) best advantage.

wearer's) best advantage.
Such is the firm conviction of Gloria and Dawn, two of London's star mannequins. All too often one sees a timid, self-conscious woman dreading her entrance to a restaurant or a party and conveying all her own timidity to the cringing lines of

"One of the most important things a woman must realize is that health is the basis of good looks," says Dawn. "Deportment, poise and grace are all the result of correct muscle control. Exercise means more to a figure than any amount of dieting. I would discourage dieting, nearly always. It is apt to give a girl a strained look; dark circles under her eyes and hollows in the neck. Fitness is the first requisite for modern beauty. Semistarvation is fundamentally wrong."

tion is fundamentally wrong."

The mannequins suggest that a woman first practice entering a room, walking and sitting down.

"You must enter a room as though you were happy and assured. So many women come in either aggressively or apologetically. Next, learn to walk from the hip instead of from the thigh. If you move from the thigh the line of your dress is creased across the front. If the forward movement starts from the hip, the line of the skirt from waist to hem is unbroken." Try it and see how right that is.

"Few women know how to sit down gracefully. Put your right foot a little behind the left (like the beginning of a curtsy) before letting the weight down into the chair. Sit confidently in the centre of the seat, not precariously on the edge. Keep the spine straight yet not stiff."

There are many exercises to give grace and poise for these simple actions. Walking round the room with books on the head is one old schoolroom favorite that is excellent. Walking barefoot and picking up pencils with the toes is another trick; neck and waist exercises—and even finger exercises for those who use their hands in an ungainly way—are also some of the varied correctives for faults of movement and posture.

movement and posture.

Learn to walk with a wide lilting stride in a flared skirt (to make the most of the flare), take smaller, measured steps for the tailormade, and a slow smooth walk for

evening gowns.

The proper manipulation of a fan is another trick in studied grace that must give the impression of spontaneous ease.

"Altering the make-up or the hair-dressing can often make an amazing difference in the appearance," says Gloria. "The shape of the eyebrows, the tint and the placing of rouge, the tone of the powder, are all extremely important points "The whole effect of a gown can be

"The whole effect of a gown can be spoiled by wearing the wrong underthings," she goes on. "I would prescribe under-clothes as carefully chosen as frocks." A streamline elastic corset; flat suspenders (the kind you twist the stocking through, so that there is no sign of a bulge), and



Anita Louise is one of a group of movie stars famous for their manner of wearing clothes. "Isn't this a beautiful dress?" her whole attitude says, as she poses in a dinner frock of black crêpe over an under-slip of gold lamé. It is because she gives its full value.

petticoats for day and evening wear are some of the helpful items.

"Clinging evening gowns look far better if they are worn over a petticoat," says Dawn. "But not a full-length slip. It must come from the waist only, and reach to the ankles. Cut on the cross, of course, to ensure a close fit over the hips."

Trunks instead of legged knickers are advocated. Also cut on the cross, and fitting close to the thigh. For wear under evening gowns elastic panties which combine trunks and support are good. But when these are worn, the muscles must first be trained to do their work of keeping the "tummy" flat.

Short petticoats of taffeta, coming from

Short petticoats of **t**affeta, coming from the waist, are advised for wearing with most day dresses. These should have a band of frilling at the hem to keep the skirt from falling in below the knees.

from falling in below the knees.

"Don't wear a brassière unless your figure demands it," is another suggestion. But if it is necessary, see that it fits perfectly and is cut on "uplift" lines.

Finally the mannequins give warning concerning ugly nervous habits that create a bad impression and ruin the character of clothes. Picking off nail varnish, pulling down your elastic girdle, combing loose hairs on to your collar and leaving them there, foot jogging—these are some of the crimes committed by otherwise fastidious women and which must be eliminated.

And so with a mixture of common sense, physical discipline, and expert training one learns to wear one's clothes to the best advantage. To get full value for the money spent on one's wardrobe is a complex affair, calling for good taste, intelligence—and industry!

"Why I require,
my Fashion Mannequins
to wear Woodburg's—
Facial Fowder"

BY MAGGY ROUFF
Famous Fashion Designer
of Paris

"This powder combines the chic and elan of true skin shades with the protection of its germ-free ingredient.

"AFASHION MODEL must have a lovely Complexion as well as a lithe and beautiful figure. So I take the precaution to have all my mannequins use Woodbury's Facial Powder.

"This powder has la qualité de soie. It clings to the skin even in the warmth and glare of the spotlight. The shades wed the healthy undertones of the skin, giving both chic and allure.

"But it is equally important that Woodbury's Facial Powder is germ-free.* For one of my models to appear at a Fashion Opening with a blemish on her skin... that would be affaire fatale. Skinscientists assure me that no blemishgerms can be transferred to the skin from this famous powder."

All 6 Woodbury shades are divinely flattering. If you're fair, Woodbury's "Light Rachel" is your shade. "Brunette" is a stunning shade for the darker skin. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use, This original Maggy Rouff gown, gracefully shirred over the hips, is of rich black velvet andpale pink satin.

WOODBURY'S
FACIAL POWDER

GERM·FREE

Made in Canada

"Don't I look Sweet on a mule?"



Dear annDon't I look sweet on a mule?

The Lico is simply glorious—

never had such a grand line

anywhere:

Jowe you a million thanks for making ME bring THODESS—
instead of those mapkins d've instead of those mapkins d've hun in the habit of buying hun in the habit of buying is infinitely softer—and it's is infinitely softer—and it's nuch a trelief to have a fad that doesn't chafe! and what that doesn't chafe! and what peace of mind that moisture—broof backing brings—specially when you're travelling.

Tomarrow we're leaving for



Beauty Box

by Annabelle Lee

I sometimes wonder what the girl of ten years hence will have to worry about in her beauty problems — scientists are devising such excellent cure-alls for any beauty trouble at all. Here's a new preparation, based on a famous formula, that comes in a neat little case just like a lipstick. It will hide any mark on the complexion. How often a spot on the face can ruin an evening's fun — or make one selfconscious all day. This preparation comes in three shades, so that one can match the skin exactly. Dab it lightly on the offending spot — then powder, and your trouble will be your own secret! It's a grand idea.

There's a very handsome new nail kit on the market that smart women will love to own. It comes in an attractive box made of a new substance that looks something like marble. Inside this very attractive container, which will make an interesting addition to any dressing table, are four shades of nail polish, a polish thinner, and the oily polish remover. More and more women are making certain that they have a variety of nail polishes — it's so important to suit the shade to the color of the dress worn.

Women who keep house, and office girls too, will enjoy a new hand lotion which is very soothing to the skin and dries quickly. There's absolutely no need for any woman to have rough, chapped hands these days, for lotions are so inexpensive — and will give, on an average, two hundred treatments for the hands.

Over thirty? Then it's high time you realize the valuable rôle that muscle oils should play in your life. These creams or oils are rich in feeding properties and will permeate deep into the pores, and so do trojan work in eradicating the fine lines that the thirty-ish years bring with them. It's natural that these lines should need a special preparation to combat them. For one thing they're deeper than the lines elsewhere on the face,

I got an invitation to "meet myself" at a tea party the other day, and went, much mystified. But I found it the truth. For the first time I really saw myself. Like every other woman I've struggled with a hand mirror, and twisted and turned to get some impression of the back of my head. Now with this new idea, which involves a synchronization of mirrors, one's image is at all times reflected in a revolving mirror. A grand thing to have when one is deciding on a new coiffure or hat.

(Want further information about any of the items mentioned in this column? Write to Annabelle Lee, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, and she'll be glad to tell you more about them.)



IT HURT WHEN JIM SAID he hated rough hands. Mine were chapped and harsh all winter —kind of old-looking—but what could I do?

> THEN... MY SISTER TOLD ME Jergens Lotion keeps a girl's hands soft. Now I use Jergens, too, and Jim says, "Your soft little hands keep my heart."



Hold 'His' heart in silken *fingers*

Youn hands chap and roughen when the skin cells lose their special moisture—from exposure to cold, wind or water.

But Jergens Lotion saves the young beauty of your hands because it replaces that lost moisture faster. Jergens goes into the skin better than other lotions tested, smooths away roughness, heals chapping. Its two famous ingredients are the same that skin specialists use. And Jergens is never sticky. For charming hands, use Jergens Lotion regularly. Only \$1.00 for the great big bottle; other sizes 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



FREE! PURSE-SIZE JERGENS Use after having hands in water, to keep hands girlishly soft and smooth.

Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 840 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario Please send me my purse-size bottle of Jergens—free,

Name ______PLEASE PRINT

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It's Going to be a Sporting Spring





HERE ARE some invigorating examples of the latest sportswear. No matter how tailored the lines this season, there's a trick of buttons or pockets, softened fabric or colorful design that makes the sport frock especially feminine.

What, for example, could be more perfectly done to a turn, for sporting wear, than these models? Yet the two frocks above (751 and 758), perfect for morning shopping expeditions, afternoons in the country, have a charming softness about the sleeve, a just perceptible fullness in the skirt. They'd be at their best in gaily colored new prints, silk or celanese, or one of the many sheers. If black and white, navy and cream, beige and one of the rose tones, or grey with some of the bright blues or greens of the Coronation season are too subdued, by all means break into the most brilliant shades. You'll be quite in the mode. White lingerie touches, as in 758 above, are continuing to hold the favor of fastidious women.



Descriptions of patterns on page 79. These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number and size desired.





CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Price 15 cents



Refreshing as the First Tulips CAROLYN DAMON

AND THESE zestful new frocks are as authentic as the flowers that bloom tra-la, too. There's that 13 to 14 inches-from-floor-length hemline. Jauntily high, but not short. There's the swing to the skirt—not too pronounced, not too skimpy. Just enough for an air of youth . . . and a most wilking existed.

good walking stride.

The simple, pert frock on the left (760) combines such interesting new features as the print and monotone combination, the slightly raised, short sleeves, and V

neckline. Its princess-line simplicity is a mark of the times. You might try it in a black or navy sheer . . net or marquisette, with perky black or blue and white print at pockets and collar. Or do it in that least a problem of recommendation with the commendation of the prince of latest combination of rose mauve with navy, in a thin woollen.

Centre, is the latest line in feminized tailoring. Tip to toe stitching in a contrasting shade makes this a particularly effective dress, and the sash tie is a fresh feature. It would be smart in beige (the

season's best color) with stitching in South American rose, or Victory blue, or in a brilliant gold. No. 754 embodies some of the season's

newest features. Surplice bodices, in younger frocks, are being featured. Here is one you could work out in a festive challis print on silk, or a twill weave sheer challs print on sink, or a twill weave sneer crepe. Choose the brightest mixture of Coronation colors. If you want a darker shade, try the new flower cart prints—black with pink, violet with black. Victory blue with mimosa is one of the most effective color combinations in print this year.

Velvet bows at the new above-elbowlength sleeve and waist are effective

These styles are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Back views and material requirements appear on page 79.

MILLIONS HAIL IRIUM, THRILLING REMEDY FOR DULL TEETH!

Pepsodent alone of tooth powders contains this amazing new scientific discovery for giving teeth thrilling lustre with safety.

Irium makes Pepsodent Powder No BAFE DOUBLY SAFE DOUBLY No Grit No Pumice... No Grit No Pumice... No Chalk No Soap... No Chalk GIVES THRILLING GIVES THRILLING NEW LUSTRE NEW LUSTRE New Lustre with safety!

ONLY 25° AND 50°

SCIENCE wins your fight!... No matter what luck you've had before in restoring natural brilliance to teeth, try the amazing effect of IRIUM, the new scientific remedy for dull teeth, contained in Pepsodent alone of powders.

For IRIUM makes Pepsodent a remarkably *active* tooth powder. At the very first brushing, it speedily loosens the dingy film on teeth and floats it away like magic.

IRIUM is a totally new kind of foaming ingredient which actually banishes film, leaving enamel far cleaner, far

more radiant than other methods.

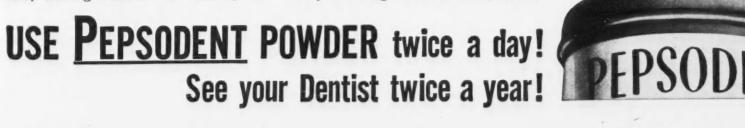
Unlike soap in many dentifrices, IRIUM does not encourage deposits of film and tartar. That's why teeth look whiter, feel clean so much longer after using Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM.

Teeth sparkle as they never did with old-fashioned, laborious methods. Yet Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is DOUBLY SAFE, because it contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. DOUBLY PLEASANT because it contains NO CHALK, NO SOAP. Every brushing leaves a clean, whole-

some tingle to rejuvenate your mouth, your sense of taste.

Try Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM. See how it shows up any other tooth powder you've ever used, BAR NONE!

Just think — people already have bought nearly 10,000,000 cans of Pepsodent Powder. So try it yourself!





and white!



There's one protection that is possible at this season -building good general resistance!



You may feel that when this time of year comes around, you're almost sure to have a certain amount of discomfort in spite of anything you can do.

That kind of thinking is somewhat out-of-date, now that a great deal more known about winter discomforts. March is a bad month, but not just for you. There are recent facts to prove that it's when most people are affected.

And here's one reason. Early in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to fall back on. Then followed strenuous winter months of hard work, too little sunshine and fresh air. By March, your general resistance is low.

The sensible thing, then, is not to wait until you are uncomfortable, but begin right away building good general resistance! Adex is an easy, pleasant aid.

Adex supplies two important, protective factors-Vitamin A which helps to build good general resistance, and "sunshine" Vitamin D.

These vitamins are obtained for Adex from well-known natural sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

When you start with Adex, be sure to keep it up. Have it at your breakfast place every day as a reminder. Get Adex now at any drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitemins A and D-One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

This Divorce Question

by Dr. D. F. Nixon

WE SPEND thousands of dollars each year educating and training our sons and daughters for every conceivable business and profession except the one which they are all most likely to enter and which is the greatest career of all—marriage and parenthood.

We allow them to enter this profession not only ignorant and untrained but with the most absurd and silly notions gleaned from fiction, movies and the live-happyever-after glamor that surrounds modern marriage.

With all the vaunted "knowledge" of young people today, their ignorance of the fundamentals of marital happiness is appalling. A great deal of their so-called smartness is pretense. The rest of it is largely luck.

From my experience as a woman physician, I am convinced fully 75 per cent of the marriages that go on the rocks do so because of physical mismating.

The sphere of life stands upon a tripod

-physical, mental and spiritual. Adolescent years are filled with "don'ts" in an attempt to squelch the physical or sexual side of nature, even to the extent at times of instilling the feeling that it is wrong or

With such erroneous early training, how can any young woman be expected, by the mere repeating of a marriage service, to blossom out into a sensible and satisfying

If, instead of a round of prenuptial teas, showers and luncheons, that send her to the altar with frayed nerves and exhausted body and mind, a girl spent the last month before her marriage in a retreat, her chances for a successful married life would increase many times over.

She should have adequate rest, was some diet, a complete physical examination tion, a thorough course of instruction by competent and sympathetic woman do. With this preparation, she would either change her mind before it was too late, or she would enter marriage with a clear and honest knowledge of what it was all about, and be ready and eager to do her part in making it a success.

Physical examination and premarital

instruction should be compulsory for the young man too. There are many reasons given for divorce but if a young man and woman are healthy and well mated physically, most of the other causes fade in the satisfaction and sense of well-being consequent to their perfect union.

Instead of ranting about increasing divorce, which is after all only the bitter fruit of early error, our legislators, ministers, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, service clubs and doctors should join forces to stamp it out at its inception, which comes before the

marriage service and not after.

Mothers and fathers, particularly mothers, might also benefit from some whole-some instruction that would instil into their minds the fact that marriage, for their sons and daughters, means something more than a brilliant wedding Prevention of unhappy marriages would build up a great immunity against the indelible scar of divorce.



FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing

what you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and wakes it easily removable.

makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there

It will probably shock you to see hat your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

Let me send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, postpaid and free, so you can see for yourself that it embodies the correct method of cleansing your skin.

Use the whole tube in one treatment. Put on one application after another until the tube is completely used. Note the feeling of relief your skin experiences. It is as if a load had been taken off your pores. You can see that even three or four applications of Lady Esther Face Cream has made your skin decidedly cleaner, clearer, smoother.

A New Skin!

You can readily see what a month's trial of the cream would mean. It would mean the end of those stubborn blackheads, the reduction of those gaping pores, the end of that skin-wither-

Write today for the purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream that means the beginning of a new skin for you. Clip coupon now.

	is on a penny postcard,	(2-19)	FREE
Lady Esther, Ltd.	, Toronto-12, Ont.		
	d me by return mail		
	ose Face Cream; als	o all five s	hades of your
Face Powder.			
Name			
NameAddress			









THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have al-ways had the hardest time are relieved Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim little

aluminum case at any drug store. Then

you may enjoy a new freedom!

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's not. Try it free and be convinced. Send your name and address to General Drug Co., Windsor, Ontario, for a trial box prepaid.

(Continued from page 12)

Tom shrugged. "All right, all right." What real, horrible thing had happened to Tom? Had she done something? She couldn't imagine what, but he was different. She couldn't have been mistaken for

Scraps of Bright Wool

ten years. He had loved her once.

"Isn't your steak all right? Is it done?" "Not very hungry, I guess.

That was natural enough, she told herself quickly. He'd always taken things more seriously than other children. They faced each other across the coffee table in the living room. The fire crackled merrily. Her fingers touched his wrist.

"Tom, don't tell me until you want to, and don't think I'm suggesting that you take this lightly—but it isn't irreparable, you know. You can go back. There are some things we have to learn by going through them, it seems."

He took his hand away. "I'm finding that out." His voice was neither mocking "I'm finding nor bitter, just flat, as if all feeling and enthusiasm had been dried out of it.

"Of course, you are. I know that you'll have to solve this for yourself, but I hate seeing you so miserable. It's not the end of things." of things.

"It just happens that it is—all the things that matter to me anyway."

"Oh, my dear, no!" She wanted to say:
"You still have me, Tom. You're more important to me than anyone else." But she was afraid to intrude on his thinking. It was a girl! Who? What kind of woman could have Tom's love and do this to him? She said, "I met Ellen Wallace the other day. She told me the toboggan slide's the best it's been in years. You might go over and earn us a silver cup for the mantel

Tom jumped up, angry. "Please don't try to be so nice! I can't stand it!"

Laura sat very still, her hands gripping the arms of her chair. "I'm sorry," she said slowly. "I can't seem to get over wanting to kiss your bruises, I guess." She rose and stood before him, knowing that she mustn't take him in her arms, knowing that he mustn't see how close she was to "I wish I could help you. When you find the answer, if there's anything you want to do, it will be all right, Tom. Perhaps if we went away somewhere

"I am going away—at the end of the

She heard him quite distinctly, but the words had no meaning.

"You are going away?" she repeated awkwardly. "Where?"

His shoulders jerked indifferently. "I

His shoulders jerked indifferently. "I don't know. Any place away from here."

Tom go away? But, of course! She smiled quickly. He wanted to go away to be alone, to settle this by himself.

"I think that's a good idea," she agreed. "Go by yourself, have a lot of fun and don't come back until—" She stopped. "I'll be very generous and let you stay till the day before summer school opens. But you will go to summer school, won't you? You ought to make up as many credits as

Will you stop talking like that! I'm trying to tell you that I'm going away, for good. You and I are—are breaking up."

Laura felt as if her hands were suddenly lead, being pulled closer and closer to the floor, while her head, no longer a part of her body, floated toward the ceiling like a toy "Tom-what are you saying, balloon.

'I'm going away.'

"Yes, but why? Where? What has happened that you want to cut yourself off—" She mustn't beseech, mustn't go womanly and tell him he was leaving her on the edge of a staggering cliff with only blackness beneath. She stood very straight. "Love isn't love, Tom, if it's a

burden to the loved one, but you know I love you, you must know that. I'm afraid I can't let you just walk out of my life without knowing, without at least knowing that I must let you go because it's best for you, without knowing that some time you will come back to me for little whiles."

He said, "I have to go. It's the only thing left for me to do. There's nothing here now to-

She did not say: I am here. What of me? She listened to him, but her eyes refused to see his face and went to Hugh's portrait. Her mind said to it, "He loved you more than either of us realized, but didn't he love me, too? Didn't he, Hugh?" A hun-dred remembered clichés bumped through her mind, jabbing it with their stupid truths: "Blood is thicker than water."

She braced her arms against the table. He was going. This was the last time she would see him. They would not speak this way tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that, and then it would be the week-He would go away and take with him the last tie that held her to Hugh, the last value and meaning of her life.

"Something has happened to you that I don't understand," she began, "that you think I can't help you with. You must, of course, do as you think best, but before ou go, will you do something for me?"
What was that look in his eyes? Not

fear. Not anger.

He said, "Yes, of course, if I can."

"Yes—yes—" She nodded sl She nodded slowly. "Only if you can, of course." Pride and reticence were forgotten, discarded. She spoke in quiet dignity. "Tom, I'm thirty-eight years old. I shall probably live a great many years and have a long time to remember. Your father and I thought that the love we shared was the finest, the once-in-a-lifetime kind. You're going away, I suppose, because I've failed you, but will you tell me can you tell me that we didn't buy our love with your unhappiness; that since your own mother was dead, you were better off as a child living with us—with me?"

He spoke harshly, passionately. "What are you saying? You know I adored you. I scarcely knew my father until after he married you." His eyes—she wanted to cover her face to avoid them. Instead they stood quite still, staring at each other. "Why do you suppose I'm going away?

What are you trying to do?"

She wasn't laughing—that wasn't her laughter-that wasn't Laura Trevor's voice saying.

"I'm gathering scraps of bright-colored wool to make a patch quilt to cover me when I'm old and frightened and alone." "Stop that. Listen to me." She saw his clenched fists, his knuckles white points.

"Do you mean you're not going to marry Everett? That you're not in love with That you're not in love with him? That you aren't planning—"

Laura could only shake her head, dazed.

He took papers from his pocket. She saw Pollywog in big, blurred letters. The college paper. She read: "Whose beautiful young mother is being squired by a certain well-known lawyer?'

She felt ill—her face was grey. "I suppose the boy who wrote that thought he was very clever, but Tom, you surely weren't so stupid as to suppose—you didn't believe-

His mouth twitched nervously. "Not at I just beat up on the fool-nearly killed him. Then I started thinking about it. He must have had some reason for Italking. Everett always was keen on you.

I reread your letters, every other one saying how swell he was being. Then I did believe you were going to marry him. You—the woman my father worshipped. He hado't been dead a worsh and the sado't been dead a worsh and the sado in the sado't been dead a worsh and the sado in the s hadn't been dead a year and you were already— I saw red, green and purple, everything went smash. I went on a four-day drunk. My mother! I thought I'd go crazy. I came back to hurt you. All I could do was look at you and think my mother!"

"Tommy, my poor child." She held him close to her heart, her hands stroking his hair. She was his mother and he was her

Ask Your Husband TO HELP YOU END A COLD QUICKER

with The 3 Minute VapoRub Massage

Of course, you can really do most of this yourself. But he'll gladly help you end the misery of your cold.

Massage VapoRub briskly on the throat, chest, and back (between and the shoulder blades). Then spread it thick over the chest and cover with a warmed cloth.

Already, your VapoRub has begun to bring relief-two ways at once:

1. Through the Skin. VapoRub acts direct through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

2. Medicated Vapors. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by body heat, are breathed in for hours-about 18 times a minute-direct to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest.

This combined poultice-and-vapor action eases the breathing — loosens phlegm-relieves irritationhelps break congestion.

While you relax into comfortable sleep, VapoRub's two-way treatment keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the

Now White-Stainless

Thanks to a new process, VapoRub now comes to you in white stainless form. Only the color is removed; it is the same VapoRub — the same formula and the same effective



937

and make them grow small or large as need dictated.

Anyway, they were all abed now. There was only a red-cheeked woman, who picked the Little Gastongay up in her strong round arms and kissed her. This woman was Huberte and she smelled like the baker's wagon, of bread and brioches. There was a great stack of these nutritious foods upon the table and savory soup in

"This little one," announced Hormidas, who carried three saucepans in each hand and wore a small copper one on his head, journeys to visit her Tante Margot at Overtaken by night Aboujagane. accepted a ride on my wagon and I have invited her to stay with us until the morning. Her name is Sarah Bernhardt. She comes from France.

"She is most welcome," smiled Huberte "Such a small one to be abroad so late.

Have you no mother, petite? No father?"
"I have no mother," said the Little Gastongay gravely. "And not much of a father." She fingered the gold locket at her pack. neck. She had only his picture.

"One has had a long and toilsome day," remarked Hormidas decopperizing him-"Henri worked in the garden?"

'All day. 'Louis and Edgar assisted?"

"After school

"Céleste and Emma went to practice the singing for the grand procession at fête-Dieu?"

"But yes, and took little Pauline with them.

"Laurent, Jean and Ludovic, they have conducted themselves well? Superbly."

"The Doctor Giroux has extracted that evil tooth."

Télesphore and Jacques, they are well?

"Never better."

Hormidas sighed contentedly and beamed on the Little Gastongay. They sat at a long trestle-table covered with a blue and white check cloth and had soup from blue plates and crisp bread, while the kettle sang and the little clock on the mantel ticked busily away.

When, at last, the tinsmith had finished his repast and his guest's needs were satisfied, he pushed back his chair, filled his handmade pipe of apple wood with dry abac Canayen, grown in his own garden,

lighted and smoked with gusto.
"Ma'm'selle Bernhardt," he said to Huberte, "has told a tale of neglect and desolation, of a father who came never to visit his little boy, but left that unhappy infant to pine away and suffer the pains of loneliness. And I explained to her that for every such man God makes an extra good one. Is it not, Huberte?"
"It is that, Hormidas."
"You see?" The tinsmith looked sagely

the Little Gastongay. "Huberte knows, and I know. I will tell you briefly of a great one God made: In the war I was a soldier in the Grenadier Guards regiment." of Mo'real, where at that time I worked. I vas not a good soldier. I was young and the reat sounds of the cannon and the terrible things I saw bewildered and frightened me. One bitter night of attack we are driven back by the savage enemy. It is a rout, un sauve qui peut, and in that mad retreat, I, Hormidas Corbeau, am stricken by the shrapnel in the leg and fall to the ground that is all mud and blood, there to be trampled to death or transfixed by the murderous bayonet.

"Men race by me and though I cry out for succor there is none to heed me, until this one comes. Ah, here is a man like God, a great tall man who stops in his tracks and kneels beside me and says, 'Courage, mon ami,' the while he blazes away with his revolver at the grey forms of the enemy like wolves surrounding us. 'Go!' I say to him. 'It is better I should die than that both of us perish.' And he laughs—laughs, mind you! and his eyes shine through the blood from a wound in his head. picks me up and throws me across his

shoulder and strides off through hell, singing! That was a man.

"Heaven!" whispered the Little Gaston-y. "He was braver than Charlemagne, great as St. Louis, that one. Ah, what I would not give—" Her mouth looked funny. "That brave and gallant one."

"Through him I live. He left me safe within our lines," said the tinsmith softly. "I kissed him and I wept. I was not yet seventeen. I have never seen him again, but I can see him always, his helmet cocked, his teeth white in the dark of his face, his great shoulders, and great voice saying louder than the roar of the guns, 'Courage, mon ami!'

The Little Gastongay's bright head drooped, but she was not sleeping. "Come, child," said kind Huberte. "You

are weary now and would sleep.

"You are kind, madame. And you, monsieur. Good night."

The tired little body burrowed into the Corbeaus' great feather bed and slumbered fitfully, for now a werewolf, ventre-à-terre, pursued her, and now a great laughing man came striding out of the darkness, defying the werewolf, kicking him aside, gathering her up in his strong arms, carrying her to safety and light.

IN THE morning she awakened and stared wonderingly at the dozen pairs of wondering eyes that surrounded her, the entire family of Corbeaus, taking stock of their strange visitor. They ranged from six months to seventeen years, their eyes were big and dark and kindly.
"Holà!" said the Little Gastongay

sitting up, blinking, pushing the bright hair out of her eyes. "Good morning, my children.

"Good morning," chorused the little Corbeaus; and a great silence succeeded.

"Is it true," ventured a round-faced boy, "that you have no mother or father, little

The blue eyes clouded, looked down at the gay patchwork quilt; her fingers clutched the locket at her throat. "It is not quite true, my little young ones unclasped the chain, opened the locket and held it out to their wide and curious gaze. 'Voilà! There he is, my father."

There was a humming chorus of com-ment as they crowded around. The tinsmith came in and beamed upon them all. "What is this then? What happens here?"

"What is this then? What happens here?"
"See, papa, it is the little girl's parent."
"Ah!" Hormidas bent over to look at
the picture. "Ah, mon dieu!" He seized it
and straightened, glaring at it with eyes that seemed about to depart from him by way of popping from their sockets. "Huberte! Come! Regard all. It is he—it is the great brave one who saved your father from the cruel fate, who carried him to sanctuary in a storm of bullets, who laughed and sang at death! God is good that I could be of service to his little one!" He rushed to the bed and kneeling, kissed the Little Gastongay's hand and wept over

In the tiny house was such bedlam as threatened to burst the walls. Only the centre of this storm was calm or seemed to But the blue eyes shone with a great light and like a princess she accepted, on behalf of her father, the king, the homage of these loyal subjects, and ate prodigi-

ously at their humble board.
"And now," she announced, "I have great news for you; my father, the Captain Paul Gastongay-I use the name of Bernhardt when I travel only—arrives this day at the Convent of Ste. Ursule. Come there with me at once, if you please, and he will be happy to see you.

"Allons!" Hormidas sprang up. "Come, all!" In quick time, the ancient horse was harnessed to the homemade charabanc that took the family to church. The Little Gastongay rode on the driver's seat between Hormidas and Huberte, the twelve, in their shining best, perched on the benches behind.

While the red tunics of the Mounties flashed along highway and byway in search of the lost one, while Mère Michel and





Little Girl Lost

(Continued from page 9)

away soon after the clock has struck ten. which is now. I shall crawl in his cart.

Roxanne gasped. Her hand was trem-"But—but his cart goes only as far as Lourdes up on the hill!"

'I shall find some other way then." "But if you become lost in the night! Are you not afraid of the *loup-garou*, the bad werewolf that Philias, the carpenter, swears he has seen often on the road from Memramcook Ouest to Pont Lefebvre?"

"I am not afraid. I must go now. Goodby. Do not say you talked to me. Do not

IT WAS very dark in the little black wagon of Théodule, the baker. It smelled grand, though, of bread and brioches. She lay still as a mouse, on an old piece of canvas as the vehicle jolted over the marsh road. Théodule's head and shoulders were limned darkly against the stars in the blue night sky. Théodule was muttering, talking away to himself. The Little Gastongay stuffed her fingers in her mouth to keep from laughing. "Very well, Bionde, false woman, deceiver, if you prefer Arcade Brun to Théodule, then go to him, I say. Batêche! There are other girls in Memramcook who would not hesitate one minute to marry Théodule, with his house and his bakeshop and horse and cart. If, then, you are foolish enough to give thought to Arcade Brun—"

This went on till the small horse began to climb the hill to Lourdes. The Little Gastongay then squirmed to the back of the cart and called in a sepulchral voice, "Be not a big moose! The fair Bionde loves only thee!" Then, convulsed with laughter, she kicked the door open, slid from the cart and ran like a wild thing down the road.

A goodish bit down the road, in front of the smithy, she stopped to look back. The lantern on the baker's cart was a dim lesser star moving slowly up the Beaumont where the big and bright stars were. A lonely little star, thought Carmel, shivering in the bluish dark by the roadside. looking hesitantly at the glimmering white of the king's highway that led to far, far places like Halifax. This, too, was the part of Memramcook where, according to Philias Laporte, the carpenter, one saw the grisly *loup-garou*, the awful werewolf, galloping up and down the road, his pink tongue lolling out and his eyes all green

"Keep away, loub-garou!" said the Little Gastongay harshly, clenching her fists. Then she prayed: "From all werefists. Then she prayed: wolves and creatures of darkness, O Lord, deliver us."

As if in answer to that supplication there came out of the darkness a most dismal and awful clanking and banging that made the heart of this defier of werewolves pop up in her throat and almost push her eyes out of her head. She cowered against the big door of the smithy, trying to make herself as flat as a poster. What new herself as flat as a poster. What new monster was this? Surely not the loupgarou, unless some bold ones had tied tin cans to his brush-

Ah, good God, it was the werewolf! Green eyes blazed and vanished and blazed again, coming nearer and nearer. "O Heaven!" gasped the fugitive of the night. "Ah, Holy Mother, what then is night. "Ah, Holy Mother, what then is this!" She felt the demon's hot breath on her cheek, then his hideously cold snout kissed her wetly and there was a joyous barking and frisking. The clanking sounds came nearer. She saw a lantern's yellow glow and the dim shape of a cart hung with

The wagon stopped. Someone picked up

the lantern. Its moving light showed the sign painted on the cart-Hormidas Corbeau, Ferblantier. And this, doubtless, was Hormidas Corbeau himself, who limped toward her, saying, "Shut your great gullet, Foch! You make enough din." to awaken every family in Memramcook Obviously, Monsieur Corbeau considered the racket of his own chariot a most soothing sound. "Ciel!" He held up his lantern and stared speechless at the Little Gastongay. "What then is this? Who are Gastongay. you, little girl, wandering at this late hour upon the roads? What is your name?"
"Sarah Bernhardt." It was the first name that popped into her head. "How do

do, Monsieur Hormidas Corbeau,

Ferblantier?'

"Well, thank you, Mademoiselle Bernhardt. Is it perhaps that I can convey you somewhere in my wagon?"

"How kind and generous you are, Monsieur Corbeau! You are no doubt a

'No doubt," said the tinsmith emphati-

cally. "Twelve times."
"So!" She let him help her on to the cart.
The lantern was then hung from its iron hook, Foch given detailed orders how he should conduct himself, the ancient horse bidden to advance swiftly, and Hormidas himself climbed nimbly up to his perch.

They creaked along, secure, due to the highness of their seat as well as to the redoubtable Foch, from any fear of werewolves. The swinging lantern sent feeble rays into the blackness. It was strange, thought the Little Gastongay, that so many stars should give such little light. She was silent for quite a long while—three minutes.

"Twelve," she said pensively. "Eh?" The tinsmith peered down at her.
"You said, Ma'm'selle Bernhardt?"

"Twelve. I was thinking of your twelve little ones. It is certain that you love them

"Henri, Céleste, Emma, Louis, Edgar, Ludovic, Pauline, Jean, Laurent, Armand, Télesphore and Jacques," said the tin-smith. "I love them all."

"And he has only one," murmured the ttle Gastongay. "Only me; and he is a Little Gastongay. "Only me; and he is a great man, while this poor Corbeau who must scratch like the curés hens for a living—he can love twelve."
"I do not understand what ma'm'selle

is saying."
"It makes nothing, *mon ami*. But you are a most admirable man. I was thinking though of a—a small boy whom I know of. He goes to school, and has a father who is famous. Yet not once since that poor young boy can remember, monsieur, has this

"That is of a great sadness," said the tinsmith very gently. "Great indeed."

"Would you not say then—" the flute-like voice was judicial, "that this unnatural person is a property?" parent is a monster? There can be little doubt of that."

"And that since he gives no love to this miserable little one, he deserves no love from her—from him; but should be punished?"

"That would seem to be right, ma'm'selle. There are in the world such ignoble men as this one you speak of, who leaves that young heart to eat upon itself and perish of loneliness and neglect. But to balance such men, the good God, Who makes no mistakes no matter how much He may seem to, makes others of such a virtue, such a nobility of soul and such a strength of heart that their greatness more than compensates for the crassness of men like your little boy's father. I shall tell you of such a one when we get home. For you must surely spend the night with us before you travel on."

THE OLD horse turned in finally at a narrow cart track that wound across a fallow and climbed a little knoll whereon was a house that the Little Gastongay, try as she would, could not imagine as being capable of holding a dozen little Corbeaus and their parents. Perhaps this clever man could put a spell upon them



A simple way to be well informed

Is there any subject on which it is more important to have a frank expression than feminine hygiene? Yet, because of its delicacy, it is a subject on which too many women are not well enough informed. The makers of "Rendells" have compiled a little booklet, telling in clear, concise terms of a most safe and satisfactory form of personal hygiene. Write for your copy, addressing, The Lyman Agencies, Ltd., 286 St. Paul St. West, Montreal.

"Rendells" is simple, ready-touse and effectual; affording complete antisepsis, yet harmless as purest oils.

Just ask your druggist for-

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Must We Strike?

(Continued from page 16)

making or breaking her professional reputation. If it is broken, where will she be when conditions improve? Yes, books are undoubtedly some of the things that must be purchased out of the \$184.

Since the girl receives the princely sum of \$400 every year, the community expects that she should make substantial contributions to every social activity of the district. If the teacher, realizing her financial difficulties, refuses, she must run the gauntlet of public disapproval, which ultimately culminates in a dismissal.

There is one consoling factor to a dismissal.

missal. It terminates the trying business of attempting to make \$15.33½ do the work of \$25. But a dismissal endangers professional reputation. One must cling tenaciously to a position for the sake of future openings. So the teacher, by some magic known only to the pedagogical cult, digs up 25- and 50-cent pieces. How she envies the recipient of these alms, as, with a forced smile, she hands them over!

HAVING CONSIDERED the outlook of the fortunate teacher with \$400 a year in salary, think of the hundreds of men and women who, as I have outlined, receive only the school grant of \$200 a year—or

I know of teachers who are only getting their board as remuneration. Of others who must board round, month by month, among the various families, often with no room to themselves. They have a cot in the main room, or with the children.

I read of one teacher's statement in the survey made by the Federation. "Due to lack of money I have not suitable nor sufficient clothing for winter—no overshoes for instance. I have refused medical or dental care since I cannot ray for it. or dental care since I cannot pay for it. When cold weather first came I was forced

When cold weather first came I was forced to beg such clothing as stockings from the neighbors. I had been going without during the summer months."

A man writes: "Since the beginning of the school term four months ago, I have received only \$60 in salary to support myself, my wife and child."

Here's another. "I am living in a caboose or old cook car, without anything on the floor, trying to keep warm with a cook stove that was burnt out twenty years ago. My furniture consists of an old wooden bed, two chairs and a homemade table."

I myself, live in a "teacherage," one of those little shacks found in the yard of many a prairie school. Here I am given the

many a prairie school. Here I am given the opportunity of ruining my digestive system. and freezing when the mercury fades away. It is never necessary to go to the door with moistened finger to discover the direction of the wind in this cold storage plant that is my home.

I can tell it instantly by observing if the curtains on the north window flutter at an angle of thirty degrees—or whether those on the south wall stand out at an angle of forty-five degrees. I note whether the calendar adorning the east wall rocks gently to and fro, or if the coat hanging from a nail on the west wall appears slightly agitated. If there is a small snowdrift just inside the door, then I conclude with positive assurance that it's been a wintry night outside, too.

But we do not object to these inconveniences. We do not object to the inadequate salaries which we realize financial condi-tions are causing. We do not even mind the fact that our efforts on behalf of Saskatchewan go unnoted. But when we see our educational officials claiming the credit for the fact that the majority of Saskatchewan's schools are still in operation—then we do protest. And when these same officials refuse to give serious thought to the particular problems of their teachers then we protest some more!

For it is not only the impoverished districts that are proving so appalling. But municipalities with comfortable means are using the general situation to depress prices and to pile up salary arrears.

As evidence are these figures. In 1935 4,583 teachers contracted for salaries of \$500, or less. Of this group 2,419 were for \$400, or less. And 311 were for \$300, or less. In at least one district with a good crop, it was discovered that the school board had a bank account of \$1,200. Yet they had been paying their teacher \$200 a

Apart from the individual privations and sufferings of the teachers, the picture of the whole educational facilities of the province is deplorable. At least 75 per cent of the questionnaires returned to the Federation showed that school property is falling into a state of appalling disrepair. Many of the classrooms are entirely unfit for use. Cold, unsanitary classrooms are jeopardizing the health of the pupils, many of whom are already handicapped by undernourishment and lack of medical and dental services. The schools need painting, repairs, classroom equipment. libraries, playground equipment, black-

boards and seating accommodation.
What lies ahead? Every teacher dreads a strike. It means increased hardship, and, for many, a lowering of the already pitiable living conditions. Every season hundreds of young teachers are pouring out from the Normal schools, eager for appoint-ments and experience. Every teacher ments and experience. Every teacher realizes the difficulties of the recent years. But every teacher knows, too. that a human being can stand just so muchthen comes the breaking point.

Will it come next month for the teachers of Saskatchewan?

Lines... Dry Skin



To keep skin young looking -learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

ARD TO BELIEVE - but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin actually begin underneath!

First, little cells and fibres begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. Your outside skin falls into creases.

The same with dull, dry skin! Little oil glands underneath function faultily-and rob your outside skin of the oil that it needs to keep it supple.

You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily once again!

Every night, apply Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe off. Now the rous-ing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! You are waking up that

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Wash-ington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—tones my skin."

Follow this treatment regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth-and supple. It looks years younger!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd., Dept, CC 90 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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IN A SICK ROOM

by Dorothy Roberts Leismer

When you come from the earth Will you bring me the spring, A tamarack's tight bud Or any sap-warm thing?

Gather me purple shells From foam-ridged tawny sands That all the turbulent sea May be cupped in my trembling hands.

When you come from the dance Hum me the lilt of an air, Shake the colored confetti Out of your scented hair.

But when the rich, keen world Comes calling through my room You must not stay and hear My sobbing in the gloom.

THE WORLD 'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS



The Easter Styles proclaim the FLEXEES silhouette! Shoulders carried with military pride...high breasts...definitely curved waist ...slenderly rounded hips. But the new skirts ...straight and pencil-slim by day, moldedto-knee by night . . . demand a thigh-line smooth, suave, absolutely controlled. Don't choose your new gowns-your important suits -until you've first been fitted to a FLEXEES. It's the only way to do justice to your clothes ... and to yourself! \$5 to \$25. At good stores everywhere.

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Sister Jeanne d'Arc and Sister Germaine, and all the rest prayed hysterically and the Lords Bishop looked most grave and solemn, the brave charabanc of Hormidas Corbeau creaked through the leafy lanes and entered at last at the convent gate just as a great black car with a golden crest on the door drew up at the front steps, and men in uniform and men in morning coats and shiny top hats got out and were welcomed by the distracted Mother Superior and stared at by the seraphs all in white who suddenly set up a buzzing and cheering that was not at all on the pro-

For the rickety charabanc had come up behind the governor's car and there on the high seat, her hair a glory and her eyes like

blue stars, was the Little Gastongay.

Mère Michel dropped the governor's hand as if it had become hot, the notables were entirely forgotten. A great tall man, with black hair turning grey, with white

teeth and a mighty laugh, strode to the charabanc, held up his arms, and caught her as she jumped. And in all the world there were only the two of them. "Forgive me, Carmel," he whispered. "In all these years I have had no home to bring you to, no day to call my own, yet on no day did I forget my lovely little one. Now you will be with me always.

She could only cling to him. Even, for quite a while, she was unaware of the envy, the admiration of her schoolmates, the tears of Roxanne, the general turmoil of the Corbeaus when the great man shook their father's hand and clapped him on

Then, with a happiness that overtaxed her tiny breast, the ex-Sarah Bernhardt saw that of all parents there hers was by far the grandest, the handsomest, the most admired. Her eyes misted, her lips trembled, but she took a mighty grip of herself and muttered, "Courage, mon amie!"

The Cheque Stretcher

(Continued from page 28)

although it was only \$40, I still remember the anxiety of gathering together the money for it. So it is best to be prepared for any emergencies.

Naturally you must plan your budget to suit your own personal problem. A helpful hint: avoid too many headings and subheadings. Your bookkeeping may become too complicated and defeat its own purpose, that of simplifying your financial affairs so as to make provision for your

needs. The fact that a budget anticipates your requirements and prepares accordingly is the reason it has been my salvation, and I trust will be a help to other girls who are trying to live within a small income. You'll find it grows more fascinating as the months pass. You'll experience a keen delight in actually spending less than it allows you.

Balance your budget monthly and any surplus which appears as "Amount of Allotment Not Spent," keep as a drawing fund as has been suggested in the foregoing explanation of each column. A final warning: keep within the limits of your budget. It may require a little self-discipline at first, but the satisfaction which arises from provident living far outweighs any petty disconcertions and yields immediate reward in that consciousness of economic security which every woman loves.

For a Casual Spring





NEW Quick Way to Safely Conceal SKIN BLEMISHES

A touch with SPOT-STIK



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black, BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting —will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed, Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair, BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

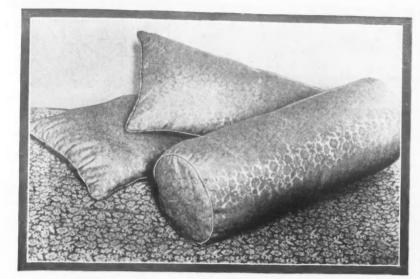
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE -

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest, It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



Make Your Own

Cushions that harmonize with the coloring of your room are easy to make when you know how. Here are "tricks" that will give them a professional air

by OLIVE HACKING

THESE DAYS are full of interest and surprises, especially in the upholstery and decoration of a room. Many people have bed-sitting-rooms; others have families with growing-up sons and daughters who want to use their own particular rooms for receiving their friends.

Here is a splendid way of upholstering a divan and cushions, making a most attractive and useful settee. Choose a material that can be used on both sides, but shows a difference. The one in the photograph is pink and gold on the wrong side, and gold with a shadow design in faintest pink tinge on the right.

To suit the room, the wrong side was chosen for the furniture and the right for the cushions. This gives a lovely combination of colors, and is very attractive. The

the bolster in reverse side to the divan.

There is always the question of what to do with the eiderdown, both winter and summer. In winter it is required at night, but not during the day if the divan is used as a settee. In summer it has to be stored, and takes up room. Here is an excellent way to overcome this difficulty. Fold the eiderdown in half, then roll it the reverse way. This makes a very good-sized sausage-bolster. Make the cover to fit, and slip the eiderdown in, making not only an excellent storing place, but also a very comfortable and useful bolster for the divan. Below are the directions for making the slip covers for the pillows, and bolster case for the eiderdown.

Pillow Slips

Measure the pillows-usual size, 20 in. by 30 in. Make the cover the same size This allows for making, and when finished the covers are 1 in. smaller than the

cushions. Cut two pieces, 20 in. by 30 in., opening at one end; facing, 20 in. by 21 in.; strap, 20 in. by

Cut welting on the bias cut weiting on the bias 1½ in. wide—enough to go round the cushion. Seam the welt on the straight grain. Face the edges with the points projecting the width of the seam, so that, when joined, the welt will be in a straight line. Press the seams open with a thimble or, if necessary, use an iron. Use No. 2 piping cord; boil it to prevent it shrinking when the cover is washed, and so spoiling the welt. Stretch the cord wind up, to avoid tangling.

To Welt (see diagram 1). —Fold the piping cord in the centre of the welt and place welt inside, edge to edge, on the right side round one cushion piece, beginning at one side toward the centre, not at the corner; then tack round, keeping the cord well pressed down into the [Continued on page 79]



LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by fullstrength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely antiseptic-NOT anesthetic. It

doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a

day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them faster . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

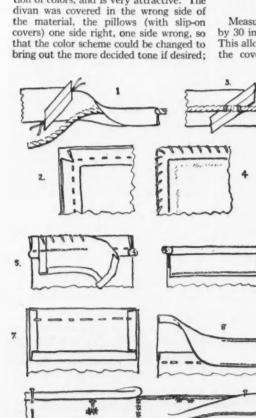
LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., (CANADA) LTD. Toronto, Ont.



Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.



MADE IN CANADA



"I don't like putting things on my face, Jane Seymour!"



AS I WATCHED a young friend of mine, who uses nothing but powder, scrubbing away with her puff, I couldn't help saying: "What a pity you don't take more care of your skin!"

"Oh, I don't like using anything artificial," she said.

"Then why use powder?" I said. "And if you must use it-why not choose the right colour? That shade makes you look as if you'd dipped your nose in a bag of flour. I do wish you'd let me show you how nice you could look!"

Rather unwillingly, she submitted, and I made her up with the Petal Cream (it's really marvellous foundation for dry skins) and Peach Powder I use myself. It suited her-because we've much the same colouring.

"Of course, it's simply wicked to do this over an unprepared skin," I said. "What you need is five minutes every night with Cleansing Cream, Juniper Skin Tonic and Orange Skin Food."

Only a short while afterwards I met her again. And what a transformation! Her skin looked so cared-for and

"You see I went and bought those preparations of yours," she said. "And I've been using them ever since!"

I was pleased. Just in case you follow her example, I'd better say that you get ail my preparations from any smart shop, together with my book "Speaking Frankly".

If you cannot obtain it, please write Jane Seymour, Lumsden Building, Toronto-mentioning your dealer's name, and I will gladly send it to you with my compliments.



Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Many of the most famous and most beautiful women of the Empire visit Jane Seymour's London Salon for regular treatment and personal advice. If you inlend visiting the Old Country do not fail to call.

Interesting Canadians



NELLIE McCLUNG

> Only Woman on Canadian Radio Commission

by Elizabeth Bailey Price

WOMEN and children throughout Canada have had no greater champion than Nellie McClung, of Victoria. B.C., recently McClung, of Victoria, B.C., recently appointed as the only woman on the Canadian Radio Commission.

Her work in their interests began fortyfour years ago, in the early part of the gay 'nineties, when, as a young 'teen-age schoolteacher, she signed a petition for "Votes for Women," at a time when "Votes for Women." at a time when women in Ladies' Aid meetings told one another: "It's an insult to our husbands to ask for the vote.'

Shortly after she married and was too busy for seventeen years getting her family of five started in life, to give any time to public work. Then she, with others, be-came aroused over the atrocious cost of the Manitoba Parliament Buildings, the aftermath being the well-known scandal which finally resulted in the downfall of the Roblin Government. She hurled herself into the campaign, taking her charges right into Roblin's own constituency.

After this she took up the cause of women's suffrage, not only in Canada, but under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage League of United States, where

she spoke in twenty-eight states.

With much chuckling she tells this story about herself. One day she was driving down the streets of Edmonton, with her young son beside her. Seeing an elderly man waiting for a street car, in the cold, characteristic of her kindness she picked him up. Expressing his gratitude, he said he liked to see old-fashioned women like herself, going about with their children, so different from this awful Nellie McClung who was always poking her nose into other people's business, and making such a commotion over prohibition. This abuse so appealed to the sense of humor of her growing family that they taught the youngest son, Mark, when asked his name, 'I am the son of a suffragette. I to answer: have never known a mother's love."

She was elected to the Alberta Legisla-

ture on the Liberal ticket, in 1921. championed every law for the betterment of women and children, often taking opposite stands to the party. She held the record for attendance, being absent only six days of six sessions-two because of personal illness, four because of family

She was one of the famous five western women who worked for and were successful in getting the British North America Act amended to have women declared sons," and thus make them eligible for seats in the Canadian senate.

She has written twelve books—the last, "Clearing in the West," being the first of

an autobiographical series.

She is at her best in her own home, the beloved matriarch of her five clever, attractive children. Two sons have won Oxford scholarships, the elder, Jack, the I.O.D.E. Returned Soldiers', while the younger, Mark, is 1936 Rhodes Scholar for the

University of Alberta.

A woman on the Canadian Radio Comsion has long been mooted by women's clubs, as women and children form, by far, the greater proportion of radio audiences. A fine mother, a successful writer, a former Member of Parliament, a gifted speaker, a philanthropist, is Nellie L. McClung. Could the choice have been better? TIME IS SHORT, BUT FOOD IS TASTY . . . YOU EAT A LOT AND EAT IT HASTY . . .
IN CASE A CASE OF HEARTBURN COMES,
WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLL OF TUMS)



ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS

So many causes for acid indigestion! Hasty eating ... smoking ... beverages ... rich foods ... no wonder we have sudden, unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas! But millions have learned the smart thing to do is carry Tums! These tasty mints give scientific, thorough relief so quickly! Contain no harsh alkali ... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Release just enough antacid compound to correct stomach acidity ... remainder passes un-released from your system. And they're so pleasant ... just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. 10c a roll at any drugstore—or 3 rolls for 25c in the ECONOMY PACK.



COULD NOT LIFT ARMS ABOVE HEAD

Owing to Painful Rheumatism

This woman suffered from rheumatism in ner back, arms and legs. For two months she endured this painful condition, then like many another sufferer, she decided to try Kruschen Salts. Read her letter:

'About fifteen months ago I had rheumatism in my arms, back and legs. The pains in my arms and legs after getting warm in bed were almost unbearable. I was like that for two months, and could not reach above my head. I read so much about Kruschen Salts that I thought I would try them. I am so glad to say that for more than a year I have not had the slightest return of my rheumatism."— (Mrs.) H E.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are frequently due to deposits of uric acid in the muscles and joints. Kruschen Salts assist in stimulating the internal organs to healthy, regular activity, and help them to get rid of this excess uric acid.

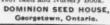


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First and only peach ever granted a stent for proven bud and wood ardiness. Unsurpassed for quality, sauty or ehlpping. Write today for ur 1937 Seed and Nursery Book.





Our Interesting Canadians . .



HOLLYWOOD can't understand Deanna Durbin. It picked her out of obscurity and skyrocketed her to pampered stardom in a few months. But the fourteen-year-old Canadian girl has remained unspoiled and unaffected and level-headed. Movie contracts are grand, and it's wonderful to be able to help her family, formerly of Winnipeg. But grand opera is her unwavering ambition. And the fact that Edward Johnson has promised her an audition when she is two years older, makes life today a rare and rich thing indeed.

They call her Hollywood's newest

They call her Hollywood's newest Cinderella, a star with the greatest promise of any found in years. But if Deanna maintains her present sane outlook, there's no need for her to get the twelve-o'clock jitters. She's into the fairy kingdom for good. Or at any rate, a seven-year starring contract just signed with New Universal indicates that her opportunities will be practically unlimited.

And yet she stubbornly clings to the idea, press agents notwithstanding, that Hollywood glitter is not the gold she wants. "It's all very nice," she said, solemnly, during a gala first visit to New York as guest of her studio, "but I want to be a grand opera singer—not just a movie star."

Deanna was a year old when her father's health necessitated a move from Winnipeg, her birthplace, to the warmer California climate. Family fortunes were at low ebb. It was Deanna's older school-teaching sister who often kept the ship afloat, and managed to provide, as well, lessons for the child whose voice was beginning to show signs of unusual beauty and quality. At twelve, Deanna was singing in children's shows, church socials and concerts, earning a few dollars whenever possible to take home.

At this time Jack Sherrill, well-known theatrical and movie agent, was searching

DEANNA DURBIN

Hollywood's Newest Sensation

She hails from Winnipeg and has reached the dizzy heights at 14. She wants an operatic career.

for a little girl with a good singing voice to play Schumann-Heink as a child, in the story, "Gram." He signed Deanna for the part. But the grand old lady of opera, who was to have starred, died, and the story was scrapped. Deanna was out of luck. But Jack Sherrill was so convinced of his protégée's ability that he worked to place her, and a contract with New Universal was the result. While they were searching for story material, Eddie Cantor heard Deanna sing and offered her a radio engagement. Her success was instantaneous. For a child so young she has rare control of her voice, and her movie contract stipulates that she will not be obliged to harm it in any way by singing roles unsuited to her range or type. "Three Smart Girls" was prepared by

"Three Smart Girls" was prepared by the brilliant writer, Adele Commandini, especially for the new star. It features three little girls—another of whom is also a Canadian—Barbara Read, of Port Arthur. But when the first few rushes had been seen, work was stopped for four weeks and Deanna's part was greatly enlarged. She had given promise of being the most sensational find of the year.

To celebrate her fourteenth birthday, Deanna's company gave her a holiday trip to New York. She was accompanied by her mother, a quiet, retiring woman, and her tutor. (She must have lessons every day in lieu of ordinary schooling.) Manhattan was a fairyland of wonder to her. She did all the little-girl things with excited zest . . . the aquarium, the subways, the statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building. And she faced three hundred metropolitan news gatherers like a young veteran. They admitted that the Canadian actress was the real thing.

Canadian actress was the real tning.

When she was given an opportunity to choose any birthday gift she might want, within reason, she decided she would like to meet the mayor! She had heard that Fiorello La Guardia's father was an army bandmaster, and that the mayor himself liked music. Gotham's chief executive had

3

heard Deanna sing, and the twenty-minute interview he was glad to accord her stretched to forty as they talked music. Deanna even sang a few of his favorite songs and they became very good friends.



WHEN a woman happily finds a way to keep herself and her clothing unfailingly fresh, free from the accusing odor of underarm perspiration—

And when this way is simple, saving of precious time and pleasant—it's no wonder she adopts it as a habit!

This is just why so many thousands of busy women have made Mum a daily habit.

Quick; takes Just half a minute. Think of it! Just half a minute to make unpleasant perspiration odor impossible for the whole day—with Mum!

Easy as powdering your nose. It's no trick at all to use Mum! Just smooth a bit on this underarm, on that—that's all there is to it. No waiting for it to dry; no after-rinsing.

Pleasant. Mum is as pleasant to use as the daintiest face cream—snowy white, fragrant, creamy. Harmless to fabrics. Use Mum and dress at once. Or use it after dressing, if you forget it before. Don't worry—it's harmless to clothing.

Cooling and soothing to skin. And think of this—Mum is so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

All-day effectiveness. Mum keeps you safe for the whole day or evening, no matter how hard you work or dance. Never an uneasy moment.

Does not interfere with natural perspiration. Mum does the thing you want done—prevents every trace of perspiration odor, yet does not interfere in any way with the natural perspiration itself.

Quick, easy, sure! Is it any wonder alert, busy women say, "The Mum habit is the only way for me!" Have you formed this habit? Bristol-Myers Company of Canada, Ltd., 1239 Benoit St., Montreal.

Spring's the Time to Think of New Clothes

What to Wear? How to Wear It? How to Afford It?

Chatelaine knows the answers. They're in the special April style issue. Fresh as the first daisy . . authentic as a Paris opening . . useful as a telephone directory.

Don't miss April Chatelaine. Everything you'll want to know about the new fashions. And cram full of other interesting features, too.

IN THE APRIL CHATELAINE.





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Innoxa Complexion Milk will give you a lovely skin in one month and will improve your complexion within a week. Buy a bottle of Innoxa Complexion Milk to-day and watch your skin grow clean and fresh as it gently draws forth all the dirt and impurities which are lying beneath the surface. Innoxa Complexion Milk will take the greyness from your face and give you the clear, soft skin you thought you had lost forever. Prices: \$1.50, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$9.50

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Fight these invisible enemies of your home and happiness as recognized scientific authorities do—with "Lysol" Disinfectant—the dependable germicide. Use "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, kitchen, cellar, laundry—to disinfect clothes, bedding, towels, handkerchiefs, telephone mouthpieces, doorknobs, stair-rails, toilets, garbage pails.



3

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My 70 Years

(Continued from page 11)

and loveliness; of fun and friends; the place where I have spent the happiest time of my life.

But, let me begin at the beginning of my seventy years!

THE FIRST story told about me concerns my birth. This was related by my Aunt Agnes, father's oldest sister, who, standing by the bedside of a frightened, sixteenyear-old mother, said: "Susan, shall I call George?"

"Yes," whispered the tearful, exhausted girl-wife, "but I am so sorry. He won't be pleased."

Father came into the room and kissed mother gravely. He looked at the babies, for the news of twin girls had been broken to him. He said "Susan, I'm disappointed. I expected a boy."

"Yes, I know, I am so sorry," was the distressed answer of my mother.

"If my husband had said such a thing to me, on such an ocsasion, I would have thrown those two babies at him," I afterward told mother. Her eyes filled with tears as she quietly remarked, "Not at your dear father."

I am sure that father had not the least

I am sure that father had not the least intention of being hard or cruel, but he had the fixed idea of the men of that day, that woman was created for the sole purpose of administering to the physical comfort and desires of man. He admired intelligent women, but at the same time, they annoved him.

Mrs. Black is a member of the ninth American generation of Mungers. According to the "Book of Mungers," which is a record of her paternal family tree and traditions, Nicholas Munger came to America in 1645 at the age of sixteen years. He was one of the first settlers of the Guilford Colony in what is today the state of Connecticut.

My father had an exceptionally good business head, and his rise was rapid. Twice his businesses were completely ruined by fire—the oil plant in Pennsylvania, and the laundry in Chicago. He was essentially a builder and his very setbacks challenged him to try again for still higher stakes. At the age of fifty-two he had made enough money in the laundry business to purchase a ten-thousand-acre ranch on the borderline of Kansas and Oklahoma. At that time he had established seventy-two laundries throughout the United States and invented, patented and manufactured laundry machinery, some of which is in use today.

Mother was a Southerner, Susan Bigham Owens, daughter of John W. Owens, owner of a large plantation in Owensville, Kentucky. She had been very delicately nurtured and highly educated, having spent nine years in schools in Europe. She had met father—Lieutenant George Merrick Munger, twelve years her senior—during the Civil War, when he was wounded in the "Battle of Seven Pines," which took place near her home. She had nursed him in her uncle's house, and had cared for him tenderly as he was heartily hated by every other Southerner. Shortly afterward she had married him, in face of bitter opposition from her family. It was a "Yankee" marriage and that aroused all her kin to fury. He could provide neither the comforts nor background to which she was accustomed, as he was at that time working for Grandfather Munger, in the oilfields of Pennsylvania. After the oil refinery fire he moved to Chicago—the "western wilderness"—and this was the worst blow of all! But mother had gone with him buoyantly, lovingly and trustfully, and here my twin sister and

[Continued on page 50]



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The British Knit plan enables you to build a permanent, profitable business right in your own community. EVERY PERSON A PROSPECT for several garments from our wide range of Knitwear for the family. Ladies' custom-tailored suits and dresses our specialty.

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The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up ar you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Send for a copy of "H'ker's Guide" by Ben Solomon. Full of helpful practical lints on a hobby that anyone can enjoy. Written by an experienced hiker who really likes. Hlustrated.

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Your MAKE-UP MUST be in STYLE too!

• Be colorful, yet never look "made-up." Gaudy make-up has vanished! The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, rouge, and powder brings natural loveliness it intensifies your own coloring, and you'll never have that "made-up" look.



How to Be Lovelier



Tangee changes color as you apply it, to the blush rose of your own lips.

With Tangee Face Powder your skin looks fresher, younger, for Tangee blends naturally with your own complexion.

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a rare brand, but I, too, recall my annoyance when he threw away my three-dollar box of French face powder. "Your mother never used this stuff, only 'fast' girls paint and powder," he stormed. As for the pictured spangled dresses, feathers, and jewellery of the chorus girls, I remember wishing that I could dress like that and still be considered "good."

My first thrill of freedom came with my marriage, when at last unchaperoned, I could go to the Vienna Bakery, a place with a "naughty reputation." It was harmless too—and compared with the night clubs of today, eminently respectable. I remember my first visit there, with two other young matrons, and my deep chagrin when one of my uncles walked in with a "blonde." For some reason or other the very word, "blonde," conveyed the meaning of "fast woman."

We persuaded our husbands to take us to the naughty show, a musical comedy called "The Black Crook," banished en-tirely from the conversations of one faction of the family, talked over by the freer-minded, and attended by the boldest. There was really nothing to it, and the "daring, immodest" costumes of the chorus certainly left more to the imagination than those of the present day. These buxom creatures bulged over and below their small waists, in accordance with the "curves of the '90's"; the upper parts of their bodies clad in close-fitting bodices or iackets, and the lower parts in tights and

In the upper set, eloping with the family coachman became quite fashionable. One of my friends did this, and gave him all her mother's jewels, to boot.

THERE WERE no afternoon tea parties, but I was "at home" the "last Thursday of the month," prepared to serve my callers hot chocolate with whipped cream, sandwiches and cake. After the World's Fair, chocolate gave way to tea. Instead of bridge following our luncheons, we either went out to a matinee or played euchre.

Dinners were very formal, and other evening functions took the form of soirces in honor of distinguished guests, progressive euchre or pedro parties; socials, when we played charades and other guessing games; musicales; theatre box parties followed by suppers, and house dances. Aunt Martha and Aunt Belle had ballrooms and billiard rooms in their homes, but, when we danced at our place, the carpeted floors of our large double drawing-room were covered with canvas.

Another popular diversion of our set

was to gather at the Palmer House, have Turkish baths, meet our husbands for lunch, and all go to the matinee.

My own interest in writing drew me into a circle, in which I met Eugene Field, a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News. Sometimes we received copies of his "unpublished" poems. One of these he wrote on the occasion of a "second honey-moon trip," on which he and his wife, through necessity, were obliged to take Baby Willie, who had to sleep with them. This circumstance gave rise to one of his unpublished poems, "When Willie Wets the Bed at Night." Of course we never spoke of this in ultra polite society, and even now I doubt the propriety of a Member of the Canadian House of Commons putting it down on record. Yet, do not most of us enjoy the odd story of our children, with unmentionable atmosphere made all the funnier when we think of the shocked faces of the people who "always do the right thing, and say the right word?" Besides, wasn't it the naughty '90's?

Then there were the high never-to-be-forgotten performances of the great Shakespearean actors and actresses: Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Edward Sothern and Julia Marlowe, Lawrence Barrett, and others; the lighter moments of the modern dramas, musical comedies and revues, which starred Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, Joe Jefferson and the Haverly Minstrels. And could I forget Sousa-and

wasn't he handsome?-or the glorious music of his band, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra, in the old Central Music which was later torn down to make way for the new part of Marshall Field? And my "big moment" with Paderewski!

On this particular visit to Chicago, I had not gone to hear him, but at the World's Fair I had been swept away by his masterly interpretation of his Chopin, Schumann I was taking the train to my suburban home, and, because it looked like rain, had my umbrella. As I waited, Paderewski, carrying a huge bouquet of American beauty roses, hurried into the station. He was standing very near me, and, in my excitement, I dropped my umbrella. Paderewski stooped immediately and picked it up.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Paderewski, I'm so sorry for my awkwardness," I stam-

mered.
"You know me?" was his surprised

"Oh, yes, there is only one Paderewski. great musician smiled, carefully detached one of the roses from his bouquet, and said: "To another American beauty."

I cherished those dry rose leaves many

The Cuban rebellion of 1895 first drew Mrs. Black into women's club work. Public opinion had been inflamed with stories of the terrible treatment and persecution meted out to the Cubans by the Spaniards. Mrs. Black hurled herself into the cause for the suffering Cubans. She acted as secretary to the women's organization and collected money to send food and supplies.

She gained her first newspaper scoop by interviewing Helly Green, "the richest woman in the world," and made the front pages of the big newspapers with her story.

At a reception given for Evangelina Cisneros, who was pleading the cause of her Cuban compatriots, Mrs. Black had a strange experience.

IT WAS at this reception in the fall of IT WAS at this reception in the fall of 1897, that I met the great East Indian palmist, Count de Hamong, famed as "Chairo." His secretary came over to me, and, bowing low, said: "My master craves the honor of an audience with you." Excited and flattered at being "picked out." I readily gave the desired permission and we made the appointment. "picked out," I readily gave the desired permission, and we made the appointment for the next morning.

On arrival, I was ushered into a dimly lighted room, where Chairo, dressed in flowing purple robes, was seated at a table. Before him, resting on a flat purple velvet cushion, was a long golden serpent, with brilliant ruby eyes, and a flat emerald head, this used later to trace the lines of my hand.

My left hand was read quickly; this described by the palmist, as the hand "I was born with," the lines showing the usual events of the average woman's life, mar-riage, children, and a fairly long life line.

As I stretched out my right hand, it seemed to me that the red eyes of the golden serpent, moving over the lines of my palm, gleamed wickedly, the emerald head shone with a deeper brilliance. Then

Chairo said slowly:

"You are leaving your country within the year. You will travel far. You will face danger, privation and sorrow. Though you are going to a foreign land, you will be among English-speaking people. You will never have to learn to speak any other language, but your mother tongue. You will also have another child, one that will be a girl, or an unusually devoted son." I listened, scoffing in my heart. But the

next summer my home was broken up. I had lost my husband. I was speeding northward to the Klondike, where all alone in a little cabin of that grim north country, I was to face the darkest hours of my life—the birth of my youngest son. (Next month brings Mrs. Black's amaz-ing journey up the Trail of '98, when as a

young wife, she climbed the frightening Chilkoot Pass in the mad rush for gold.

GOING TO FEEL









DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING LIMP AS A RAG

SO MANY people find they tire quick-ly and feel low spirited at this time of year.

Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is underfed and does not carry enough nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. It helps your blood to take up more nourishment from your food, and carry it to your nerve and muscle tissues.

Eat 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day-one cake about 1/2 hour before meals or at bedtime.

Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today! FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELD THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER.....

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT *FEEDS" YOUR BODY

ONE of the important blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food.

What you need is some-thing to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

Martha Louise Munger - were born. I never knew my twin sister, for she lived only a few days. Many times I have longed for her; have imagined the good times we might have had together, the sweet companionship, the unity of understanding, the intimacy, the love that is the heritage of identical twins.

Mother was slow in regaining her strength. Now I can see that her youth, her home training, her early, sheltered life, were poor preparation to meet the hardships of the middle west as the wife of a

poor man.

There was no preparation for marriage as today, no mother-and-daughter confidences, or, in the case of my mother, with There was no frank and sensible teaching of the real meaning of marriage, of motherhood. She was told, as I was, that babies were always sent by God, when not brought in the doctor's bag or by the There was no idealistic interpretation of these facts in relation to life and love: that a love marriage is the deepest experience of man and woman; that it forms bonds that can withstand the greatest misfortunes and tragedies, bonds which are even strengthened by the meeting of life's problems together.

Other children came, and, oh, so quickly, in those first four years. All these, save myself and my little lame sister, Agnes (who lived to be three), died in earliest infancy. I have heard mother say: "In four years I had five children.

There was no knowledge of birth control in those days. It was unthinkable to dis cuss any angle of such an idea. Think of scientific knowledge of child spacing would have meant to a woman like my mother, who really wanted and loved children. Think of the poignancy of her grief, to have snatched away from her those precious little ones, so soon after she had felt that overwhelming surge of mother-love which we mothers all know, when first our helpless new-born babes are laid within our arms.

I REALIZE that I had a wonderful father and mother. I know that they did all they could to make my childhood happy and to train me in every way to meet life. My greatest wish for the children of today is that their training be as balanced a combination of discipline and pleasure as mine I was never slapped, but I served my term of spankings. I was never put to bed supperless: but the supper was only bread and milk. Of course, being the eldest, I was the object of all their pet theories of child training. As my parents grew older they went to the opposite extreme, and so relaxed their discipline that my younger brother and sister were thoroughly spoiled, which made life in later days difficult for

My parents believed that girls should be trained to meet every situation in life. It was a pet saying of father's: "Some day one of my girls may be the wife of the President of the United States, and live in the White House, and I want her to know how to fill a position like that. other hand, one of my girls may have to work for the President's wife, and I want her to know how to do that equally well."

Mrs. Black describes her first vivid mem ory as being that of the Chicago fire in 1871. The family took flight to the lake shore where they spent three days, living in the open. Aunt Edith died on the shore from shock and exposure, and afterward, with snock and expositive, and afterward, with every material possession Mr. Munger owned gone, the family lived for a short while in "Poverty Flats." However, within the year they were established again. It was during this period that Mrs. Black attended her first funeral.

OUR NEIGHBORS, the Vaughans, had a new baby, but it lived only a few months. As I shared their French governess, I was permitted to attend the funeral with the other children, and the governess. We were in the hack, en route to the graveyard, all crying but Louis Vaughan.

I stood this as long as I could, then I whispered:

"Louis, you ought to cry—you've lost your little brother."

"I don't want to cry.

"Oh, Louis, cry! It's the thing people do at funerals."

"I'll not cry-mind your own business. "You must cry," I said, feeling my temper rising. "I'll make you."

And with that I hauled off and hit him

a good slap on the face.

Needless to say, confusion reigned amid the mourners and I was speedily hustled to another seat.

The early years of her education were spent with governesses. Mrs. Black was finally sent to a private school and "finished" at the Lake Forest Select Seminary for Young Ladies. However the pupil nearly finished the school for she was always getting into innumerable escapades Finally she was taken out of school, not for lack of obedience or sheer naughtiness, but simply that her zest for adventure made her periodically forget all rules and regulations and upset the discipline of the school. She completed her education at a convent and on her graduation she received a very beautiful floral bouquet. It was from Will Purdy, whom she married the next year, in August, 1887. He was the son of Warren G. Purdy, well known in railroad, military and Masonic circles. Two sons were born to the young couple early in their mar-riage, and Mrs. Black—then, of course, Mrs. Purdy-settled down to the busy life of

BUT SOON—too soon, I say now—my boys were in school. My husband was promoted to the position of paymaster; we were better off; I didn't have enough to do at home; and I looked for outside interests. Chicago was going full swing those first years of the "gay '90's." My immediate relatives were making money "hand over fist," and I was soon caught up in a whirl of life outside my home.

I had my share of the gaiety. The "bicycle built for two" became the rage. Father Purdy gave us a tandem and, with nine other young married couples, we formed a "Cycling Club." What fun we had! We rode around the parks and took picnic lunches, or met at the German Building, one of the few left from the Fair. We had progressive dinners of six and eight courses, one course to a home.

How we dressed for this sport! My bicycle suit was made of fawn velveteen, and I wore with it a fawn tam o'shanter, and I wore with it a fawn tain o snanter, of the same goods, trimmed with a saucy scarlet quill, and, of course, high laced boots. The bicycle popularized that feminine garment, "bloomers," so named for Amelia Bloomer, an ardent advocate of women's rights, who had adopted this

reform style of dress.

The current style of wide skirts, petticoats and frills, intimate lingerie, would not have preserved the dignity or the respectability of the girls of the '90's in the emergency of being upset. What voluminous below-the-knee bloomers I had; almost like Turkish trousers, with enough fawn silk of the finest quality to make a whole ensemble of the present mode. In fact, as I compare the "wisps" of today, with the similar garment of my young days: five yards of ruffles to a leg; the "bra's" to the elaborately trimmed, peplumed corset covers; the simple "slips" to the five-yard circular petticoats, with innumerable rows of tucks, insertion and lace (I had one with one hundred handmade pin tucks); and above all the "girdles," with the heavily-boned, tightly-laced "stays;" I think how foolishly we dressed then. How much more sensible and comfortable are the women's undergarments, dresses and sport clothes of today, allowing, as they

do, the freedom of every muscle.

While we didn't have beauty parlors, we preserved the lustre of our hair with cham-pagne rinses. Father was exceedingly annoyed when he found out that I had helped myself to one of his "magnums" of





A sheltered pool where peace reigns, fashioned by Alfred E. Meister, of Ottawa.

Photograph by John G. Dickson.

IS YOURS FOR THE MAKING

by EDITH McLEOD

over its edges, and rocks must be softened by mossy growth if the pool is to have that most desirable, though illusive, appearance of age.

FOR THE water, such plants as fragrant water lilies in many varieties are to be had. Nymphaea pygmaea alba, an old white favorite might be chosen, or one of its rosier cousins such as the free-flowering Marliacea carnea, for instance, with its large fragrant upright blooms in soft rose shaded with white. Masaniello, another rose-colored lily is popular, while Moorie, a soft canary yellow, with its globular flowers might be desired by some

Any of these may be planted in tubs or large pots containing a good mixture of four parts of fibrous loam and one part sand with a generous amount of bone meal. The crown of the plant should come to within an inch of the top of the compost, and a thin layer of clean sand used as a final layer to keep the water in the pool clean. Water-lilies, such as those mentioned, which grow in about twelve inches of water, should be raised to a few inches from the surface by placing the tubs on bricks or stones. The larger flowering lilies require a depth of at least eighteen inches above the crowns, for if they are too high in the water, the flower and leaves will shoot up in an erect position above the surface instead of floating on the water as we like to see them.

May is a good time to plant water-lilies in most parts of our country, unless the spring is unusually early and warm. Two other facts worth remembering are that water-lilies require sunshine to produce blooms, and, that when they have matured, they should not cover more than fifty per cent of the pool's surface. Especially is this true where the pool boasts some of the lovely goldfish now being offered on the market.

Other water plants such as cat-tails, arrowheads and pickerel weed may be used to break the surface if the pool is large enough to carry them, while iris, trollious, native ferns, and ornamental grasses may be used advantageously to soften its outline.

Where the pool is of a sufficiently generous size to permit it, a weeping willow, or that daintiest of all trees, the weeping birch, will further enhance the picture and will be quite happy in its location if permitted to admire its beauty in the mirror below.

A FEW fish such as the Japanese Veiltails or the Comet Goldfish will supply additional color and interest, and require no attention during the summer months, since their food consists of water insects and the flies that light on the surface. They are inexpensive to purchase, and the pleasure one will derive from them far exceeds the cost, or the trouble caused by their winter care.

trouble caused by their winter care.

Plan now to build a pool. From the early morning until the setting sun throws long shadows across its mirror-like surface, it will prove an unending source of pleasure to those who are privileged to enjoy it.

Whether you live in the luxurious old shaded city of Ottawa, or on the bald prairies, you can fit a garden pool into the setting and add to the charm of your garden. The pond above was built in one of the cool, shady recesses of the garden, where its quiet depths may catch the image of overhanging shrubbery and trees.

Below, Mr. George H. D. Jamieson fashioned this quaint heart shaped pool in his prairie garden at Nokomis, Saskatchewan. He and his wife spent many happy hours enjoying it.



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TO	THE BANK		Mr. MIL	

In 1936, The Mutual Life of Canada paid out \$3,500,000 to the beneficiaries of policyholders. In that critical period of bereavement when the regular income had been cut off, Mutual Life policies held homes together and brought financial security to hundreds of families who had lost their breadwinner.

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May we suggest that when considering your own life insurance responsibility, you get in touch with the nearest representative of The Mutual Life of Canada or write to our Head Office at Waterloo for full information regarding a protection policy for yourself and your family.

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Mrs. G. V. Wilbee, of Vancouver, B.C., mad made this enchanting splash pool

BEAUTY OF A GARDEN POOL

THE POOL has long been a delightful feature of gardens. It dates back to the time of King Pharaoh, and, while we seldom see anything today to equal the grandeur of those of long ago, the present-day pool still holds much of its ancient

What could be more lovely than a pool with mirrored surface reflecting the passing clouds overhead, or the water-loving plants overhanging its edge? What could be more captivating than the graceful movements of the fish beneath its surface? Here, indeed, is the place to toss aside the workaday worries, and rest.

A pool may be of any size or shape, depending largely upon the size of the garden and the designer's taste, but the amateur gardener will be well advised to keep it of small to medium size, and fairly simple in design. The rectangular style offers, perhaps, the greatest ease of construction, and may be planted so as to give that natural appearance which is so desirable for the unconventional home garden.

Some thought must first be given to the location to be chosen. If the owner desires the surface of his pool to be gay with water-lily blooms, he will choose a sunny location. If he has no preference, however, a very desirable spot might be chosen near a shrubbery where it would receive only enough sun to allow the ferns, bog, and other moisture-loving plants to respond to the gardener's care. There is a glorious coolness to the air about a shaded pool; a haven of retreat, on a hot summer day.

WITH THE location decided upon, the size is outlined, and the excavation follows, care being taken to leave the sides per-pendicular and as even as possible. The bottom should be dug with a slight slope to one end for drainage purposes, and should not be more than twenty inches below the ground level, for the average small garden pool.

Board retaining walls are then placed about four inches from the dirt wall, forming a continuous trench into which the concrete is poured. Bits of wire netting, or old iron rods placed in the trench will serve as binders to prevent the cracking of the mixture in severe winters. When the walls have set, the boards may be removed and the floor laid. The use of netting here is also advisable, but it should be laid three or four inches up against the sides. When the mixture is poured in and the floor smoothed down to the lower end, extra concrete may be trowelled from the floor up, to cover the wire, making a

If the ready-mixed concrete, which is now available at a reasonable price, is not used, a satisfactory mixture may be made at home by combining one part cement, two parts sharp sand, three parts screened gravel (thoroughly mixed) with enough vater to make it stand up in a mound. A sufficiently smooth surface, in any case, may be obtained by working any coarse pieces of gravel down with the trowel.

Flat slabs of rock make an effective and natural finish to the pool, if laid so as to project out over the edge in irregular fashion. These may be cemented into place, but provision should be made for occasional dirt pockets in which rock mosses and bog plants may be grown. There must be creeping plants draping

If you want lovely, lazy water-lilies floating on the top of your little garden pool you must make it in a sunny place. Two lovely pools that catch the long sunny hours and make the brighter part of the garden a place of beauty and a constant joy are the one above, where children may keep cool in the hot weather, and the lovely flower bordered pond below, where goldfish sparkle through the pale-tinted lilies. Both were simple to make, and have well repaid the labor they cost.

The pool below was made by Mrs. V. W. Ahiers, of Victoria, B.C. Photograph by Carey and McAllister.



GIRL'S TWO-PIECE DRESS AND BERET



The original model was knit with Regent Sea Gull

Size-12 to 14 years. Materials Required-

> 7½ Balls Jade Green 1 Ball Marble Green 1 Ball Canary Yellow

½ Balls Jade Green Ball Marble Green 1/2 Ball Canary Yellow

1 Ball Jade Green
1/2 Ball Marble Green 1/2 Ball Canary Yellow

16 Balls Jade Green 2 Balls Marble Green Total 2 Balls Canary Yellow

1 Pair Needles No. 10 1 Circular Needle No. 10 1 Medium Crochet Tension—7 sts. to 1 inch; 10 rows to

Pattern-1st Row-K3 sts., put yarn on right side of work as for purling, slip 3 sts. (putting right needle in back of sts.), re-

2nd Row-Purl

3rd Row-Same as 1st row working the stripes one st. farther on right side.

4th Row—Same as 2nd row.

These 4 rows complete pattern.

Skirt

On a circular needle cast on 320 sts. with Jade Green. Work garter st. for 134 inches, always purling, join Marble Green, work stockinette st. always knitting and work 6 rounds. Join Canary Yellow, work stockinette st. for 18 rounds, join Marble Green, work stockinette st. for 6 rounds. On next row start pattern. *Work pat-

tern for 22 sts., work garter st. for 10 sts., repeat from * around. Work even until skirt measures 10 inches.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning of all knitted sts. for one round. Work even for 3 inches.

Next Row—Decrease one st. at begin-ning of knitted sts. Work even for 2 inches, decrease as previously. Work 1 inch, decrease as previously. Continue decreasing every ½ inch 6 times, then decrease every 2nd round.

When work measures 19 inches, cast off Crochet 4 rows s.c. around top of skirt, crochet a beading inside for elastic.

FRONT—Cast on 105 sts. with Jade Green, work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 2 inches, now work stockinette st., join Marble Green, work 6 rows, join Canary Yellow, work 12 rows, join Marble Green, work 6 rows.

Start Pattern-Work even for 6 1/2 inches. Shape Armholes-Cast off 4 sts. beginning next 2 rows, decrease 1 st. beginning of every row 4 times. When work measures 2½ inches from armhole, begin yoke. Work 20 sts. in pattern, join Marble Green, work stockinette st. in centre (49 sts.), join Jade Green, work 20 sts. in pattern, purl back.

Next Row—Work 20 sts. in pattern, 2 sts. Marble Green, 45 sts. Canary Yellow, 2 sts. Marble Green, 20 sts. in pattern. Continue this last row for 134 inches. In centre of work, cast off 15 sts. for neck. Decrease 1 st. every other row at neck side Work even for 2 inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of every row.

BACK—Work same as front until yoke. Start yoke pattern 4 inches from armhole. Work 20 sts. in pattern, 29 sts. stockinette st. with Marble Green, purl back 29 sts.,

work on 1 side only.

Next Row—Work 20 sts. in pattern,
2 sts. Marble Green, ending row with
Canary Yellow. Work for 7 rows. On the
8th row of Canary Yellow work a buttonhole. Cast off 4 sts., on next row cast on these 4 sts. Work for 6 rows, make another buttonhole. Work 4 rows. Cast off 10 sts. for back of neck, K2 sts. tog. beginning of every row. At same time shape shoulder same as front. For the other side to get same number of sts., pick up 4 sts. on wrong side of work, at beginning of yoke on the buttonholes side. Follow same direc-

tions omitting buttonholes.

Points in front worked in Garter st. Cast on 2 sts. Increase 1 st. each end of every 5th row until 22 sts. on needle. In centre of work, cast off 4 sts. Continue decreasing 1 st. each side every row until

all sts. are cast off. Work another point. SLEEVES—With Marble Green, cast on 51 sts. Work in stockinette st. for 1½ inches. Join Canary Yellow, work stockinette st. for 12 rows, join Marble Green, work 2 rows, join Jade and start pattern. Increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row work 105 sts. on peedle (164) inches). Coat until 95 sts. on needle (16½ inches). Cast [Continued on page 59]

DON'T BUY THIS PRODUCT



• Try this famous Skin Softener before you buy it. Campana wishes you to know, without cost, how extremely high in quality - and extremely low in cost-Italian Balm really is! It must be especially good to be where it is today-the leading skin protector in all of Canada . . . and has been for years. Italian Balm continues to increase its position of unquestioned leadership all over Canada. It must be extra good and extra economical to keep so many friends.

In a recent nation-wide survey, 97-8/10% of the women reported that Italian Balm overcomes chapping more quickly than anything they ever used before. And 92-9/10% stated that Italian Balm costs less to use than anything they ever tried.

But don't take Campana's word for it-try Italian Balm for one week-then you be the judge! It is sold in 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles (and 25c tubes) at drug and department stores.

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Wife and Absorbine Jr. come to husband's aid



Y husband said the gun kicked," writes J. E.,* "his shoulder was sore and got stiff, and when he came home I took some Absorbine Jr. and rubbed it in good. He went hunting the next day, so I know Absorbine Jr. did him a lot of good."

We recite these little incidents in everyday life to remind you of the friendly part Absorbine Jr. plays in so many homes. Those bruises and bumps, those painful sprains and wrenches that may happen to anyone-ease and comfort them with Absorbine Jr. and they will gladly yield their soreness and swelling to this fine old liniment.

Keep a bottle handy for such emergencies. Apply it for relief from muscular rheumatic soreness and stiffness. Soothing and safe, no other liniment enjoys higher prestige with so many doctors and nurses. Also famous for Athlete's Foot. Sold at all drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle, Absorbine Jr. is thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 242 Lyman Building, Montreal.

Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot



Pretty clothes aren't just a surface desire with the 'teen-agers, however tomboyish they may be. They're terribly important. Susie would lave to wear this man-tailored bathrobe, in a soft wool or flannel with a velvety tie and binding (749). She could have it in navy with cherry red trimming and it would still be practical.

And boleros for the just-man-conscious high school lass are pretty slick. Broadcloth, or a fine jersey, or one of the less expensive

new cottons. It would be thrilling in a mustardy yellow with navy blue cotton blouse, or Coronation blue with the dark blue up top. Two perky maidens, 755 and 753, are very fashion conscious in their princess line frocks with rickrack braid and buttons and bows. Do them in cotton prints or jersey or, for Do them in cotton prints or jersey or, for later weather, linen. Make them bright as bright—greens, blues, orange, yellow, red, with contrasting trimming. Here's a jolly printed cotton for the tiny tot (761).



DON'T RISK YOUR HEALTH!

Health, time, money—all are imperiled when you allow a cold to hang on. When a cold attacks, go after it promptly with Dominion C.B.Q. Tablets, the proven remedy that acts internally.

Safe, effective-even children like these chocolate-coated tablets that ordinarily break up a cold in a few hours. When

you buy, get the genuine. Look for the traffic cop on thelittle red box-25¢ at all drug stores.





Both sick and well dogs often need a tonic, particularly at this time of year.

Sergeant's Condition Pills are unequalled for treating nervous troubles, loss of appetite, sluggishness, weakness and after effects of hunting, injuries or disease. They help nourish the skin through the blood. Keep the coat healthy, soft and glossy.

Sold by Drug and Pet stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write:

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Dry skin smarts and roughens—ages a woman's looks more than any other factor perhaps. But so creamy, so soft and so absorbable is the lightly medicated lather of Cuticura Soap that it does much to keep a naturally dry skin smooth and young-looking.

The blended emollients of Cuticura lubricate and help protect—leave the skin soothed and always looking its best. Cuticura Ointment is just what Nature needs to help heal sensitive spots and ugly local irritations.

Buy at your druggist's. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. For FREE Sample, write

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MAKE FRETFUL BABIES HAPPY

An Ottawa mother, one of the many thousands who give their children Steedman's Powders regularly, writes: "Your powders certainly turn a cross, restless baby into a contented one." As a mild and gentle laxative for babies and growing children from teething time to early teen age, Steedman's Powders have no equal. They relieve constipation and colic, soothe feverish conditions and are especially good to prevent complications at teething time.

Free Booklet and Sample

Our helpful booklet "Hints to Mothers" sent fre with sample of Steedman's. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.

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Insist on Steedman's—look for the



ny complexion can be made clearer, smoother, ger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream complete beauty treatment.

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A cleaner and cleanser for carefully appointed homes. A little dissolved in water cleans easily and quickly in a scientific manner.

Ask your grocer Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Can YOU do this?

Touch your toes and come up smiling?

Better than being bent 'nearly double' with aches and pains from a poisoned system! You must keep your

system regular-regular as the clock! So remember vour Beechams Pills-the Golden Rule of Health for over ninety years.



Do the Comics Harm Children?

ARE THE comic pages in the daily newspaper definitely harmful to children? Mrs. N. E. Shipley, of Rivers, Manitoba, be-lieves so, and has written a protest to Chatelaine regarding the funnies and their effect on juvenile minds:

When your little three-to-eights come to you with a plea to read the funnies and an armful of illustrated comic strips, what do you do?

Do you unblushingly unfold to their open, impressionable minds the story of how the little orphan they see in the picture is stringing up a full-grown Chinaman? That the little cripple is the victim of thugs and ruffians? That the sailor's friend is telling a lie on a stack of Bibles? And what you substitute for those nightmare thrillers that endow men with supernatural powers, the modern criminal violence and all the distorted, idiotic language most of the funnies are couched in?

If, thinking to spare your children's feelings, you have invented a less violent scene than the one illustrated and translated the garbled conversations into decent English, you will find the papers dull and senseless and they will have lost their interest. The only thing that makes many of the cartoons is their corrupt English, and most parents have a difficult enough time of it teaching the youngsters correct usage

and pronunciation.
On glancing through these lurid pages one wonders whether they were created for the amusement of children or adults. If they are meant to entertain the latter they should be advertised as such and be separate from the children's section. It is a true and lamentable fact that out of approximately two dozen comic sheets there are only three consistently suitable for the very young mind.

Futile to assure the child that these events are "just pretend" and all in fun. But what is his natural reaction to the depicted tale of the little girl shown so easily and cleverly tossing a rope over a rafter and hanging the bad man left to guard her? Or to the pictures of a boy of his own age dauntlessly entering the thieves' den; defying the law, ridiculing the officers and getting away with it?

The movies have come in for a lot of lampooning regarding their questionable influence on youth, but apparently no one sees the danger of comic strips featuring criminal activities and jailbird jargon! Not only are the characters crudely drawn, the words they mouth vulgar and objectionable, but quite often the subject is offensive. Adults can discriminate and digest these things without any ill effects but children cannot. Too often their quarrels and their dreams—their unguarded moments—reveal to what extent they have accepted the cartoon.

The playful exploits of Rose O'Neill's little Kewpie is a perfect example of what the very young child delights to learn about. And those two little German boys have been a favorite with children and parents alike for many years, because no matter what mischief they concoct or how cunningly they try to cover their mis-demeanors, they are discovered in the end

and justly punished.

A healthy, spontaneous appreciation of humor is one of the most admirable traits in human nature, and a splendid thing it is to encourage this sense in children by the use of pictures that show amusing incidents and witty remarks. Surely there are men and women sufficiently endowed with originality to produce these clean, humorous story-pictures without having to resort to impossible, terrifying adventure, cruelty, vulgarity and crass stupidity.





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1/2 a teaspoonful of Cow Brand Bicarbonate of Soda in 1/2 a glass of cool water — relieves acid stomach and indigestion.

SORE THROAT

A gargle of Cow Brand Bicarbon-ate of Soda and ater is effective. It eases and cleanses the throat.





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A paste of Cow Brand Baking Soda and water—cools, soothes and relieves the sun-



A RESTFUL BATH

A half pound package of Cow Brand Baking Soda in a tub of warm water.



FOR CLEAN TEETH



1. Pour a little Cow Brand Bak-ing Soda into palm







3. Pick up Baking Soda on moistened brush as it will

4. Brush upper teeth downward teeth and lower upward, not cross-





5. Brush inside of manner.

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Please send me free booklets on the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

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THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by JOHN W. McCULLOUGH, M.D.



Armstrong Roberts

Common-sense Rules for Baby's Clothing

THE VICTORIAN Order of Nurses has prepared a little folder entitled, "Advice to Expectant Mothers," that should be in the hands of every young mother in Canada. The needs of the baby are set down as follows:

1-Three flannelette nightgowns, open down back.

2-Three fine flannel, or flannelette

gertrudes, open down back.
3—Three shirts buttoning down front with long sleeves and made of wool, silk and wool, or wool and cotton.

4—Three bands, 6 inches wide, and 18 to 22 inches long, of white flannel torn into strips, edges not hemmed or bound. These bands to be replaced in a month by knitted or woven bands of silk and wool.

-Two dozen diapers, 24 inches square of soft absorbent material.

6—A shawl or baby blanket.
7—If it is necessary to use woollen stockings, they should be at least size 4 and long enough to be pinned to the diaper.

The practical mother can make all these

If she plans doing so, she will gain much help from the use of patterns. If she desires more style, the expert saleswomen of large stores will guide her to such expenditures as her purse will bear.

When the baby is three or four weeks old, dresses and gertrudes may be made from fine nainsook or cotton and should not be more than 22 to 25 inches long.

Pullover pants and soakers are very much better than rubber pants since the latter retain too much moisture. If used at all, they should be changed frequently.

Flannel bands are required only until

the navel is healed.

Many babies are clothed too heavily. Perspiration about the head of the infant is indication of this. In hot weather a diaper and shirt are sufficient.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—Our baby boy, aged one year, has not been able to take orange or tomato juice as it seems to make his buttocks sore.—Mrs. W. D., Cobourg,

Answer-Neither orange nor tomato juice will make the buttocks sore. Try

boiling the napkins in a strong solution of boracic acid and use them just wrung out of the solution. Paint the buttocks freely with a solution of 20 grains of tannic acid to an ounce of water. Allow to dry on and reapply. This will tan the child's skin and prevent scalding.

Question—Our baby boy, breast fed, has always used a suppository to make his bowels move. My twenty-one months old boy is affected in the same way. Neither is constipated. Please advise.

What will make a better flow of milk? -Mrs. H. T., Wroxeter, Ont.

Answer—You have got the children into a bad habit. Stop using the suppository except in emergency. Wait until the bowel is filled and movement should follow.

The flow of breast milk is best promoted by use. You should empty the breasts each time. If this is done and good food taken by the mother, nothing else is necessary.

Question-Please give me a diet for fourteen-months-old boy.-Mrs. B., Minto, N.B.

Answer-Diet 12 to 15 months: 7 to 8 a.m.—1 to 3 rounded tablespoonfuls cooked cereal served with 2 to 3 oz. boiled milk. No sugar. 6 to 8 oz. boiled milk. A piece of zwieback or toast.

9 a.m.-2 tablespoonfuls orange juice

diluted with equal water.

12 to 1 p.m.—1 soft-boiled or poached egg mixed with bread crumbs, or ½ to 1 tablespoonful scraped beef or finely divided calves' liver or minced chicken.

Thick waterbly sour A to 8 tablespoonfuls. Thick vegetable soup, 4 to 8 tablespoonfuls, and for dessert, 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls custard, rice, sago, tapioca or cornstarch pudding. Piece zwieback or toast. No milk or drink with this meal as sufficient milk is contained in desserts.

5 to 6 p.m.—Same as 7 to 8 a.m., with addition of 1 to 3 rounded tablespoonfuls

prune pulp or baked apple.

10 to 11 p.m.—8 oz. boiled milk if hungry. 1 teaspoonful cod-liver oil three times a day from Sept. to June.

A MONTHLY SERVICE — Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, who contributes these articles A MONIMLY SERVICE — Dr. J. W. S. McGullough, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired. Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.



Home from school, hungry, their bodies call for nourishment. Give them a big steaming cup of wholesome, energy-making Fry's Cocoa. How they love Fry's rich, chocolaty flavor—it's the finest food-drink they can have.

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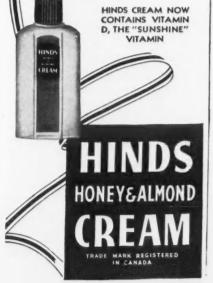




WINTER driving—any exposure to bitter weather-leaves skin rough as sandpaper, red, almost raw. But Hinds Honey & Almond Cream soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is absorbed, seems to smooth out dry skin. Creamy, not wateryeven the first few drops of Hinds bring soothing comfort.

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just sit down and rest a moment. He sat with his hands in the grass, and he thought he could almost feei a soft breathing like the rise and fall of a baby's breast when it is sleeping. Was it possible? This grass was

Then he remembered. This was the way he had wandered into the wood with his bag of sleepy dust spilling after him as he came. He ran his hands over the ground frantically: he scraped, he dug. If he could find just one grain of that precious dust, he knew it was not too late to get back to the houses and the children before another busy day should pull them and toss them, and leave them with tired tears

"Just one grain!" prayed the Sandman desperately.

He lay down on the grass and listened. Ah, there it was, a little snore! A very tall tuft of blue-eyed grass was lying on its side with its eyes shut, and as he stroked it, he found that its blades were as dusty a could be. His hands were shaking so with excitement, he could hardly lay the opening of his sack around it. At last he succeeded and shook it gently. Imagine his joy when he heard a sifting sound inside, as sleepy as a kitten's purr!

The Sandman's eyes were suddenly filled with tears. He stood alone in the great wood with his tattered grey clothes blowing about him in the first night wind, and he knew that the sweetest thing in all the world had been almost lost because he

had forgotten it.
"Why," he said to himself between sobs,
"I never thought! How grey, how mean, how stupid I must have seemed to them. Oh, my poor darlings! Yet it couldn't possibly make any difference how grey, how ragged I might be, if I'd only remembered. How could I ever have forgotten my pocket of dreams!"

He picked up his sack and fairly flung it on his shoulder as he ran. He could not hurry fast enough. It would be black night when he reached the houses now. . .

Into the windows he climbed with his

little bag heavy and happy on his shoulder, but he could think only of the dreams he had found, forgotten in his sagging pockets one for every child in the world, and all

Girl's Two-piece Dress and Beret

(Continued from page 55)

off 6 sts. beginning next 2 rows, then K2 sts. tog. at beginning and end of needle until there are 23 sts. left. Cast off.

Work 2 points same as before for 4 inches, cast off all sts.

Buttons-Ch3, join with slip st., work in s.c. increasing (to fit small molds). two points at neck edge in front of pullover and 1 each sleeve. Sew buttons on each

Beret

With a crochet hook, ch. 5 sts., join forming a circle. Work 7 s.c. into circle.

1st Round—Work 2 s.c. in each st.

2nd Round-Work * 1 s.c., 2 s.c. in next st., repeat from ' 3rd Round-Work * 2 s.c., 2 s.c. in next

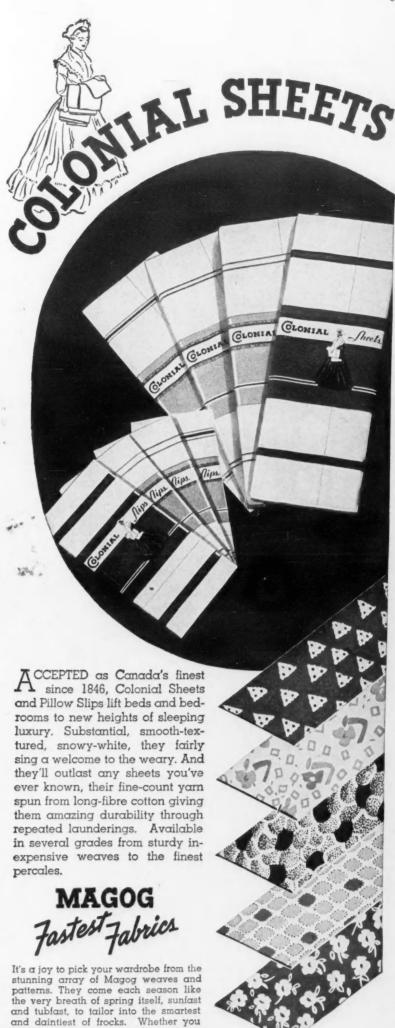
st., repeat from *. 4th Round-Work * 3 s.c., 2 s.c. in next

st., repeat from *. Continue increasing every row until

work measures 3¼ inches in diameter. Join Marble Green, work 4 rows, continue increasing. Join Canary Yellow, work 6 rounds, join Marble Green, work 4 rounds. Join Jade and continue until work measures 7 inches in diameter. Now decrease one st. every point, until head size (about 21/4 inches).

rounds Marble Green, 4 rounds Canary Yellow, 2 rounds Marble Green. Break

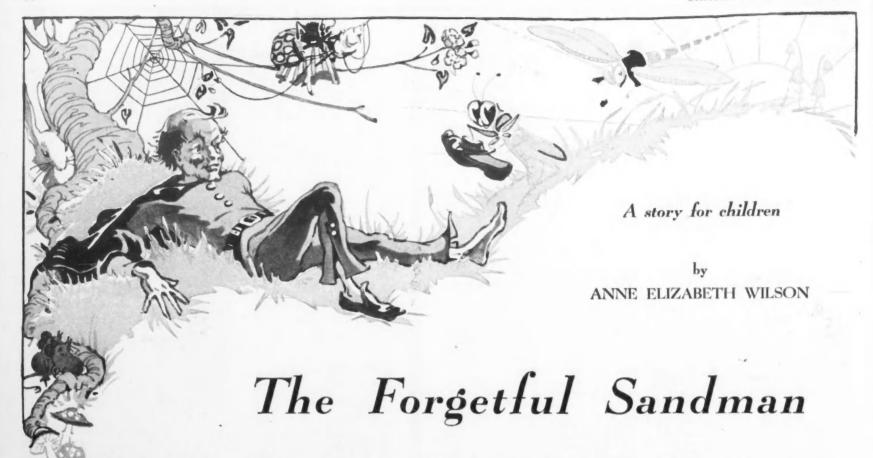
BAND-Work even 2 rounds Jade, 2



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for style and the economy of long wear.



THE SANDMAN was very upset, and it all came of something he had heard about a spanking. Before that, he had always been so proud of his work and how he never once had been late. Whenever mothers said: "Ssssssh, the Sandman is coming!" he liked to think that he had never failed to be there, just waiting. For he could climb in a window with his sack, or come down a chimney like Santa Claus, or even lean over from the branch of a tree and sprinkle sleepy dust in babies' eyes while they lay in their carriages. He had never heard a word against him—until now.

It had happened in such a silly way, too. He was just sitting on the edge of a nice little cottage roof one evening at sunset, waiting to go in, when he heard someone say: "If you don't lie down and go to sleep

now, I shall have to spank you."

"How foolish," thought the Sandman,
"when I'm right out here!" And he hurried for all he was worth to get inside before something disgraceful should happen. He had just put his fingers into his sack for a specially big handful of sleepy dust, when he heard another and shriller voice say: "All right, call the Sandman! The mean old grey thing. Why should a ragged, mousy little man like that stop all the children's fun? Why should we have to go to sleep? We all hate him. We all. ..."

The Sandman's hand was raised, but he let it does to his side without certifician.

let it drop to his side without scattering a bit of sleep about. He looked down at himself then, and realized for the first time how scuffed his shoes were, how tattered his flimsy grey coat. He had always been in such a hurry to get around the world in time every day that he had never given a

thought to tidying himself up at all.

He climbed back out of the window without going farther inside, for suddenly he felt tired, as though some of his own dust they wanted me," he said, unbelievingly to himself. "I never thought they wanted me," he said, unbelievingly to himself. "I never thought they would notice how badly I need some new clothes.

I've been so busy..."

And as he climbed down the porch, he distinctly heard the sound of a very good spanking going on. For a moment he turned to hurry back to help. "Just a pinch—just a pinch of dust," he thought sympathetically. But something was really holding him back now. It was his poor warm little travers that he described on the sympathetic of the sym worn little trousers that had caught on a

"I won't let him see me like this, any-

way," he said, still more worried as he tried to cover up the tear with his long scarf. "I am just a poor grey, ragged ugly old thing that stops all the fun." And for the first time in his life, the Sandman walked through the shadows without looking either here or there. He didn't listen for even the littlest voice calling him. He walked along and along, and the sleepy dust leaked out of his bag and put the grass to sleep under his feet.

He wandered out into the woods and sat

under a tree. It was so long since he had sat down that he could hardly remember how it felt, but it seemed rather pleasant to have nothing to hurry for, nothing to do. After a while, he just curled up on his empty sack and went sound asleep. It was the first time he himself had had time to

sleep in years and years and years.

When he woke, the birds were chirping in the morning light. He had never rea-lized before how lovely it could be to wake and have a whole day before you in one place. He could hardly remember even being about in the full sunlight before, and

it was wonderful.

Moreover, he was delighted with what had happened to his clothes. Someone must have been working very hard over them in the night, for his old cobweb coat had been rewoven and was most fancifully spangled, while his shoes were a fine brown. A grasshopper was just finishing staining them with tobacco juice. The Sandman looked for the tear in his trous-ers, and was overjoyed to find that a friendly darning-needle had sewed it up in

the night.
"Why, thank you all so much," he told them, for sitting beside him was a fat mother spider and the grasshopper, and hovering in the air, was the darning-

"Why, I love to make webs," said the old spider; "what else would I do?" "Besides jumping, I suppose the thing

I like best is to make tobacco juice and molasses," added the grasshopper.

"Why be a darning-needle if you can't arn?" asked the dragon-fly.

dam:" asked the dragon-ny.
With them all talking about their work,
the Sandman could not help but suddenly
wonder how it was back in the houses
where the children were. (It is the way
that one often wakes up happy, but knows there is something that one must worry

If he had only known, back where the

children were it was a very different state of affairs indeed. They had been so long in going to sleep last night that they were tired and cross and didn't want to wake up at all. Their mothers could hardly get them up, and the sunlight only made them

"Pouf!" said the Sandman to himself, trying to shake the sadness out of his thoughts. Why should he wear out his shoes and his clothes and his heart carry-ing sleepy dust night after night, when they

"I don't know what's the matter with the children today," the teachers were saying at school. "They've been fighting and quarrelling all morning."

And out in the woods, the Sandman folded up his sack and put it under a stone as though settling the matter that way. "Now," he said, "it's such a beautiful day

and I'm looking so fine, what shall we do to have some fun?"

"We can jump!" said the grasshopper, as though he had just discovered the best fun in the world.

fun in the world.

"We can spin," said the spider, grinning.

"We can fly," said the darning-needle,

"and catch mosquitoes!"
"Do you know any nice children?" he asked suddenly, quite without knowing why. "Don't they ever come out here to play?"

"The children?" asked the spider in

"What children?" asked the grasshopper.
"Oh, children!" remarked the darningneedle, gravely.
"They're so sweet," explained the Sand-

man apologetically, and just as though it really didn't matter. "Sometimes their hands fall over their faces when I put the dust in their eyes. And I always take their thumbs out of their mouths."

"Quite right," agreed the spider, a trifle

restless.

"Well, let's get out in this lovely sunshine," said the grasshopper. "It won't last long, it won't last long."

"What's that?" asked the Sandman, stopping short. They were coming to a little house in the woods and there was a

pretty little shady spot where a baby was lying in a swinging bed under the trees. "Sssssh!" hissed the Sandman. "He's not very well. Oh, where is my bag? He needs so badly to go to sleep. Just listen to him crying..."

to him crying—"
"I don't want to!" said the darning-

needle, flying fast and swallowing mos-"He'd step on me if he could walk,"

snapped the spider.
"The idea!" said the grasshopper.

But the Sandman couldn't get the baby's crying out of his head all day. He didn't what to do with his empty hands. And when they came to the edge of the wood at sundown, he thought he could hear all the children in the world crying to

"Good-by," said the grasshopper, still trying to jump high; and they saw him no

"Good-by, good-by," said the darningneedle. He circled once, gobbled one more greedy mouthful and lay with his dazzling

wings outstretched on a leaf.

"Good-by, good-by," said the spider in a businesslike way, hardly looking at him.

"I must sit in my web and think now. I've an idea for a new pattern—"
"Good-by," said the Sandman as she hurried away. So this was the way a holihurried away. So this was the way a holiday ended, he thought, shy and lonely. This was his time, and all the children in half the world would be crying their hearts out unless he could get to them soon. What was he doing here with these jumpers and spinners and gobblers?

He thought he knew the tree where he had slept the pight before and he felt

had slept the night before, and he felt about in the shadows for the stone where

he had hidden his bag.

"Ah, there it was! But as he held his sack up, he realized it was empty. Not one

pinch, not one grain of sleepy dust.

"And here am I." he thought, "as ragged as ever! For years and years I've been going round the world, and in all that time I never grew raggeder than I have just playing and wasting my time this one foolish day. Oh, what will I do, if never and never again, I can creep into a house and leave the children sleeping there? Oh, why was I so quick to desert them? why was I so quick to desert them? What can I have done to them; what can I have forgotten to do for them, that they should say I take all their fun away?"

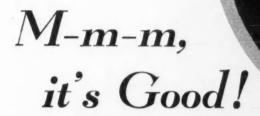
Even the bushes were beginning to light with fireflies, and it reminded him of the lights in widows that he knew and loved so well, and yet perhaps might never reach

again.

"Everything's awake, everything," he said to himself, but as he spoke he felt a soft new turf under his feet. It was so soft and inviting that he decided he would

ousekeeping

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL



and seasoned perfectly

THE SEASONING does it—lifts a dish out of the doldrums and makes it amount to something. Which proves once again that the little things in life make a big difference.

Up to a point good cooking is a matter of rote and rule, but not by that alone will you ever build up a reputation for yourself. True greatness in the culinary line requires the soul of an artist.

Don't get the idea that I mean fanciness or dressing up a dish within an inch of its life. Heaven forbid, though you know I'm not against restrained and tasteful garnish. What I'm referring to are those artistic qualities of ingenuity, inventiveness, appreciation for fine flavors and a sort of divine discontact with anything short of preferring

of divine discontent with anything short of perfection.

Now a woman isn't born a good cook except as she's endowed with a sensitive palate and an ambition to do things well. But any woman can become one if she applies both science and art to her dealings with ingredients. The thing in preparing food is to bring out the latent flavors and savors and to aid nature a bit when necessary. Start with an approved recipe and if you have the good sense to follow directions precisely, the fundamentals will be pretty well looked after. But even the simplest dish offers the chance to express your individuality. How else can you explain the different degrees of success which result?

Take a stew for instance. From the same starting point one woman will produce something worthy but dull and the other a real triumph of culinary art. "Season to taste" leaves a lot up to you and is a challenge to your flair for

Take a stew for instance. From the same starting point one woman will produce something worthy but dull and the other a real triumph of culinary art. "Season to taste" leaves a lot up to you and is a challenge to your flair for developing and blending flavors into a delicious ensemble that your rich relations would travel miles to taste. The cook who has ambitions to make the most of the inexpensive meats and vegetables will keep on hand some accessory ingredients and learn to use them artfully. Salt, of course, for savories can't get along without it and even sweets are all the better for the proverbial "pinch." Pepper, black and white, celery and onion salt, paprika, cayenne, sage, thyme, peppercorns, bay leaves, majoram, mustard, are all willing to do their bit when called upon. Where would Mexican cooking be without its chile? Or the Indian cuisine without curry? Two hot tips for you, by the way, when you want to give character to a bland combination. [Cont'd on page 69]





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pick of the crop, baked to golden-

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th tomato sauce without pork.

Red Kidney Beans

HEINZ BAKED BEANS

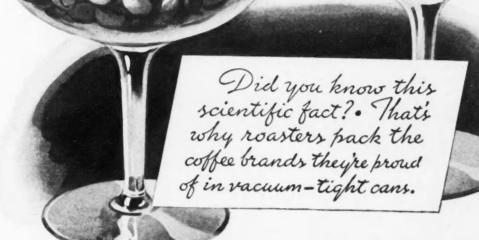
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ON'T ARGUE with your husband when something starts him off on the "good old days" and the glories of his mother's cooking. Just bear with him, remembering that patience is a wifely virtue and

strategy an even greater one.

If you want my advice it's to say nothing but do something about it as soon as possible. One of the most effective antidotes to that reminiscent mood is a pan of hot homemade rolls to be eaten while all their freshness and fragrance are still upon them. First thing you know he'll be shouting from the housetops that you're a fine little woman and that this is a great age we're living in. And another crisis is

Of course you can make them, and even if they were endless fuss you'd probably think he's worth it—considering all the trouble you went to to get him. You might even have the dough all ready in your refrigerator which, if you ask me, is a pretty good tip from one who has never had to deal with the problem. But if you have to start from scratch, here is a foundation recipe designed to turn a grumpy husband into a contented one

Foundation Dough

- 2 Cupfuls of scalded milk
- 14 Cupful of shortening 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Yeast cake 1/4 Cupful of lukewarm
- water 5½ to 6 Cupfuls of flour

Straight Dough or Quick Method of Mixing (when compressed yeast is used)

Put the shortening, sugar and salt in a large bowl, add the scalded milk and cool to *lukewarm*. Dissolve the yeast cake in the lukewarm water, and combine with the first mixture. Add the flour, a little at a time, and blend to form a dough. Turn out on a floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic to the touch.

Sponge Method (for dried or compressed yeast)

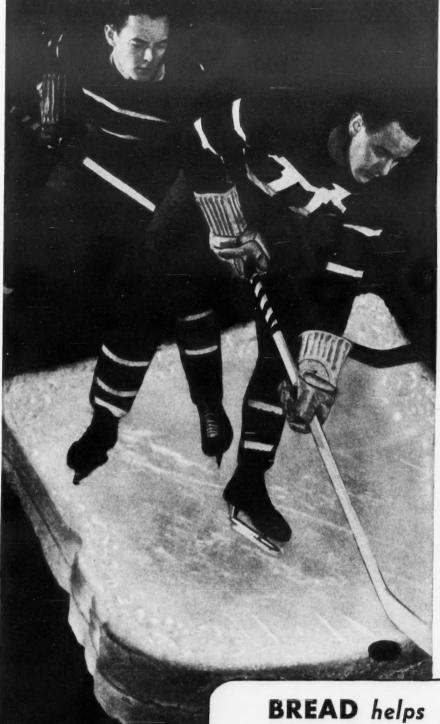
Put the shortening, sugar and salt with the scalded milk. Cool to lukewarm and add the yeast which has been broken up and mixed with the lukewarm water. Add about 3 cupfuls of flour and beat thoroughly. Let rise until light, then blend the remaining flour with it. Knead and return to the pan to rise again. to the pan to rise again.

Now you wouldn't think you could go wrong with that and you're not likely to, provided you know your ingredients and treat them with the respect they consider their due. Bread or general purpose type flour is the kind to use because the gluten it contains makes a more elastic, stretchy dough and gives the right set or shape to your

loaves. So watch that point.

Either compressed or dried yeast will give good results, but the dry is not so quick on the uptake and needs more time to do its stuff. The amount of either depends on how long you are prepared to wait for [Continued on page 70]

You can play a whole period of hockey



on 2 Slices of Bread*

Bread builds energy—keeps up your strength. For health and well-being, diet authorities advise

AT LEAST 6 SLICES EVERY DAY

AT least one-fourth of your body's energy food should come from bread, scientists say.

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And bread not only supplies energy. It is one of the best sources of muscle-building proteins. Actually, we get more muscle food from bread and other wheat products than from any other class of food. So you can feed your family plenty of bread with the positive knowledge that there is no better food at any price. And certainly it is the best and cheapest energy food you can buy!

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HAVE YOU HAD YOUR 6 SLICES TODAY?

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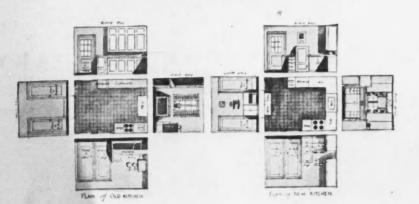
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Top view shows the plan for the modernized kitchen, modern equipment, new sink under the window, cupboards built in with shelves and drawers designed to take care of all her cooking utensils. Small view, left, shows the present kitchen of Mrs. McEown, and right, the special cupboard she would install for small daughter's toys, and a drop leaf table for housekeeping and "snacks." Below are the plans for the old and new kitchen.



Chatelaine's \$500 Kitchen Idea Contest. This is how Mrs. McEown would do over her own kitchen

solution to her kitchen problem, Mrs. McEown, of Saskatoon, walked off with second prize in *Chatelaine's* Kitchen Tdea Contest. As you can see by comparing the present and proposed plan, she has made a general shift and has designed a culinary department in line with modern ideas of efficiency and charm, with the imaginary \$500 to be spent in modernizing her own

\$500 to be spent in modernizing her own kitchen.

No drastic structural changes are considered necessary, but Mrs. McEown hopes to put certain alterations and improvements into effect. Doors remain in their original positions, but one of them will be given a new purpose and a new interest in life. It now leads into an old-fashioned pantry which Mrs. McEown says "has become a catch-all." So she plans to discard it and utilize the space to better advantage. She divides it and uses better advantage. She divides it and uses the front part to make a compact cupboard, 24 inches deep, which opens into the kitchen and provides neat storage for vacuum cleaner, carpet sweeper, cleaning supplies on shelves, and brushes, mops and so on, in a rack on the inside of the door.

And, the entry points out: "This alteration serves a double purpose, as a small bedroom adjoining can be made roomier by using the leftover space of the pantry for a built-in wardrobe and chest of drawers."

One of the chief problems in bringing this kitchen up-to-date was to achieve a more compact arrangement and shorten

traffic routes. To this end the work centres are concentrated with good relationship to each other in one section of the room. First of all, the old-style cupboards along the north wall were torn out, leaving space there to accommodate the new electric refrigerator and modern cabinets. The window was redesigned for the sake of ample light and dressed for smart appear-ance, and is now flanked by commodious cupboards to take care of china, glass, etc. Above it, an electric ventilating fan is installed-so no more cooking odors in this

An old sink has been moved from its position in an awkward corner and a new monel metal one placed underneath the window. Lower cabinets with monel metal tops in a smooth unbroken line complete this unit and provide convenient working counters. Since the range is comparatively new and quite efficient, it does duty in the modernized kitchen and keeps its present location near the entrance to the dining room. But the legs have been removed and it now stands on cabinets of the proper height, which at the same time provide storage space for utensils and eliminate the necessity for cleaning underneath.

MRS. McEOWN has given much thought and applied a good deal of common sense to the interior arrangement of all cabinets; each one is allotted a particular use with shelves and drawers designed accordingly. For instance, the one beside the refrigera-

[Continued on page 70]



City.



Meals of the Month for March



Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Pineapple and Nut Salad Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	DINNER Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Brown Betty Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
Stewed Apricots Cereal Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocca	Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Turnips Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Juice Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Pilchard å la King on Toast Rounds Rice and Cherry Molds Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Spinach Ring with Creamed Eggs Buttered Parsnips Baked Tomatoes Prune and Apricot Pie Coffee Tea
Sliced Bananas Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Casserole of Corn and Sausages Brown Bread Stewed Figs Ginger Wafers Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Slices in hot highly-seasoned Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Green Beans Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee
Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Waldorf Salad Brown Rolls Taffy Tarts Tea	Broiled Cod and Anchovy Butter French-fried Potatoes Cauliflower Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea
Apple Sauce Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Fresh Fruit Cup Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Beet, Apple and Celery Salad Coffee Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
(Sunday) Pineapple Juice Cereal Fish Cakes Coffee Toast Tea	Jellied Tongue Potato Balls Tomatoes Orange Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabhage Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Wafers Coffee Tea
Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Tea	Grilled Lamb Chops Pan-fried Potatoes Canned Berries Cake Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Pork and Spaghetti Head Lettuce Salad Steamed Date Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
Half Grapefruit Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Carrot Loaf Parsley Sauce Stewed Prunes Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Breaded Veal Cutlets Riced Polatoes Creamed Onions Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
Chilled Prune Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jam Tea	Tomato Soup Sardine Salad Lime Jelly with Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Creamed Celery and Oysters on Hot Biscuit Rounds Buttered Asparagus (canned) f Apple Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
Oranges Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Baked Potatoes Pickles Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Glazed Sweet Potatoes Peas Plum Roll Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Smoked Fillets of Haddock Head Lettuce Salad Apple Sauce Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Cheese Omelet Potato Chips Scalloped Tomatoes Pineapple Blancmange Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice French Tosst Maple Syrup Coffee	Pea Soup Sliced Bologna Sauerkraut Salad Left-over Gingerbread Cream Cheese Tea	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Buttered Rice Spinach Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
14 (Sunday) Chilled Grape Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Eggs Brown Bread Celery Radishes Fruit Sherbet Ice Box Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Chicken Cranberry Relish Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
15	Chicken Croquettes	Hot Meat Soup

Chicken Croquettes with Mushroom Soup Sau Orange, Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad with Fruit Salad Dressing Chelsea Buns Tea

Cold Meat Loaf
Warmed Potatoes Relish
Canned Pears Cookies
Tea Cocoa

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Hot Meat Soup Scalloped Potatoes Sliced Beets Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea

Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea

		37
BREAKFAST Grapefruit Cereal Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Diced Fruits in Lime Jelly Wafers Tea Cocoa	DINNER Cream of Onion Soup Salmon and Celery Salad Browned Potato Cakes Peas Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Rice Ring with Curried Lamb Baked Apples with Raisins Cream Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steak French-fried Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cocoanut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
Sliced Bananas Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Crackers Bran Muffins Honey Cream Cheese Tea Cocoa	Baked Fillets of Whitelish with Top Dressing Au Gratin Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Jellied Apricots Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Muffins Coffee Coffee Dates Jelly Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Canned Berries Iced Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Sausage Cakes Creamed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
(Sunday) Orange Juice Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Lobster Brown Finger Rolls Fruit Cup Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Roast of Beef Horseradish Franconia Potatoes Fresh Stewed Rhubarb Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
Rhubarb (from Sunday) Cereal Conserve Coffee Tea	Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Pickles Bananas and Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Buttered Turnips Caramel Cup Custards Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice Grilled Sausages Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Shepherd's Pie Catsup Waldorf Salad Butterscotch Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Cottage Pudding Apricot Sauce Coffee Tea
Stewed Apricots Cereal Scones Coffee Tea	Split Pea Soup Crackers Butter Tarts Tea	Flaked Fish and Mashed Potato Pie Rich Butter Sauce Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Orange Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Cheese Fondu Shredded Lettuce with Dressing Apple Compote Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Steamed Rice Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
(GoodFriday) Orange Juice Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Devilled Egg Salad with Sardine, Celery and Pimiento Garnish* Bread and Butter Sandwiches Fresh Pineapple Hot Cross Buns Tea	Clear Tomato Soup Stuffed Turbots of Fish* Duchess Potatoes* Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
Prune Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Grilled Sweetbreads and Bacon Broiled Tomatoes Fresh Spanish Bun Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Buttered Carrots Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea
(Easter Sunday) Stewed Rhubarb Waffles with Syrup or Honey Coffee Tea	Fresh Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Vanilla Mousse Hot Chocolate Sauce Fancy Cakes Tea	Pineapple Juice Cocktail Hot Baked Ham with Stuffed Prunes and Green Cherries* Mashed Potatoes New Peas Marie's Pudding* Coffee Tea
Orange Halves Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Ham Rolls* Scalloped Potatoes Canned Fruit Cakes Tea Cocoa	Veal Steak Potato Cakes Stewed Tomatoes Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Graham Gems Jelly Coffee Tea	Scalloped Ham and Cauliflower* Brown Rolls Baked Bananas Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Cherry Sponge Macaroons Coffee Tea
Stewed Apples Cereal Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Cabbage and Peanut Salad Rhubarb Cream* Tea Cocoa	Country Sausage Buttered Noodles Braised Celery Steamed Date Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

1937

M-m-m, it's Good!

(Continued from page 61)

Then there is a variety of sauces, catsups, prepared meat extracts in cube or liquid form to improve that stew we're talking about and a host of other dishes. Add a discreet amount and at once the mixture takes on distinction, relish and an agreeable fullness of flavor. Horse-radish, gravy powders, garlic, onion, mint, all have myriad and important parsley. uses which you cannot afford to ignore.

A stew isn't the only thing which asks a little assistance. Soup, sauces, gravy, scalloped, creamed and casserole dishes, meat and fish loaves—hot or cold—depend a lot on proper seasoning for their Leftovers positively demand help from this source and respond amazingly well to clever treatment. Indeed, at the hands of a really smart cook their second appearance is often more pleasing than their first. And the dull things that are sometimes served for lack of toning-up!

So you can see that seasonings have their value from an economical standpoint. I don't know anything that gives such a good return for next to no money, as their use makes it possible to work wonders with inexpensive ingredients. Nor can I think of any greater test of cooking skill than ability to season wisely but not too well. Lots of people make a good beginning but the trouble is they don't know when to stop and it's as bad to be too lavish as too stingy. That's the art of it, for neither I nor anyone else can tell you how much of this or that condiment will best bring out the original flavors to your taste without stealing the show. The test and taste method seems to be best and the thing to strive for is a perfect blend—no one taking too much honor to itself. And with that rule all you have to keep in mind is affinities of flavor, then experiment to your heart's content. Bring adventure to your cooking and give a zest to your table.
Seasonings are important in more than

one course of the meal. They supply a pleasant sharpness of flavor to the appetizer, whether it's a "drinkable" such as tomato juice, a shellfish cocktail with accompanying sauce, or a canapé with a savory topping. They do a lot for soups and chowders; meat stock, vegetable broth and milk soups are varied and enlivened by endless combinations of accessory flavors. All "to taste," you understand, though the recipe will be some guide in this respect. Pay special attention to naturally bland mixtures and let the seasoning make up their deficiencies. Potato soup for in-stance, will be flat and tame if left to itself but interesting with the help of salt, pepper, a little onion, a sprinkling of celery seed or chopped parsley. And in case you don't know it, a certain amount of beef

extract will give an appealing richness and depth of taste and color.

As I said before, main course dishes of fish, flesh and fowl, cheese and eggs are perfected by appropriate seasoning. Ham, with a touch of mustard in its brown coat, boiled tongue with butter sauce in which mace and nutmeg combine their flavors. fried chicken and curry sauce to go with it, are all grand eating. The gravy that "makes" your roast beef or chops is seasoned to a nicety and the sauce that does well by your meat or fish will have a zestful flavor of its own. And stuffings to stuff whatever you're stuffing are just as successful as the seasoning makes them.

Salads, whether they are a course in themselves or an accompaniment, have a zip and a tang by clever and calculated seasoning. Isn't it their mission in life to clear the palate for the sweet?

So don't be an unimaginative, routine cook. Be an artist and your name will be written large in the Hall of Fame. Or at least you'll deserve it.

Spinach Soup

11/2 Cupfuls of cooked spinach

- Cupfuls of scalded milk Cupfuls of boiling water
- 3 Beef extract cubes 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Pepper

11/2 Teaspoonfuls of scraped onion or onion juice to taste

Force the cooked spinach through a purée sieve. Combine the milk and water the top part of a double boiler and dissolve the beef extract cubes in it. Add the puréed spinach. Melt the butter, blend in the flour, salt and pepper and add a little of the hot liquid, stirring well. Return to the double boiler and cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Serve hot,

Madras Curry

2 or 3 Small onions

- 2 Cloves of garlic
- Butter 1 Tablespoonful of curry
- powder Salt
- 2 Cupfuls of water to which beef extract cubes have been added
- 1 Pound of meat (lamb, beef or veal) Juice of 1/2 lemon

Cut the onions in thin slices, chop the garlic and cook in butter until lightly browned. Add the curry powder and salt to taste, then add the hot liquid and simmer for 20 minutes. Add the meat which has been cut in pieces about 1 inch in length and simmer for about 1 hour or until the meat is quite tender. Just before serving, add the lemon juice. Serve hot with seasoned, hot, boiled or steamed rice. N.B. Cooked left-over meat may be used

[Continued on page 72]



These well-established seasonings will help you.



Look for it, even on a single slice!



SWIFT'S PREMIUM: brand name of the finest meats

fruits), covered with one teaspoon strained honey, broiled till brown. I. 1937

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desired. This dough lends itself to all the foregoing shapes and many other more elaborate treatments. Try some of these:

Hot Cross Buns

Add raisins or currants and cinnamon, if you like, after about half the flour is used. Then put in the rest of the flour and blend all together to form the dough. Shape into smooth balls, flatten with the palm of the hand and place on a greased baking sheet—two inches apart. Make two cuts at right angles across the top of the bun. Brush the tops with melted butter and let rise until doubled in size. Bake at 400 deg. Fahr. Just before removing from the oven, glaze the tops by brushing with thin sugar syrup and while still warm after baking, fill the gashes with white icing.

Pinwheel Rolls

Roll the dough into a rectangular-shaped sheet about one quarter of an inch thick. Spread with softened butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, or maple sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll and secure by moistening the edge and pressing against the roll. Cut in slices one inch thick and place on a well-greased pan or in muffin tins—cut side down. Let rise before baking 25 minutes in an oven 375 to 400 deg. Fahr.

Pecan Rolls

Make a caramel mixture as follows: Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a round layer-cake tin, add one-half cupful of brown sugar, stir until melted and add one-half cupful of boiling water. Cook until the syrup is quite heavy. Remove from the fire and sprinkle liberally with pecan nut halves. Place the roll dough on a lightly floured board and roll to one-third-inch thickness. Brush the surface with melted butter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll and cut in one-inch slices. Place the slices about one inch apart in the pan containing the syrup and nuts. Set in a warm place until more than doubled in bulk, then bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—for 20 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly, then turn out on a plate to finish cooling. If desired one-half to three-quarters cupful of raisins may be added.

Swedish Tea Ring

Roll about one quarter to one sixth of the above recipe into an oblong sheet about one-quarter inch thick, on a lightly floured board. Spread with 2 tablespoonfuls of softened—not melted—butter, and sprinkle with the following mixture:

1/2 Cupful of brown sugar 1/4 Cupful each of blanched, chopped almonds, strips of

citron peel and washed raisins

1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon

Press the fruit lightly into the dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Trim the ends and join to form a ring. Cut with the scissors, at intervals of about one inch, from the outside to within a half inch of the centre, and turn each section slightly to the side. Brush the surface with egg white, and allow to rise for two hours at room temperature. Bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven

The Tides of Fundy

by Evelyn Ardis Whitman

Dark on the deep blue arch

of the sky,
The tall spars lift and cling;
Under the keels of the homing
ships,
The tides of Fundy sing.
Like a flower out of the sunset
Night blossoms on the deep,
And savage Fundy softly rocks
Her giant tides asleep.

She's full of the GO that Shredded Wheat gives ...

FEN and merry-eyed, strong and firm of limb, full of life—these are the children who are healthy. See that your children enjoy vital health by serving Shredded Wheat regularly. It's crammed with Nature's precious whole wheat goodness and gives the system everything required to keep it nourished and vitalized. Start them off every morning with Shredded Wheat and hot or cold milk. It's the ideal natural food for everybody.



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Social Success

TOMATO JELLY

(6 Servings-uses only 1/4 package) 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine cup cold water Stalk celery 1/4 cup cold water

cups canned or fresh tomatoes
Few grains cayenne or pepper
1/2 bay leaf (if desired) 1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice 1 tablespoonful onion juice

Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery and Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery and cayenne or pepper and boil ten minutes. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain and turn into molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Or the jelly may be cut in any desired shape and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. The juice of fresh tomatoes makes a delightful jellied salad. iellied salad.

NOTE: Tomato soup diluted with an equal quantity of water, or tomato juice, or tomato juice cocktail may be used instead of the canned or fresh tomatoes.

Tomatoes are no longer ordinary when you use them for this quivery, delicious Tomato Jelly Salad. Knox transforms simple foods into glorious dishes. Yet the recipe uses only a quarter of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

KNOX is the GELATINE

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Old English NO RUBBING LIQUID WAX

Serve These Crisp Rolls Piping Hot

(Continued from page 62)

the rising, whether you set your dough the night before or start in the morning and have the rolls out of the oven by lunch time. The more yeast the more speed, and the proportion will vary from one quarter of a yeast cake to one pint of liquid if you use the overnight method, to two yeast cakes to one pint of liquid when you want to cut the time down to three hours. One veast cake to this amount will give you a finished product in five hours.

Water, milk, or canned milks in their proper dilution give you quite a choice of liquids. Or you can use any combination of these. If condensed milk is used, lessen the amount of sugar called for in the recipe or omit it altogether unless you want a quite sweet mixture.

When the dough is formed, you can put it at once in the refrigerator and keep it closely covered until such time as you take the notion to bake yourself a pan of buns. Then take it out, shape as desired, let rise about two hours or until double in bulk and pop into the oven. This dough will keep in its chilly surroundings for several days and it's a favorite quick trick of the beforehanded housekeeper.

Or, instead of putting the dough in a cool place, you can put it in a warm-not a hot -spot. Let it rise, then punch down, mold into rolls, set again in a warm place. and bake as soon as they are doubled in

Yeast mixtures are very fussy about this matter of proper temperature. They hate extremes and are on their best behavior in an atmosphere around 75 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. It will pay you to pamper them, for cold retards the rising, while even a little overheating causes them to rise too rapidly for the nicest Take particular care if you're setting the dough overnight to keep it in a

moderately warm place out of draughts.

From the foundation recipe above you can make any number of variations in size, shape and richness.

Plain Rolls

Break off small pieces of the dough and shape into balls which are smooth on the surface. Place in greased muffin tins, let rise and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. Or place in a greased pan close together, brushing the sides with melted butter so that the rolls will pull apart easily after they are baked.

Clover Leaf Rolls

Form small bits of the dough into tiny balls of uniform size. Grease muffin pans and put three balls in each. Let rise and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven-400 deg.

Finger Rolls

Form small balls, then roll on an unfloured part of the board until smooth and finger-shaped—about four inches long. Place on a greased baking sheet two inches apart. Bake, after rising about 20 minutes, in a hot oven.

Parker House Rolls

Place the dough on a floured board and roll out lightly until about one third of an inch thick. Cut with a biscuit cutter, then with blunt edge of a knife make a crease across the centre. Brush one half with melted butter, fold the other over it and press the edges together. Arrange on a baking sheet about one and one-half inches apart. Brush with melted butter and let rise until double the bulk. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Twisted Sticks

Shape small pieces of dough into long rolls about the size of a pencil. together and cut the desired length. Let rise, brush with melted butter and bake.

Foundation Recipe for Rich Rolls

Fancier rolls are made from a richer. sweeter dough, and the following recipe is a good starting point for many delicious

1/2 to 1 Cupful of shortening

34 Cupful of sugar

1 Cupful of boiling water

2 Yeast cakes

1 Cupful of cold water

2 Eggs

1 Teaspoonful of salt

6 Cupfuls of unsifted bread or all-purpose flour

Cream the shortening and sugar together and add the boiling water. Allow this mixture to cool until tepid and add the yeast cakes, which have been dissolved in the cold water. Stir until well mixed and add the beaten egg. Combine the flour and salt and sift into the mixture. Blend thoroughly and shape the dough into a

You can use this at once or keep it in the refrigerator till (Cont'd on next page)

Second Prize

(Continued from page 64)

tor and near the entry door is intended as a receiving table for supplies and to provide compartments for linen. Those under the stove are fitted with two shallow drawers for broiling pans, cookie sheets and so on. There are also deep ones in which pie pans, cake tins and pot covers stand on edge, supported by a rack. Other drawers de-signed for flour and bread are lined with tin and have sliding covers. Frequently used small gadgets hang from hooks on a rack at the range and others behind closed doors.

At the opposite end of the room provision is made for storing small daughter's toys — a happy thought not without psychological as well as practical value. Beside it a dropleaf table serves as desk for housekeeping business and can be used 'snacks" on occasion. A telephone, recipe file and cook books are close at hand and an electric clock is in the line of vision. This delightful kitchen has a linoleum

floor, recently laid, so no change was made in this item, and it is not included in the imaginary \$500 which Mrs. McEown spent. Repeating the linoleum colors, the walls are painted cream and the inside of cabinets a bright tile shade. So far, this kitchen, as we have shown it.

exists only in Mrs. McEown's keen imagination. But she writes, "We have just bought this house and since the floor of the kitchen was in very poor shape it had to be attended to immediately, so we started there with very pretty inlaid linoleum. The next change will be moving the sink, which involves changing the vent and buying a sink with no back, which will go under the window. The rest will follow eventually." And since this entry was received she tells us that the cupboards underneath the stove have taken shape and are proving time and labor savers.

To quote this chatelaine again: "I would like you to know how much fun it has been 'spending' \$500 on our kitchen. Some of our ideas were very vague and others scattered here and there in my scrapbook, and it has really been helpful to put them in order and find out the cost of putting our ideas into operation

It has all been very interesting and, thanks to your contest, we have a definite plan to work out."

Sauce

Pudding

, and Sauce for other things too-an ice cream sundae easily to hand . . . over the morning cereal or the last bedtime dish . . . for candied sweet potatoes . . . over hot gingerbread . . "umpteen" uses, and all of them delicious. This thick golden syrup is always fresh, always ready to be poured into emergency dishes, or beaten into foamy desserts. It is a PURE SUGAR syrup, highly refined and sweeter than ordinary syrups. Your grocer has it.



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Marriage Made on Earth

1937

(Continued from page 15)

seemed little use in saying anything. She stood silent, helplessly watching him until ready for bed, he called to her irritably:

"Beverly, for heaven's sake, get back to bed. I don't know what you're standing around for." Her pale, unhappy face penetrated the mists which clouded his brain and in an accesss of tenderness he stumbled and if an access of tenderness he stumbed toward her and clumsily embraced her. "It's all right, darling. What's the matter? I'm a bit tight, but there's no need to be so up in the air. Come on to bed. You're cold."

She drew in a sobbing breath and pressed backward in his arms.

"It's morning nearly. I've been s worried—and—oh, where have you been? I've been so

"Oh, I don't know! Must we have a post-mortem, darling? I'm home now anyway." His head dropped to her neck.
"Come on," he murmured sleepily, but in
overwhelming distaste she pushed him

away.

"Oh I can't! I can't!" she cried. "I don't want to be near you!" Unevenly, lamely in her single shoe she hurried into the bathroom and shut the door. For a little while she leaned against it, listening to him bang about, shouting indistinguish able things, then there was silence and she sat down stiffly on the edge of the bath. A long time passed. It was stuffy and hot in the bathroom and a leaking tap kept up a constant drip, drip, drip. She was uncomfortable and she felt slightly sick and she was not thinking with any clearness. last she got up and to her reflection in the mirror she said drearily,

"Well, this isn't doing any good." What would do good? What could you do about The fact of Tod being drunk, forgetting her, and her being hurt by it? You couldn't do anything about it, if you sat in the bathroom for a week. She was lucky that he had come home at all. That was one of the things he had shouted through the closed door. Lots of men wouldn't come home. He wouldn't come home, one day. With a little stab of prescience she realized that. That was Tod. Something about him. To get away from the knowledge she went into the bedroom and un-dressed hastily. When she was lying beside her husband she felt more secure. Her love welled up again, warming her and she moved close to Tod's still, sleeping body. Now that he was asleep she had him back again and could forget those horrible, dreadful minutes when she had seen a

stranger in his eyes.

It was nothing dreadful, nothing to worry about. All men got drunk occasionally. It didn't mean anything. This was Tod, her husband who loved her. And she loved him. They were together forever. To be happy and safe. She put her hand on his back and felt his hard, muscled shoulders, warm through the silk of his pyjamas. Tod, her husband, whatever he did. She fell asleep.

WHEN SHE woke again the sun was streaming into the room. She felt tired and unrefreshed and raising herself on an elbow she saw that it was nine o'clock. For a few minutes she lay, reflecting on the night's events and they seemed less tragic when she viewed them through sun-blinded eyes. Tod was still sleeping like a log, and with a sudden confiding move-ment she leaned across and lightly kissed him. That's for forgiveness she said, because you'll be so sorry when you wake up. And I won't forgive you so easily then

She discovered she was hungry. They always took an age to send up coffee, so if she ordered it now, Tod might be awake

She took the telephone and managed very creditably, ordering in French to be answered in discouragingly fluent English They are no help to one in learning the language she was thinking, and hardly realized the import of the message which

the clerk was delivering to her.
". . . that Miss Ingram will not be able to lunch with Mr. Firth as promised, but he may call for her at four o'clock. Miss Ingram's maid had just telephoned."

Beverly put the receiver back slowly. She felt a queer dropping away in her breast and because the feeling was unbear-able she leaned over and shook and called Tod until he woke. He did this reluctantly, groaning as he sat up. He put his hands to his head and asked if there was any water about.

"Beside you," Beverly said. "Tod, I-"Just a minute, darling. I'm not conscious." He gulped the water, groaned again and turned to her without enthusiasm.
"Hullo. What's the time?"

"Not late—I don't know. After nine.
Tod, I want to talk to you. Please, Tod—"
as he settled himself back on the pillows.

"But, Beverly, not now. What on earth can you talk about at nine in the morning? Have you any aspirin?" His eyes began to close, and in a little frenzy she shook him again. He sat up, fully awake this time

again. He sat up, fully awake this time and intensely irritable.

"What's the matter! Can't you let me sleep in peace? What do you want?"

"Tod," her lip quivered, "I want—I thought, after last night—"

"Well, what about it? It was a thick right and I'm point for it. Can't went.

night, and I'm paying for it. Can't you see that?" But, Tod, I waited for you. For hours.

It was awful. I—"
"I'm sorry, dear. I passed out. To tell you the truth I don't remember much. But these things will happen. Don't, for heaven's sake, take it so seriously!"

"Somebody sent a message to you," she said in a small, frozen voice. "A Miss Ingram to say she won't be able to lunch with you.

"Good. Then I can get some sleep."

"But, Tod, you must have—I don't understand. Who is she?" "Oh lord! A girl I know! Molly Ingram. She was with the party last night. I must have made a date with her. I don't remember."

"But it's so strange. On our honeymoon. I mean I'm not jealous or anything. But it hurt me. It—I can't understand. You don't seem to act as if we're married at all.'

"My dear, you're making a mountain out of this! Molly Ingram is nothing to me. She's an old friend and a good sport. I don't even remember asking her to lunch with me. If I did, it's not grounds for a divorce!"

"But—but on our honeymoon," she faltered, and he took her up, repeating savagely.

"Yes, on our honeymoon! On our honeymoon! And a fine honeymoon you're making it. The first week was all right, but for the past week you've done nothing but nag, or act like a tragedy queen if I'm five minutes late for an appointment. I'm not the kind of man who can be tied to any woman's apron-strings. The sooner you realize that the better! I take a good time where I can find it. I've no illusions about life—or women. I thought you might feel much the same as I do. You were cooped up there, and you seemed keen on the idea of a good time. I'm willing to give it to You're beautiful and you attract me more than any other girl has doneyou like. Let's take what we want from each other, but don't let it stop us taking what we want from others as well. But this Siamese twins idea of marriage you've got is out of date, and gives me the cramps
—frankly!" In the horrible silence which followed something in her face struck him

and wrung from him a sulky apology.
"I'm sorry. But you'll have to learn that nine in the morning after a heavy night is not the time for recriminations."

"Do you often have heavy nights?" she said with difficulty.

"Oh, now and again. It's a family failing, or ability. Drink never killed a Firth.



HURRAH! **TODAY 79 YEARS YOUNG!**



You must be in A1 condition to stand this

"WELL, what of it—lots of men reach that age?" Oh, yes? And they "never had a sick day," they will tell you, but when I was fifty Sir William Osler told me I could not live four months, and all those fifty years I'd been physically an underling, and from 32 on a "down-and-out," always in the throes of pain, and disease. Then I took hold of what was left of myself and for 29 years I have climbed steadily until, as I write on my 79th birthday, I fully believe I stand on the very pinnacle of abounding health. And oh! the happiness of this exalted state of body and mind!

"Believe it or not," life is, for me, one continuous jubilation. I run and walk, write books, travel and lecture, work and laugh. The days aren't long enough to suit me. "Believe it or not," I don't care a "whoop," but in all sincerity I assert I can help any and every reader whose organs are not already so degenerated or dis-

eased as to be practically beyond repair, to the same state of exultant, ecstatic health and the successful life that must result therefrom.

Again "I don't care a whoop" how you decide, but I solemnly declare that, while my foods are not the sole means which I have made use of, a free use of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub have played a greater part in my regeneration and rejuvenation than all other means combined.

eration and rejuvenation than all other means combined.

Hundreds of thousands have been similarly blest. Anyone who cares can prove that anything I say in words can only faintly portray the health benefits derivable from a free daily use of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub, for say, two weeks. Take one or two full meals a day for a few consecutive days, note the full, free eliminations of the intestinal waste (if simultaneously you take no laxatives or enemas) and the resulting sense of daily increasing animation and wellbeing. You will then need no further proof of my claims. You will know this is your cheapest, most certain road to bubbling, jubilant, ecstatic health. Most people fear disease. I defy it at 79. Write for my free bulletins on food and health. Address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Rott Seerum U.D.



taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man," featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

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M-m-m, it's Good!

(Continued from page 69)

in this recipe, in which case it is added to the sauce 15 to 20 minutes before serving.

Rice Tamale Pie

1 Cupful of uncooked rice 1 Can of tomato soup (undiluted)

1/3 to 1/2 Cupful of green olives, cut in lengthwise strips
2 Teaspoonfuls of chili powder

2 Cupfuls of minced cooked

chicken or other meat 2 Cupfuls of prepared gravy or bouillon, or diluted meat extract

Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the rice well and cook until tender in a large quantity of boiling salted water. Drain, rinse in clear water and drain again. Combine with all the other ingredients and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.

Devilled Kidneys

4 Sheep kidneys

Teaspoonful of flour

1 Teaspoonful of curry powder Dash of cavenne

Teaspoonful of meat extract 1/2 Teaspoonful of meat each 2 Teaspoonfuls of condiment

sauce 1 Teaspoonful of prepared

mustard

2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice 1 Teaspoonful of tomato catsup

Wash and skin the kidneys, split without separating the two halves and remove the fat and tubes from the centre. Soak for 1/2 to 1 hour in cold water and wipe dry. Combine the flour, curry powder and cayenne, dip the prepared kidneys in this mixture and sauté in melted butter until tender. Combine the meat extract, the sauce, lemon juice, mustard and catsup in a small pan and heat. Place the sautéed kidneys on squares of buttered toast and add the butter which remains in the pan to the sauce mixture. Pour this over the kidneys, garnish with crisp parsley and serve hot.

Savory Rarebit

1 Beef extract cube

1 Cupful of milk 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter

11/2 Tablespoonfuls of flour 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

Dash of cayenne 1/4 Teaspoonful of mustard

1/2 Pound of soft cheese

Add the beef extract cube to the milk and heat until dissolved. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until blended. Gradually add the hot milk mixture, stirring constantly and cooking until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add the seasonings and the cheese which has been cut in small pieces. Stir only until the cheese is melted and serve at once on crackers or toast.

Mustard Sauce (for fried scallops, oysters, etc.)

2 Teaspoonfuls of dry mustard Condiment sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls of water

1/4 Cupful of melted butter

Combine the mustard, a few drops of condiment sauce and the water. Add the melted butter and serve.

Scalloped Haddock

3 Pounds of haddock

1 Tablespoonful of minced onion

1 Tablespoonful of minced carrot

1 Tablespoonful of minced celery
1 Tablespoonful of minced

green pepper Pork fat or bacon dripping

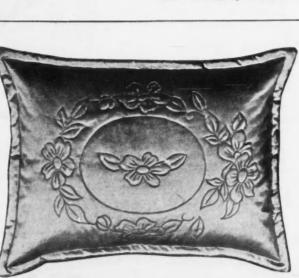
2 Cupfuls of cooked or canned tomatoes

1 Teaspoonful of sugar

½ Teaspoonful of salt 2 Whole cloves Small piece of bay leaf 2 or 3 Sprigs of parsley 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter

3 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Boil or steam the haddock until tender and flake it, removing the bones and all the skin. Cook the minced onion, carrot, celery and green pepper in the fat or dripping for 5 minutes, then add the tomatoes, sugar, salt, cloves, bay leaf and parsley. Simmer together for 10 minutes. Rub through a sieve and add additional salt, perpent and a deah of pepper and a dash of cayenne as desired. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the hot tomato mixture. Stir and cook until thickened, then mix with the flaked fish. Turn into a buttered baking dish and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Place in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned.



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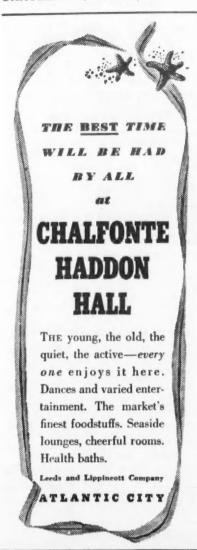
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She must laugh, and please Tod and be gay. Well that was easy enough. Some-body quarrelled. Loudly, horribly and there was a smashing of glass, and a hurried exit. But the night had repeated new beginnings. She thought if she could get away and be very quiet for just a few minutes it would be easier to laugh again. Nobody noticed her go. That was one thing about this party. Nobody noticed anyone for long. She drifted away past tables, through smoke and din. She very courageous. She did not need Tod at all. And he would like her for that, for not interfering. As she passed them, she smiled brightly on that woman with the black hair, with the pale face, who had been dancing so much with Tod. Just a bunch of good sports. She was a good sport herself some man had said.

Beverly wandered out, made a careful scrutiny of her make-up and came back to her table. A man whom she knew as Ronny was sitting at the table and with him a young, blonde girl whose name she did not know, though they had lived a whole life together during this interminable night. Or it seemed like that . . . All the rest were dancing. She stood behind the two at the table and looked at the dance-floor and tried not to see if Tod was with the black-haired woman.

"But she's his wife, I tell you," the blonde young girl was saying. "Mrs. Absolutely Firth, believe it or not."

"Well that's nice," Ronny said. "That's what I like about old Tod. He keeps up his British habits, even in Paris. Calls the lady his wife, even in the most licensed circles. His movements were not as controlled as his voice and he spilled the champagne as he poured it. But the blonde girl took no notice of that and remarked, in a passion of insistence, "I tell you they're married. In France or in England . . . they're married. Mr. and Mrs."

Well I hate to disillusion you . . but I can prove it. Now . . . wait a minute . . . here in this pocket . . . oh what's it matter, let's drink to the bride, whoever

Beverly walked around the table into their view. She smiled, as if she had heard nothing, because she could think of nothing to say. In such a situation there were clever devastating things to say. , one read them in books. But she was not clever, and she did not know how to rise from humiliation and be devastating. So the part forward her clear and it was filled. she put forward her glass and it was filled. She drank with the other two, who had forgotten by now what they had decided to drink to. But as she wet her dry lips with champagne Beverly thought,

SHE AWOKE next morning after a deep dreamless sleep. Her head ached slightly and her mouth was dry from too many unaccustomed cigarettes. But after a bath she was fresh enough. A little weary of Paris, she decided as she stood, looking from the window matter. from the window, waiting for breakfast and for Tod to bathe. He had awakened in a good humor, pleased with her and with life, and she wondered if it might be a good moment to suggest their going somewhere else, though it seemed absurd to be weary after two weeks of a place you had dreamed of seeing all your life. She had been seeing the wrong Paris, she suspected, but with

they stayed there. Letters came up with the breakfast, and a newspaper sent from England. She was fingering it, when Tod came out of the

Tod there would be no other, however long

'Somebody has sent you the Times," she

said. "And some letters for you."

But he frowned as he regarded the letters. "The family. How did they track us here?"

"What do you mean, track us here?" Beverly said apprehensively. "I thought

"I gave them the bank address, always do." He was opening a letter.

"Then you have heard from them, and you didn't tell me. I've been afraid to ask.

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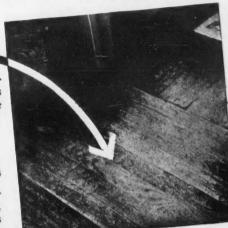
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They can take it." There was a faint pride in his voice. "So you'd better get used to the idea, and not start on me in the morn-ings, making me vicious. I don't want to hurt your feelings. I don't enjoy hurting anvone.

Above her hurt sensitive mouth her eyes were tearless, but widely opened. She was twisting the sheet with trembling fingers. "But you meant those things you said?"

Well, I needn't have put it so crudely. But, in the main, I suppose those are my ideas. Live and let live. They aren't such bad ideas; it's just that I gave them to you bad-temperedly. I'm sorry, darling. Forgive me?" He closed his hand over hers which was twisting the sheet, and at his caress her set, pale face broke up, twisted, and she began to cry in sobbing, painful breaths.

"Oh it's not a matter of forgiving!" she said brokenly. "It's something I've got to understand. You—the way you feel. It shocks me. It's horrible. I can't explain

"Well don't try," Tod said. Really she cried very easily. It was a bit hard. He put his arm around her, but she drew quickly

"I don't know why you married me at all. You don't need me You—"
"My dear," he almost groaned. "Can't we have this a little later? I'm sorry I let we have this a little later? I'm sonly have you down last night. But honestly I can't you down last night. When a see anything so dreadful in it. When a fellow's drunk he's not accountable for what he does.'

"But why—why get married?" she persisted in bitter unhappiness. "I—"

"I don't know why!" Tod shouted. "Do you always sit down and think up reasons for everything? I wanted you and it seemed a good idea. I thought we'd hit it off. I didn't sit down for a week to think up reasons. Come to that neither did you. It seemed a good idea to you, too. You wanted me and what I could give you, and that was that. Now here we are married, and we could be enjoying it, if you'd let us, instead of getting hysterical about nothing at all. I don't want you to be unhappy. I hate unhappy people! I—" There was a knock at the door and he called furiously:

It was the waiter with breakfast.

"Bon jour, m'sieu—'dame!"
"Bon jour all right," Tod said crossly.
"Well it seems you're determined the day shall begin at nine o'clock!" As the door closed behind the waiter he got out of bed and went off to the bathroom, wondering if he had been a fool after all. He should have known better, if anyone should have known better, if anyone should. But there was something about her. You had to admit. She could make you mad for her when she wasn't having these dramatic moods. Oh well

He set the taps rushing. She'd get over it. And if they didn't shake down together well, it was not a life sentence.

Beverly got out of bed and put on a dressing gown. She brushed her hair to silken smoothness and bathed her face with eau de cologne. She was very pale, so she rouged her cheeks faintly. All the time she kept saying to herself in a desperate repetition: If I knew what to do . . . if I knew what to do

This bewildering stranger was Tod. Tod who was to have been her haven and refuge against the hurts of life had turned into someone hard and incomprehensible and He believed nothing she believed, thought nothing which she thought. But they were married, belonging to each other forever. What did one do?

THERE WAS a letter for her on the table where the breakfast was served. Not from her mother, but from old Martha, the only servant they had, and whom they had always had as long as she remembered. A dour, hard woman Martha, whose devotion to Mrs. Raine seemed to preclude all other Well there would be nothing feeling. cheering from Martha.

But she opened the letter eagerly, feeling less abandoned to her present woe by this reminder that she had roots in a home soil, however arid. Martha was kinder than she expected. She wrote:

Dear Miss Beverly,

As you know your mother does not write letters. But she has received yours and says I may write to you. We wish you happiness in your new life, though I must say your action was a shock to your mother though she shows nothing. She has kept to her room a good deal. However, she is much as usual and I look after her. I will continue to do so, as you well know. You will have your own life to live now. That it will be happier than your poor mother's is the wish of, Yours sincerely.

Martha Bates.

She was still looking at the letter when Tod came out of the bathroom. He was smiling. He had washed away the incident of their quarrel and his bad temper. At the sight of his good-looking boyish face, his merry blue eyes, Beverly knew that there was no use in saying more.

Well, darling, got over your grouch? at's better. You're looking beautiful That's better. again. I hate cross girls. kiss me." Come and

In her bewildered helplessness she was grateful to let her problems be misted by

the passion of their kiss.

"And so to eat," Tod said a little later.
"But fresh coffee, if you love me. Hot and strong." He telephoned down, while she watched him with pride in his physical good looks and his swift, assured voice. There was so much to love in him. Perhaps there was enough. And all the other things that one desired were dreams and foolish-

"What are we doing today?" asked Tod, as, a moment later, the fresh coffee was brought in.

"Fontainebleau, you said. I thought-"Well that takes up time rather. I'd made a sort of date for us tonight." He was eating with healthy appetite. The effects of the night's dissipation were no longer apparent.
"Well, Versailles, I'd like to go there

again. To be alone in the gardens with you. It was wonderful there."

He grinned at her. "You're a nature-lover, aren't you? All right, I could do with some fresh air. We'll go and be a

couple of trippers."

But he enjoyed Versailles. He was amiable, amusing, and in the perfumed, drowsy afternoon they sat in leafy woods and in his love-making, Beverly refound her earlier rapture.

"Perhaps you're a nymph." Tod said.
"You react better in the forest." He was half asleep. "This is as it was in the beginning." beginning.

'Is now and ever shall be." she finished. and her wish was strong, like a prayer.

WHEN EVENING came and they returned to Paris she was happy and resolved to please him. She looked marvellous he said, and that helped her. Perched on the arm of a chair, she tried to find something to say to the men who surrounded her, and in desperate shyness voiced inanities. But it was all right. Nobody listened to anyone else, she found after a while. If laughed a lot and was ornamental . When, casually, Tod deserted her, she maintained her peise, her vivid, charming smile, and she seemed to please. But as the night wore on, her mouth felt stiff, as if the smile was something rigid, which would not come off. But I'm seeing life, she told herself dis-

mally. This is Paris and I should be enjoy-Everyone else is. Or were they? looked around the smoky little dance hall which had been so difficult to find-up streets, down streets, into back streets guided by someone whose persist-ence was greater than his knowledge—and which hardly seemed worth finding. Black men, brown men, and women, whose yellow heads gleamed for a moment and were lost in shadows. Well, Tod was enjoying himself anyway. Her head was

aching. But the night was young.



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LUX for dishes

the family is flatteringly pleased. But you're a grand fiancé to bolt off after the sealing kiss. Just as well I know you. I'd hate to have to learn about you after marriage. How's Paris? Give it my love, and be home for the party on the fifteenth. If you aren't I'll slay you. I'm not going through an engagement party without a fiancé. Very dull here, but your poppa is making over those mining shares as a wedding settlement. Was I clever? So we can make gilded plans!

Annette."

The letter fluttered to the table, and Beverly sat staring with wide, dark eyes, at nothing at all. But at last she turned to her husband who was standing at the window, and in all her bewilderment her greatest surprise was that anyone who looked so strong, should be so weak. A coward and a liar, for all his straight strength of limb and his broad shoulders which, at one time, she had thought, would sustain all the burdens which life might put upon them both.

Her voice was hard and toneless when

she spoke.

"So you've never told them. You've lied to me and you've evidently lied to them. This wouldn't have happened without more than your tacit consent to—well things going on."

In his own discomfort he turned on her savagely.

"Oh don't make such a drama out of it! I didn't know they were going to bung it in all the papers, did I?"
"It's usual," Beverly said. "Then you

were definitely engaged to your cousin?"

"Oh, I suppose I was . . . that night we came away. I was fed up with all the argument, and wanted to get away in peace. It seemed the best thing at the time. I meant to write to Annette and tell her to call it off, but—"
"But you just never bothered." His

selfishness, his complete inability to consider the hurt of others appalled her. In a sudden intense illumination she saw Tod as he really was, stripped of his charm and physical attraction, and the futility of protest overcame her. But she did protest. "And didn't it occur to you that I might

And didn't it occur to you that I might be hurt by this way of doing things; and that Annette, if she is in love with you, might suffer horribly?"

"Oh, don't be silly. You don't know anything about it. Annette isn't in love with me. The arrangement suits her, that's all. She hasn't a bean and—"

"Oh stop talking like that! I can't bear it. What do you know about loving!" She was on her feet, hands clenched, her eyes blazing. "You don't know the meaning blazing. of the word. You've never loved anyone except yourself. But I love you, and I won't let you be a rotter and a coward and do these things to people! I won't let you. We're going back today and you can face them. You."

them. You . . ."
"Don't be a fool, Beverly! You don't catch me going near dad for months, not on top of this. I know him. I'll write and explain things and give him time to get over it. If we land there now, while he's still raging, he's quite likely to boot us out

of the place."
"Well let him! I'm not going to have any more lies. I should never have done this . . . never!"

"Well you did, and you seemed pretty

keen, at the time, if you'll forgive my saying so."

Her temper died as suddenly as it had risen. She stood very still, head bent, one hand clutching the laces and ribbons at her breast.

"It won't do, Tod," she said, her voice low and firm. "We've begun wrongly. I don't know very much. But I know—I feel we can't make a success of our mar-riage if we go on like this. We must go back today and straighten things out, whatever happens. Nothing really bad can happen if we stick together and if we're honest and try to understand each other. We . . ."

"Oh, darling, this is no time for one of your curtain lectures! Will you be a good

girl and let me handle this? Just for-

She faced him determinedly, her lips set, her candid eyes dark with pain beneath the childish tumble of her hair. "It's no good, Tod. We're going back

today. If you won't come with me, I'll go

THE PLANE bore them swiftly over the sun-spangled waters of the channel. Too engrossed by her problems to be timid of this means of travel as she might have been, Beverly endured the novelty almost thoughtlessly. Now and then, as she glanced from the window and saw earth and sea at dizzy distance her breast was tangled by a throb of fear and she reflected that all beings hold their and sea. that all beings had their cowardice. She was afraid of this swift rush between sky and sea and perhaps Tod was as little responsible for his particular cowardice, which did not apply to anything physical. A little uprush of tenderness broke through the curious hard crust which had overlain her emotions ever since preparation for this journey had begun. She leaned for-ward and put a small gloved hand on her husband's knee, and Tod glanced at her moodily.

"We'll soon be there, won't we?" she said. Her smile wistfully asked for comfort, but Tod gave none.

"If we didn't get there for a year, it would be too soon," he growled. He was regretting his submission to her, made in a moment of intense exasperation, and his brain, trained and fertile in schemes to save himself from unpleasantness was searching for a way out of this mess. At any rate the meeting with his family could be postponed.

be postponed.

"There's no point in driving down there tonight, is there? We'll get in very late. We may as well put up at a hotel for—"

"No," she said. Her heart sank. "No, Tod. If you won't come, I'll go down myself, by train."

What a woman! And she looked the softest, sweetest thing. This was not turning out at all as he had imagined it Really.

ing out at all as he had imagined it. Really, up to date the compensations had been far below the disadvantages. Yet at the time it had seemed a marvellous idea. Driven him mad, she had, meeting him for an hour, then rushing away, frightened of everything on earth. He tried to restore his self-esteem, because he was feeling very much of a fool. Tod Firth, landed, married, tied up like any husband in the comic strips! Who were you out with last night?

And paying for this dubious delight all this. Annette could be a mean devil. If she chose, she could make his of course, if she father ten times worse. Of course, if she helped . . . Well the sooner the old man had his rage and got over it, the better, and mother would probably stand by until the

The joke of it was. Beverly seemed to be one of those crabbing wives after their own hearts, whereas Annette was everything they least desired, if they only knew! You had to hand it to Annette. A faint regret stirred in him. After all, there wouldn't have been any kick in being married to Annette; they thrilled each other about as much as a couple of door posts, but they would have had the sense not to interfere with each other's pursuits.

The plane was dipping in its flight to earth when Beverly reached across and clutched her husband's hand. For a long time they had sat in unbroken silence, but now, in a little panic she turned to him for

sustenance. "Say something, Tod. Something to help me!"

He smiled at her, somewhat ashamed. "I didn't think you needed help. You've been sitting there so cool and collected, and I've been saving my breath because I'll need it all later on." The slightest of bumps told of their landing and he stood up, taking Beverly's arm, which he

up, taking bever, squeezed casually. "Cheer up. They won't kill us, you know!" But his own weakness was manifest. It was odd, she reflected a little



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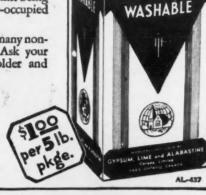
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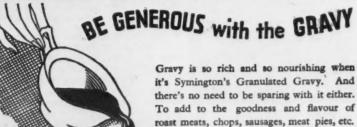
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Are they-is it-do they hate it. Tod?' "Oh, that's all right; don't you worry

Tod said shortly. "They'll like it all right when they see you. Of course it was a bit of a shock." He seemed embarrassed, and without reading his man... and began to pour coffee.

today?

"Whatever you like," Beverly spoke slowly, not wishing to change the subject but afraid to continue it, afraid to alter his mood. She had paid last night for this peaceful morning and wished to keep her peace.

"You think up something attractive and I'll read the *Times*. May I? Because I have no letters."

"Sure, darling, you're welcome. That will be father letting me know the state of the country. He always hopes I'll go into politics." She did not echo his laugh. "Well why not?" she said eagerly.

"For ten reasons," he interrupted. "One. I don't want to, and the other reasons don't matter. What do you say to Trouville for the week-end? Maurice Chase is

driving down and suggested we go along."
"It would be nice." You could not blame a man for thinking exclusively of enjoying himself on his honeymoon, she told herself, denying the idea that thought of little else. But this solved the problem of how to ask him that they might leave Paris. Trouville, merely a name to her, might be happier.

"Tell me about Trouville," she said, immersed in the newspaper now. It was two days old and she merely read the headlines as she turned the pages, but a black, inked cross rivetted her attention.

"The Marrs will be there, too," Tod said after a brief outline of the attractions of Trouville. "We should have some fun, I'm sick of this bunch. What's the

"Listen, Tod, here's something dreadful!" Her tone arrested him. He took the newspaper which she folded back with shaking fingers and the inked cross drew his eyes to the paragraph she intended him

The engagement is announced and the marriage will take place shortly of Theodore (Tod) Bevan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bevan Firth, of Horsely, and Annette Jean, only daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. G. J. Macdonald.

He put the paper down slowly, and without meeting his wife's eyes he found and lit a cigarette. His hand shook slightly

This," he said at last into the silence,

"is one stupid mess."
"But I—I don't understand," Beverly stammered. "This is—it's only two days ago. Don't they know? Does it mean . . ."
"Oh, just a minute, Beverly!" Tod said shortly. "Wait until I look into it."

He read his letters while she watched him anxiously, but when he had finished

he said nothing, threw the opened letters on the table and got up. "It's nothing for you to worry about. I'll send a few wires." But he was badly

"Please, Tod, you can't stand there and tell me nothing! How did it happen? I've got to know. I—" got to know. I-"Oh for goodness' sake, dear, don't start

being hysterical. Give me a moment to work this out, will you? It's just a 'A very unpleasant one," Beverly said.

Her lips were trembling, but she added with sudden resolution,

'May I see those letters?"

"Good lord, no! What an idea," Tod said, then hesitated, shrugged his shoulders and amended,

"Oh, you may as well see them." But the first letter she picked up, a brief, large scrawl on heavily embossed paper told her all she wanted to know. The letter was from Annette.

"Darling," she wrote. "The thing is now official, as you see by the Times and

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No. 751. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 00 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved dress.

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Make Your Own

(Continued from page 47)

welt. Long stitch on the back, shorter stitch on the front. Clip the welt at the

corner to make a good turn (diagram 2).

To Join the Welt (diagram 3).—Cut the welt to fit and pin the join; seam and press open. Cut the piping cord just to meet. Finish tacking in place, completing the cover. Place the other side in position, right side inside, and pin at the corners and along the welt. Overcast the edges together and backstitch round the corners, keeping the welt in place (diagram 4). With the piping foot on the machine, stitch very close to the welt. Stitch round the four corners, leaving one end open 1 in. from the corners. Use cotton to match, No. 40, and glazed cotton for tacking, No.

Facing (diagrams 5 and 6).—Turn in 1/2 in. at end, and place the right side of the facing on to the wrong side of welt, edge to edge. Stitch along close to the welt. Press the welt out well, turn in the facing in, and stitch down, making the facing 1 in. wide. Do not stitch the ends.

Strap (diagrams 7 and 8).—Turn in ½ in. at end, fix on the right side of opening, and stitch along. Open the seam, press well out with the thumb, then press back flat again. Turn down ½ in., turn back on to the stitching, and stitch all round the four sides by machine, making a 1-in. strap when finished.

To Finish Strap (diagram 9).—Set strap in place, and slip-stitch edge to neaten. Place the strap over the facing 18 in., stitch down, and return by cross-stitching it back, making the flap quite firm. Work

the other end of the flap in the same way.

Fastening.—The cover can be fastened either by press studs or hooks and bars the latter stand wear better, or both placed alternately is a good plan. Place the hooks about 1 in. from each end 2½ in. to 3 in. apart. Fix position of the hooks by pins. To fix the position of the bars, place the opening together, keep same stretched, and mark position of bars exactly opposite the pins for the hooks. Stitch on the hooks. Place the top of the hook against the seam of the facing, and stitch hook and shank on firmly, with thread. Place the bar below the seam of the strap with the curve over not under. This prevents the hooks from coming unfastened. Take the cotton into the hem at the back to finish off.

The bolster differs in shape, but is made and welted in the same way. Fold the eiderdown as described, in half, then roll it the reverse way, making a bolster. Measure the length and circumference, also across the circular end. The usual single-bed size rolls into: $29\frac{1}{2}$ in. length, $31\frac{1}{2}$ in. round (with allowance for seam $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., 33 in.) and 10 in, across the circular end.

Pattern.-Make a rectangle, 291/2 in. by 33 in. and two circular pieces diameter 10 in.; cut facing 29 in. by 2 in. and strap 29 in. by 3 in. Prepare welting as for pillow

To Make. -See that the rectangular piece exactly fits round the circles, and seam up lengthwise for 2 in. at each end, leaving the centre open to take the eider-Welt round the ends as for pillows, joining the welt in the same way. Set on the circular ends, overcast, and stitch near welt. Set on the strap and facing as for pillows, and fasten with hooks and bars.

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bleakly, that he should be like this. Genuinely afraid of the interview ahead of them, hating it so desperately, when he looked, talked, as if no situation could put him out of countenance. Well, she would have to do her part.

Odd. But she had by now accepted the idea of his moral weakness, and she was able to find a little humor in the situation. It would be ludicrous to anyone, she thought, who watched them together now, she helplessly hovering under the wing of his protective efficiency, while her mind ranged forward busy in defense of him, and her heart was stirred with a pitying, maternal tenderness for his weakness and inabilities

During their absence the car had been left at a garage in town, and she went with him to fetch it. After those brief minutes of the plane's landing when he had shown some kindly awareness of her distress, he had relapsed into sulkiness, and spoke

But once in his own car. Tod seemed to gather courage. When they set off again, his mood had changed to one of garrulous confidence in himself and in her. He drove recklessly, but surely through the late afternoon traffic which streamed golden in the setting sun, constantly assuring her of a successful passing of the ordeal.
"I'll just spill the truth about Annette.

I've been covering up that kid for years. Then dad'll be so relieved he'll probably welcome you with open arms. He might even commend my taste. How are you The car swerved as he turned for a sidelong glance at her, and he laughed without much mirth at some joke he found in the pale, set face.
"Rather funereal, aren't you?

canary has circles under her eyes. Well, . these honeymoon couples. But you'll have to freshen up a bit. It's the dewy freshness and the innocent eye that get dad."

She said nothing. Tears stung the back of her eyes but did not fall, and he laughed

'Well you do buck a fellow up, I must say. Now that you've got your own way, you might brighten up and help a man. The trouble with you, Beverly, is that you don't know anything about men.'

'Yes, I think that is the trouble," said slowly, unbearably hurt, and for the first time questioned her own blame in their unhappiness. To love a man was not enough for his good. The right woman loving him was what mattered. Someone who knew all about men might have been more successful with Tod, made him do the right things because he wanted to. Whereas she had only roused his resentment. In her bewilderment she had chosen the wrong way, and was dulling the weapon of his love for her, instead of sharpening it to be used in their mutual defense. But what was the right way? You loved, you said what you thought, what you felt, you wanted happiness, God knew everything was wrong. A sense of her inability overcame her and she sat silent, until Tod. too, abandoned his attempts at jocularity and relapsed into his earlier

"The sooner this is over, the better I'll like it," he said once and in like it," he said once, and in a burst of acceleration the miles slid away.

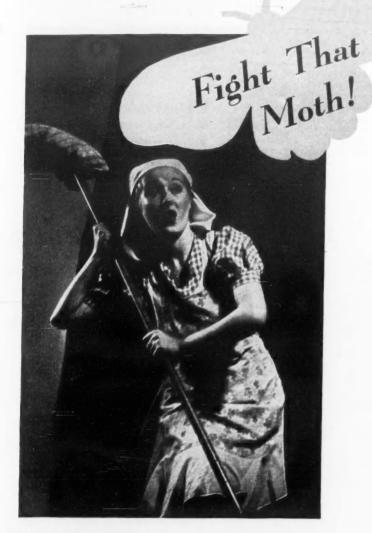
(How does the family greet the run-away marriage? Beverly meets new complications when she is up against the jilted Annette's revenge.)

WE BUILT OUR HOUSE FOR THE CHILDREN

The helpful ideas of one young couple who planned a house that would be practical for their children from babyhood until they left home.

> In the APRIL CHATELAINE





Strike him down in open battle, of course; but remember it's the hungry, hidden larvae that do most of the looting in your wardrobe. by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

KINDNESS TO dumb animals is a noble sentiment but no one can expect house-keepers to entertain a friendly feeling for moths. The battle between them goes on with neither side showing any signs of giving quarter.

March—the great housecleaning month is the season for the big offensive and for a vigorous counter attack if we're not going to let the enemy leave a path of destruction through the house. So, like a good general, you'll draw up a plan of campaign based on a knowledge of the opposing army's tactics.

It doesn't do, in this case, to confine your death-dealing activities to the winged moth miller; you must wage war against her children even before they're born, for after all, the worms or larvae are the hungry, mischievous little fiends that do the looting and the damage.

Swat the moth to prevent her laying eggs in your blankets, rugs, furs or woolly garments and fabrics; or in some unsus pected, dark, warm place where the eggs can hatch and the larvae invade your prized possessions, catering to their enormous appetites at your expense. But in case you've been too late with your swatting, carry the fight farther, and take any or all effective measures you know of to protect yourself against the aggressorsstarve them, suffocate them or spray death at them. Anything is legitimate in this

Cleanliness, fresh air and sunshine are very discouraging to moths. So that suggests one line of defense. When it comes time to put away blankets, heavy under-wear and winter woollies they should be washed thoroughly and precautions taken in storing. If you have a well-made, tightfitting, red cedar chest, it offers protection by means of the volatile oils in the wood. But when you use a trunk or ordinary chest, spray with moth-proofing liquid or put a liberal supply of fumigants, in crystalline or pressed cake form, between the layers.

Modern housekeepers like the convenience of the little moth killer blocks which are such big guns in defense and attack. You tear off the Cellophane covering, tuck the cake among your clothes and it liberates a gas that gives no quarter. Tobacco leaves, formaldehyde, lavender, red or black pepper are useless, contrary to old belief.

Clothing which is not washable, but is in need of cleaning, should be sent to the dry cleaner where it will be "demothed" as well as freshened. Less soiled garments may be treated at home by thorough brushing, beating and airing with special attention given to seams, pleats, folds, inside of pockets, trouser cuffs and so on. Furs, beloved of moths, should be combed, shaken and aired well—your vacuum cleaner attachments will come in handy here for removing dust and lint from



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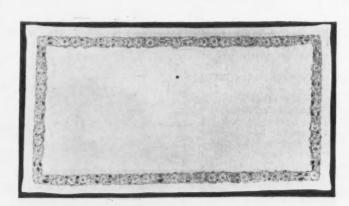
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C489 — Browning's beautiful poem, "Spring," makes an exquisite sampler to embroider. Stamped on cream linen, size, 12 x 15 inches, it is priced at 45 cents; cottons for working 15 cents. This makes a very suitable companion for "Trees" and 'Gardens''; also priced at 45 cents.



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Toronto, Ontario.

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



() think it deserves the Gratitude of all women"

"This booklet, in which the doctor discusses Feminine Hygiene clearly and frankly, is of profound importance to every woman. It tells of the effective modern method of Sanitabs. Write me for a free copy." LOUISE VAN, R.N.,

tree copy." LOUISE VAN, R.N., Dept. 2, 442 St. Gabriel St., Montreal. SANITABS are dainty white tablets, dry, odorless. Hermetically sealed in sanitary taping, they are instantly ready and simple to use, without awkward apparatus. Ask your druggist for SANITABS—no discussion necessary.

SANITABS For Jeminine Hygiene



Chatelaine's Index of Advertisers

Absorbine Jr. Alabastine Alatint Alka-Seltzer American Can Co. Anacin Andrew Malcolm Furniture Arden, Elizabeth, Co. Artistic Foundations	. 52 . 76 . 76
Baby's Own Tablets Bayer's Aspirin Beecham's Pills Bird's Custard Blue Jay Corn Plaster Borden's Eagle Brand Borden's St. Charles Milk Boyril British Knit Wear Brownatone	56 33 57 70 82 69 57 57
Campana's Italian Balm Campbell's Soup Canadian General Electric Canadian Westinghouse 2nd C Carter's Little Liver Pills Carver Shades Cash's Names	75 56
C.B.Q. Tablets Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Charm Church & Dwight Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream Corday's Lipstick Covermark Cox's Gelatine Cream of Wheat Cutex Cutex Cuticura Remedies	54 75 57 56 29 80 44 72 23
Diamond Dyes Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal Dominion Corset Co. Dominion Seed House Dominion Textile Co.	82 73 78 46 59
Elizabeth Arden Co	79
Fels-Naptha Soap Fleischmann's Yeast For Health5 Fleischmann's Bakers' Yeast Flexees of Canada, Ltd. Fly-Tox Ford Motor Car	25 60-51 65 44 82 over 56
Gillett's Lye	81
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream H. J. Heinz Co H. P. Sauce	59 60 71
Imperial Tobacco Co	1
Jane Seymour Jergen's Lotion Johnson's Wax Junket	46 34 75 72
Kenneth Macdonald Seeds Kleenex Knox Gelatine Kotex Kruschen Salts	52 30 70 31 46
Lady Esther Powder Lanzett Laboratories Lea & Perrins Sauce Lewis Medicine Co. Listerine Lux Lux 10ilet Soap Lyle's Golden Syrup Lysol	72 46
Macdonald's Tobacco Magic Baking Powder Mercolized Wax Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. Midol Modess Mum Mutual Life of Canada	78 67 57 24 40
O-Cedar Mops and Polish Old English Wax Orlex Ovaltine	73 70 48 71
Palmolive Soap Pepsodent Tooth Powder Pond's Cream	28 39 45
	44 42 42
Sani-Flush Sanitabs Sergeant's Dog Medicines Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sloan's Liniment S.O.S Spirella Corsets Squibb's Adex Tablets	83 83 54 71 52 74 80 41
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes Swift Canadian Co. Symington's Gravy	57 77 83 68 76
Fangee Lipstick Fhree-in-One Oil	48 76
Vapo-CresoleneVick's VapoRub	76 40
Woodbury's Facial Soap Woodbury's Facial Powder Wood's Moth Killer	35 82
ardley's English Lavender	26



It's so easy to have this lovely "BABYKINS" doll for your own!

A BIG, pink-skinned, dimpled "Babykins" dolly, that's as cute as a real baby — you'll just love having one for yourself to dress and put

to bed, and take for rides in a carriage. This beautifully made doll is practically unbreakable, is 17 inches high, has eyes that close, with real lashes, and movable head, arms and legs. It is finished in absolutely natural tints, and comes to you wrapped in Cellophane. It's made in Canada, too, by skillful Canadian workmen. And, best of all, it's so easy to have one for yourself!

You Can Win "Babykins" Without Spending a Cent

You can have "Babykins" for your own. — without cost, delivered postpaid to your home—if you will send us two One-Year subscriptions to Chatelaine at One Dollar each. You can get these subscriptions from friends, neighbors or relatives — but please remember, subscriptions from your own home, or which your parents have paid for, will not count. "Babykins" is a reward for securing subscriptions from other people.

When you have got the subscriptions, write the names and addresses of the subscribers clearly on a plain sheet of paper, and your own name and address. Pin this picture of "Babykins" to it and mail it to me with the \$2.00—and in a very short time this lovely dolly will be yours!

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 University Ave., Toronto

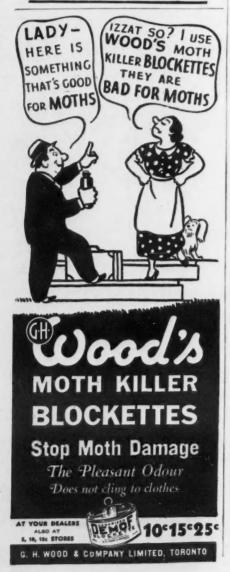


A famous maker of HOOKED RUGS tells how she gets her artistic colours

"So many women ask me how I get such lovely mellow colours in my rugs. I am glad to share my secret with them," says Mrs. S., whose hand-hooked rugs have taken prizes at many Ontario exhibitions. "I dye all my materials myself — old stockings, dresses, underwear — with the best dyes made. Diamond Dyest Only Diamond can give the beauty of colour I want. I can get many different shades from one package of Diamond, so they are not expensive, and besides being beautiful, they are fast and washable!" 'So many women ask me how I get

Take the advice of an expert and use only Diamond Dyes for your clothing and home decorations as well as rugs. They have a lasting richness and depth of colour because they contain a greater amount of the finest aniline dyestuff obtainable!

DIAMOND DYES



clothing as well as from many other fabrics.

But remember that cleanliness will result in only a temporary victory unless you follow up your advantage and launch a further aggressive attack. There is a choice of weapons-moth-proofing liquid to spray generously on any or all woollens until it penetrates the material and makes it unpalatable and unprofitable as an encampment for the moth army. Or store in a tightly closed chest. Spray or launch a gas attack with chemical in crystal or block form as described above. Garments already moth-free may be hung to prevent creasing in a well-sealed paper bag which, as well as keeping them clean, prevents a small regiment stealing a march on you and gaining an entry. It's a good idea to and gaining an entry. It's a good idea to treat with demothing liquid or to hang an antimoth block over the hanger, or slip in a few reliable moth crystals as further precaution.

ANOTHER STRATEGIC move is to hang your cleaned clothes in a closet and have a pitched battle against hostile forces there. An easy and effective tactic is to hang a demothing block in its handy metal container high up on the wall. Close the door with the comforting knowledge that the escaping gas will bring death to men, women and children of the moth brigade. All without smelling your clothes to high heaven, either. And if you should notice a winged pests outside in the room, don't mistrust your weapon on that account. Take it as proof that there's confusion in the ranks and that the enemy is on the run. Use as many blocks as recommended by the manufacturer for the area of your closet and renew as soon as have expended themselves in your behalf. They're effective until they disappear, then it's time to hang others in their place to keep up the good work.

Or you could place sufficient crystals of known value on a shelf and let nature take its course. Most effective when your closet is around normal temperature—70 degrees Fahr. or over. Or use your vacuum cleaner according to directions which come with it for demothing.

Whatever method you follow, don't be sparing of your ammunition-and obey directions for its use or you may experience a costly defeat. Use only reliable demothing pr ucts; all those advertised in Chatelaine have been investigated by the Institute and are of proved efficiency.

FOR RUGS and carpets, frequent and thorough cleaning is necessary both for appearance and for safety's sake. Your vacuum cleaner is disturbing to larvae and unsettling to moth eggs. A mothproof rug-cushion is a body blow to those pests that love the dark corners of the earth. Therefore, and thereafter, it's rightly regarded by women as a protection against damage not only to floor covering but to upholstered furniture, draperies and woollen materials toward which a well-nour-ished army might march. One manufacturer of a hair rug-cushion has gone so far as to insure his product against moth damage, and for your peace of mind a certificate is given to you with your purchase.

Going back to active campaigning, let me urge a vigorous and frequent brushing of heavy hangings and upholstered pieces. The moths are skilled in ambush and, if you're not careful, will slip past your defenses and entrench themselves in your chesterfield or covered chairs where they'll fight you on the quiet. If perchance they've caught you unawares, it's wise to put them to rout well and thoroughly, by sending the infested furniture for treatment or by applying effective measures at home. Loosen the back covering and distribute reliable demothing crystals generously over and inside the material. Enclose the whole piece with rugs or blankets, overlapped, and fumigate in this way for forty-eight hours. Certain preparations in liquid form have a spraying device to reach into the upholstery and drive out the invaders. Or, simplest of all, tuck those efficient little blocks down around the cushions and they'll quietly carry on your campaign.

Constant watchful vigilance is required on the part of a housekeeper; there's no

retreat in this war.

YES! CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED ROOT AND ALL!

Remove Corn Forever with this new, easy method

NOW you can discard old-fashioned home paring methods that make corns come back bigger—uglier than ever—with serious danger of infection and blood poisoning.

Use the Blue-Jay double-action method. Stops the pain instantly by removing the pressure—litts the entire corn out Root* and All in 3 days (exceptionally stubborn corns may require a second application). Blue-Jay is easy to use, invisible. Can't stick to stockings. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.

BLUE-JA CORN PLASTER

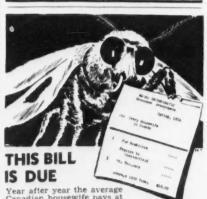
EXTRA CASH for SUMMER TRI



Now's the time to earn the extra cast that makes pleasant holiday trips a practical possibility. Our plan for spare-time earnings offers a real opportunity for alert Canadians. Hundreds are succeeding in every part of the Dominion without previous experience.

You will be under no obligation if you will write and let us explain our money-making plan.

Fidelity Circulation Company of Canada 210 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO



Year after year the average Canadian housewife pays at least \$10 for moth damage.
Save your \$10. Here's how! Buy a tin of Fly-Tox and use it regularly. Spray Fly-Tox in closets, cupboards and upholstery and kill all moth life. Do it now, because moths breed in heated homes all winter long. Fly-Tox is pleasant, easy to use, inexpensive. Sold everywhere.

FLY-TOX

GATOR ROACH HIVES kill roach 3 for 50c at leading druggists.

Chatelaine's Articles on Modernization

F YOU ARE interested in moderniz-If YOU ARE interested in inoderna-ing your home, doing some interior decoration work to make your home more harmonious and livable, you'll be interested in the series of articles which have appeared in Chatelaine recently. This phase of home interest has always held an important place in our editorial program. One of Chatelaine's many pioneering ventures was the designing of the first modern house, planned for Canadian living conditions, and any Canadian living conditions, and announced in August, 1934. Since then Chatelaine has advocated and predicted a mounting interest in modernization. Now with the Government officially be-hind the trend with the Home Improve-ment Plan, everyone is talking modern-

So high is Interest in it, that hundreds of readers are requesting information that has appeared in previous issues. For the convenience of these readers, and others, who would like to have a list of *Chatelaine's* modernization articles for reference, we list the major features published in 1936 and 1937. The issues in which the features on Chate-laine's Modern House appeared in 1934 and 1935 are added, as this house is still guide to Canadian modernization

Modernize Your Home—G. S. Adamson —April, 1936. Design for Living—Helen G. Campbell
—April, 1936.

Streamlined Kitchens-April, 1936. New Smartness for an Old House-Helen G. Campbell-May, 1936.

Kitchen Idea Contest Announcement —August, 1936.

The Modern House Wins — Helen G. Campbell—September, 1936.

Build Your Own Dream Home—Sep-tember, 1936. Kitchen Idea Contest—September, 1936.

Money to Loan—Gordon Sturrock— November, 1936.

Modernize-December, 1936.

Home Improvement Contest Announce-ment—January, 1937.

1937 — Home Improvement Year — Helen G. Campbell—January, 1937.

Modernizing an Old House—Richard Fisher—February, 1937.

A Living Room for Everyone—February, 1937.

Here's the Prize Kitchen — February, 1937. Paging the Winners-February, 1937.

Chatelaine Designs a Modern House for Canada—Eric Haldenby and A. T. Galt Durnford—August, 1934. Variations on a Modern Theme of Home Planning — The Hall — September,

The Living Room-October, 1934.

Chatelaine Institute Plans the Kitchen, Laundry and Dinette — November, 1934.

1934.
Chatelaine's Modern House—The Dining Room—Helen G. Campbell—December, 1934.
Chatelaine's Modern House—New Color in the Bathroom—Helen G. Campbell—January, 1935.

—January, 1935.
Old-World Charm on Modern Lines—
The Garden — Helen G. Campbell,
February, 1935.
Chatelaine's Modern House—The Bedrooms—Modern is as Modern Does—
March, 1935.

It's Always Fair Weather—Air-Condi-tioning—Basement Floor Plan—Helen G. Campbell, April, 1935.

Chatelaine's Modern House Completed
—May, 1935.

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H, 1937

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QUALITY



THERE's a quality look in every line of the 1937 Ford V-8. Its curves are clean and right. Headlamps are recessed in fender aprons. The smart, slanting windshield opens in closed body types. The top is one smooth sweep of steel.

And quality has been built into the rest of the car just as carefully . . . into quick-stopping, Easy-Action Safety Brakes that give you "the safety of steel from pedal to wheel" . . . into all-steel bodies, with top, sides, floor and frame welded to form a single steel unit . . .

into trimly tailored interiors that provide extra leg room and carry you comfortably, quietly, near the centre of the car.

But best proof of Ford quality is the improved 85-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine. It provides all the smooth speed and pick-up for which Ford cars are famous - with unusually low gasoline consumption.

You can see the 1937 Ford V-8 at the showroom of any Ford dealer. When you do, you'll want to jump in and GO!



ITS NEWS by Lotta Dempsey

Walt Disney, famous Holly-wood cartoonist, read in December Chatelaine that Bill Brohman, blind for the whole nine years of his life, had just been given sight, through an operation. And one of the first things he



And one of the first things he saw—and loved—was Mickey Mouse. So Mr. Disney took time off from his busy life and drew and gaily colored a big picture (reproduced above) of Mickey and Donald Duck, two of his best-known characters, and sent it to Bill, through Chatelaine.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO MAKE UP

University of British Columbia co-eds pay plenty for their good looks. A recent survey shows that the average cost per head and face is \$6.70 monthly - as compared with a pittance of 78 cents spent by the average American co-ed each month. With make-up used so generally — and often so disastrously — it does seem as though the co-ed is well advised to devote some of her thoughts to it. Don't forget the college woman still marries at a much lower rate than either her high school or public school graduate sisters. But \$6.70 seems quite a wallop, per month. Is it possible that B. C. college girls use their beauty treatments more lavishly than well? Wallace Westmore, Hollywood make-up expert, points out that many a star has learned to polish up her glitter with a few effective changes in her method of applying cosmetics and such. Irene Dunne becomes a new personality entirely, with wider-apart eyebrows, curved at the edges, and a set of small bangs. More vivacious. Carole Lombard has learned that her facial outline can be softened with especially clever blending of make-up. Gail Patrick is discovering that she looks better when she uses less on her face.

Cosmetics — like motor car driving and sex — ought to be on school curriculums for study, many people think. They're universal — yet too little understood.

TWO stalwart girls from out of the west stand in a special class as champion swine judgers in Canada. They are Lillian and Ethel Ferguson, eighteen-year-old twins, of Conjuring Creek, Alberta. And they beat all comers (including the lads). They're the first girls to take home the bacon from the Royal Winter Fair in eleven years. They beat five team of boys from five other provinces. The girls walked half a mile to public school and ride four miles to high school.

WARNING against women's church organizations becoming too narrow in their outlook was given by Rev. Malcolm Campbell, Presbyterian Church Moderator, recently. He thinks there's danger in the very enthusiasm and efficiency of the W. M. S. in their own work that may cause them to lose sight of the wider programme of the Canadian church as a whole. He congratulated the Mission Society women on their ability at budgeting and raising funds, but warned against rivalry in church organizations.

NE of the great things for women to learn is a correct attitude and appreciation. With these come enjoyment," says Miss B. C. McDermand, superintendent of Ontario Woman's Institutes. She believes we live in a world of too many futile words. She thinks the ideal women's organization has three sides, service entertainment and education. There should be both study and action in the educational side; service to persons, the community, and outside the community. Entertainment for the fun of it.

MRS. Barbara Hanley, of Webbwood, Ont., got herself listed as one of the fourteen outstanding women of the year, when she became Canada's only woman mayor. Now she's turned the trick again, having recently been elected to her second term. One of the points she stressed in seeking re-election was that she thought women were better public administrators than men. She says running a town is just like running a home, only on a little larger scale.









WOMEN IN BUSINESS

For the twelfth time Quebec has refused to let her women vote in Federal elections. Will the legislators stand firm for an unlucky thirteenth time next year? The old cry of "woman's place is in the home!" was raised when the issue came up. An interesting comment on that was made the other day by a social service worker who has been handling large groups of unemployed young people. She said that the ranks of the girls were beginning to thin out; they were being placed so much more quickly than the young men. In spite of Quebec's grey front for women, there's a general healthy growth of professional and business activities among the feminine sex throughout Canada. The Business and Professional Women's Club, an outgrowth of the Great War. has become a real power since the day it was commenced by groups women who found they could get war work done by organizing. The Canadian organization twenty clubs (part of the 1,500 clubs and 60,000 members in the international organization). During the 1930-40 decade a comprehensive survey of conditions for business women, with the object of equal pay for equal work has been undertaken. It's not a suffrage movement, and as far as women usurping the places of men, the club believes the opposite is closer to the truth, with men reigning supreme as chefs, milliners, dressmakers and interior decorators.

DANCING TROUBLES AWAY

You can't keep a long face and do a square dance. You can't be glum with the fiddler teasing your feet to hoe it down in an old-fashioned reel. And therein lies the secret of Miss Alma Small's success in cheering up downhearted unemployed and depression-hit Canadians.

Four years ago she was watching a barn dance at Cedarcroft, Ontario. It offered good exercise, good fun, good comradeship. So she came back to Toronto and started teaching old-time dances

that she herself had learned many years before, to people in neigh borhood houses and crèches. The older people loved it, the younger were slowly but surely interested. Now she is busy several nights a week; one group of eighteen to twenty-two-year-olds are her special joy. From difficult, unmanageable young people she has turned them into a happy, merry group. They can go through the Virginia Reel with all the old-timers. Out of nowhere an unemployed man will arrive with his fiddle: perhaps there will be a guitar or a banjo. Music always seems to appear, and there's standing room only at Miss Small's unusual social evenings. It's her idea of the most useful social service work she can do.

THEY'RE DRESSING UP DOWN ON THE FARM

Time was when rural gals were patted for their pies and gold-starred for their milking. But not today! One of the points stressed in Junior Homemaking Clubs by the Ontario Woman's Institute is the value of good grooming. The girls prepare scrapbooks on proper dressing and all sorts of ideas about good posture and personal appearance. Several awards in a recent competition among the clubs went for that very business of being well dressed and well groomed.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

Vol. 10

FICTION	
Missionary's Wife (short story)	
Olga A. Rosmanith	5
Little Girl Lost (short story)	
Scraps of Bright Wool (short	8
Scraps of Bright Wool (short	
story) Andrina Iverson Marriage Made on Earth (serial)	12
Marriage Made on Earth (serial)	
The Forgetful Sandman (child-	14
ren's story)	
Anne Elizabeth Wilson	58
	30
GENERAL ARTICLES	
My Seventy Years	
Mrs. George Black to Elizabeth	10
Must Wa Strike?	10
Must We Strike? Before — After (Modernization)	16
Richard A. Fisher	20
	20
BEAUTY CULTURE	
Brush Up Your Hair Beauty	-
Earlies Charles Annabelle Lee	27
Fashian ShortsKay Murphy Lady Into Frock	30
Gwen Morton Spencer	25
Refreshing as the First Tuline	35
Refreshing as the First Tulips (Patterns) Carolyn Damon	36
IT's Going to be a Sporting	20
Spring [Patterns]	37
The Three Modern Ages	
(Patterns)	38
HOUSEKEEPING	
M-m-m. It's Good!	
Piping Hot Helen G. Campbell	61
Piping Hot Helen G. Campbell	62
Second Frize Kitchen	64
Meals of the Month	
Fight That Moth	66
right that Moth	81
SPECIAL FEATURES	
Beauty of a Garden Pool	
Edith Mcland	33
The Baby Clinic	
Dr. John McCullough	56
Handicrafts Lotta Dempsey	80
Lotta Dempsey	84

